

# Current Literature

## A Magazine of Contemporary Record

VOL. XXVI., No. 5 "I have gathered me a posie of other men's flowers, and nothing but the thread that binds them is mine own."—Montaigne. NOV. 1899

*The International Yacht Races.*

The day of a race for the America's cup is a gala occasion for every sort of craft in New York Harbor that has leisure and steaming capacity to make a run over a thirty-mile course abeam or astern of the contestants. From eight until eleven in the morning of such a day the Upper Bay is alive with vessels of every sort, from truant ocean liner down to a little harbor towboat, all headed for the Narrows. Here go numerous excursion boats and river and Sound liners which have been diverted from their accustomed routes for this occasion—great, white, top-heavy side-wheelers with their two or three decks swarming with excursionists. Past them dart low, sharp-pointed steam yachts containing more select groups of sightseers. These, for the most part, fly at masthead a blue pennant with a red cross and white star, the burgee of the New York Yacht Club. Tugboats are puffing in and out everywhere, chartered for small private parties, or bent on special errands connected with the race. The long-drawn-out procession moves quickly down through the Narrows, across the Lower Bay and, passing by Sandy Hook, arrives upon the open Atlantic, where some half-dozen miles off shore, the boats already arrived on the scene are clustered in a great flotilla about the Scotland Lightship. Upon an area of free water in the midst of this fleet now loom in sight two enormous spreads of canvas, surmounting low, slender hulls of white and green, respectively, which are manœuvring this way and that, awaiting the signal gun. These are the cup contestants. At the sound of the second gun they are off. The sightseeing craft which are to accompany them over the course string out in a line on either hand, and the excitement of the race has fairly begun.

At the present writing, seven attempts at a race have been made, not one of which has resulted in a victory for either yacht. In some of the trials a start has actually been made, but the boats have sailed in a breeze too light to carry them over the course within the time limit. The contest in these cases has been exceedingly close, the yachts passing and repassing each other frequently, without decisive result on either side.

The cup has so long been on this side of the ocean that we have almost forgotten the possibility that it may ever go back again. It is now forty-eight years since the America won that trophy, and before the present there have been ten series of races for its possession, all of which have resulted in our favor. We seem to have come to take for granted that American yacht models are for all time superior to British. But the truth is, that the distinctive features of our respective forms of con-

structions have well-nigh been lost. The American centre-board sloop of the fifties could outsail the English cutter of that period, but a vessel built according to a design between the two might have outsailed them both. The subsequent history of yacht construction in the two countries has been one of compromise and mutual borrowing, until to-day an identity of design is approximated. A revolution has taken place in the ends immediately sought for in designing a boat. Formerly, the shape was the chief consideration. To-day lightness and stability claim first attention, and the function of the mere designer has been superseded by that of the engineer. One authority goes so far as to maintain that the lines of the hull count for nothing, and that speed is merely a question of power and weight, of getting the best spread of canvas with the least weight compatible with the requisite stability. The Shamrock has thus far won almost unqualified admiration in America. That her construction is admirable in the extreme, admits no controversy. Her sails cover a larger area than those of the Columbia, and it appears to a casual observer at least that their set is more perfect. Of course, both yachts represent almost the acme of perfection. A victory for either will win credit for its home nation less for having built the particular boat than for the contributions that the nation has made to the science by which both boats are designed. Whichever, therefore, comes out ahead, the United States will have much to be proud of.

If Sir Thomas Lipton does take the cup home with him, it is safe to say that he will carry no American ill-will inside of it. In point of amiability, the races of '99 give every prospect of a happy contrast with those of '95, in which Lord Dunraven attained an unpleasant notoriety. The sulky mood in which that gentleman withdrew from the course on the ground that excursion boats were crowding him too much, left hovering about the subject of international yacht races a disagreeable memory, intensified by the realization on our part that the Defender had not won the cup by an unquestionable proof of superior speed. Since then a great reform has been effected in handling the excursion boat flotilla. Whereas it used to form such a compact mass as to produce the effect of an island city with a canal through the middle on which the yachts were racing, it is now disposed in lines two miles or more apart, and if any eager vessel ventures nearer than the prescribed limits she runs an excellent chance of having her license suspended.

The waters are policed by a detachment of torpedo boats under command of Robley D. Evans, who thoroughly understands his business. There

was, nevertheless, some fouling by yacht followers at the first race, but Sir Thomas Lipton professed himself as highly satisfied at the management, and emphatically disclaimed anything that might seem like criticism on his part. It would appear, therefore, that we have found in him the most appropriate salve for the old sore of the Dunraven incident.

*Novels on the Stage.*

There is excellent historical authority for the present vogue of the dramatized novel in the practice of the celebrated Mr. Shakespeare, who began his dramatic career by making plays out of England's musty chronicles—as who should put the log-book of the “Mayflower” into scenes and situations—and all his life had a sharp eye out for any choice and stageable morsel of romance. Then there's John Dryden, whose craze for material drove him to making a play—and a rhymed one at that!—out of the helpless Milton's *Paradise Lost*, a work widely read in those days and often alluded to in these. But it does seem that there was never so complete a mania for rushing on the stage every work that was ever read by more than a hundred people. The attempt had been frequently made before to work over into a new pattern various successful novels, and the dramatized versions of Robert Elsmere and *The Quick or the Dead* are still famous in the theatrical world as triumphs of failure. These shipwrecks did not deter a hardy spirit from making a play out of *Trilby*, though they led the critics to prophesying a similar disaster. The financial harvest of this work was so great that it brought on a stampede in the direction of the book world. Stanley Weyman's novels, Anthony Hope's romances, Hardy's *Tess*, Barrie's *Little Minister*, Mark Twain's *Pudding-head Wilson*, and many other books found success on the stage in a herd where the popularity of the plays made out of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, *Little Lord Fauntleroy* and a few others were isolated.

The theatrical manager who learns everything by the hard knocks or the lucky windfalls of experience had previously laid it down as a rule that plays made out of books were without commercial value. Recently he has had a change of heart and argues thus: “S'posin' I want to book a tour through the country with a star who isn't heavy enough to pull paying business on his own face; if I go to the theatre managers they say, ‘What kind of a play have you?’ If I say, it's a new one that I have great hopes of, they give me the icy eye and charge me the full rent of the house. But if I go to 'em and say that my play is based on a book that had a circulation of 100,000, they are only too glad to give me their best dates and go shares with me on the risk.” In view of the great cost of theatrical productions and the impossibility of foretelling the public whim, anything that establishes a prejudice in favor of an unseen play is of immense advantage to the speculator.

The coming season shows no abatement in the fondness shown by the managers for the novelists. The scramble is so zealous that one of the theatrical brokers is reported to have paid down a good sum

to obtain the dramatic rights to the delectable “Mr. Dooley” in the vague hope that some unimaginable way of putting him on the stage may be discovered some day. Not only are the later favorites, like Richard Carvel, *When Knighthood was in Flower*, David Harum, *The Choir Invisible*, *The Children of the Ghetto*, *The Christian*, *A Lady of Quality*, *The First Violin*, *Rupert of Hentzau*, and *Daudet's Sapho*, to flourish before the footlights, but the business-like dramatist is going back to the older fields. There was a great rivalry among producers of plays based on the *Three Musketeers* last season. One of the most elaborate of this year's spectacles is to be made out of *Ben Hur*, and two of the most promising of the few successes scored this season are based on *Vanity Fair* and *The Tale of Two Cities*.

*The Value of Staff.*

A wave of enthusiasm roused by the return of the hero of Cavit  and Manila Bay is responsible for the popular clamor that the triumphal plaster arch erected in New York to mark the event should be perpetuated in more durable material. At the lower end of Fifth avenue a temporary arch was erected at the time of the Washington celebrations in 1889 and this arch was afterward perpetuated in marble and is one of the most satisfactory adornments which it has ever been the good fortune of New York City to possess. The simplicity of it, as well as the appropriateness of the honor intended to be conferred upon the greatest of our Presidents, made the perpetuation of the arch peculiarly felicitous. Then, too, the spot was open to no objection, and the dearth of any monument of the kind made the experiment well worth trying. It has turned out to be a popular as well as an artistic success, and now that another triumphal arch is proposed, it begins to look as if New York had reached a period of its growth where the purely utilitarian aspects of its streets are to receive a greater and greater share of public attention. People do not begin to beautify their surroundings until they have time to find that a purely utilitarian horizon has grown unsatisfying. For years our cities have contented themselves with such adornment as could be squeezed out of a few good and many wretched statues of popular heroes. No amount of brazen images, however, can actually beautify a city. In themselves they are dolefully monumental, and suggestive of funereal thoughts, no matter how well executed they may be. It is only when their surroundings take on the look of happier things that they, too, are welcome, but flanked by rows upon rows of brownstone houses of the still existent city pattern, the bronze statue is the sorriest adornment possible. Under the circumstances the discovery of a material like staff has proved a veritable jewel to the artist, for at slight expense it has enabled him to furnish an object lesson of the thing to be accomplished which no amount of writing or talk could possibly bring about in the same limited time. What a safeguard, too, against serious anachronisms and “faux-pas” in general it is to be able to look upon the hasty and cheap model before deciding upon the costly thing itself! There it stands ready for criticism. Any one can have his fling at



it. The columns of the newspapers are open to every possible discussion about the arch, and if the people at large have any suggestions to make they can be given due weight by those who are charged with the duty of seeing the work through. Whatever the outcome therefore of the agitation now going on over the perpetuation of an arch in honor of the naval victory of our fleet, we have the advantage of knowing what we may expect of the completed thing, and that it will at least be an expression of the popular will.

#### *Public Models.*

Quite in line with the foregoing remarks, it may be mentioned that a motion was lately introduced in one of the houses of the British Parliament making it obligatory on the part of the Government to exhibit publicly small models in plaster of all proposed public buildings, and in the discussion of the measure it was brought out that such an exhibition of models is a time-honored observance in other foreign countries. The object of such an exhibition is to familiarize the people at large with architectural questions and to interest the public in these buildings, which are more truly theirs than any others, except their homes. Had this been a requirement of the law in the United States doubtless a more general appreciation of architecture would before this have been displayed, and a large number of the monstrosities which belong to the State and National Government might have been avoided. It may be said of many of these old buildings that they are not architectural designs at all, but the designs of professional builders and stone masons, without the slightest claim to merit. Our Government at Washington has in its employment a sort of an architectural department, where the grotesque structures like the New York Post Office have been turned out with machine-like regularity. There never has been any attempt to secure public competition in such matters, nor has there ever been shown the slightest appreciation of the fact that the Government buildings throughout the land are the monuments which indicate to future ages the intelligence and taste of those who have erected them. There is, therefore, a peculiar reason why the stamp of popular approval should be on those public works which the Government plans. All public buildings should not alone be built by competition among architects, but the plan of exhibiting drawings and models of them should be obligatory upon the authorities at Washington. The difficulty about introducing such a reform as this, however, is almost insurmountable for the individual. No amount of moralizing upon the shortcomings of our people, no amount of reasoning would persuade a Congressman or a Senator to give such a reform the honor of a second thought. In a democracy there exists little interest in public questions of this kind, and rather than hurt the feelings of some broken-down architect who is feeding on the bounty of the nation, and who may also be a G. A. R. man, the old order of things would be continued "ad infinitum." The remedy must be looked for in the self-interest of architects at large. Singly they could accomplish little, but allied into a general association, and appearing as a phalanx,

duly organized, they can insist that the nation shall use common sense in architectural matters, and they will be heard. A curious instance of this was shown in preparing the Dewey parade, when the designing of the arch and the decoration of the streets was left, not voluntarily, but by their own request, to the National Sculpture Society and the Society of Mural Decorators. If left to their own devices the authorities of our metropolis would have been more stirred over the question whether the Irish or American flag should take precedence in the procession, and whether George Dewey was actually a Dooley or not, as Mr. Dunne has maintained with such irresistible humor, in his Dooley papers. It is a most reassuring thing to see those who have the taste and ability insisting upon their right to take part in public affairs of this kind. In due time they will be encouraged to push their successes further afield, and we may yet see the day when the best artists and architects shall be employed in their legitimate work of impressing upon the more permanent structures of our day the highest attributes of which they are capable.

#### *McClure-Harper.*

The tendency of all trades has of late been toward consolidations which have been popularly called trusts, although they are not trusts in any sense of the term. These consolidations are simply corporations made up of smaller corporations, or individual partnerships. In their enlarged form they are looked upon as dangerous, as may be seen by perusing the pages elsewhere in this number devoted to the public opinion of the day about them. Now, while this tendency toward large business interests is very common, it has as yet hardly invaded the publishing field, where the same state of affairs exists that has existed for a long time, unless an opening wedge may be found in the recently announced amalgamation of the McClure and Harper interests. The precise nature of this new combination can only be guessed at, all indications going to show that the McClure ideas have taken possession of the Harper offices. Mr. S. S. McClure is a young self-made man, whose pluck, enterprise and pertinacity have accomplished wonders. He started in the publishing business less than ten years ago, built up a "syndicate" business to supply literature to the newspapers of the country, then established his magazine, and followed this by adding a book publishing department in conjunction with Mr. Doubleday. The Harper & Brother establishment, on the other hand, is almost the oldest, and certainly the most conservative and well-known publishing house in the country. The union brings together therefore the young and the old blood of the publishing business, with the younger blood apparently in full control. The result is not a trust, but a stronger combination than existed before, from which the reading public may expect to reap a decided advantage.

#### *American Commercial Interests in South Africa.*

War in South Africa is a matter in which the United States has a deep concern apart from any sentimental considerations. Since the days of the Algerine episode our only important claims

upon that grand division of the earth have been peaceful ones. Such a claim is our commercial prestige. In certain directions that prestige has increased remarkably in recent years, and its maintenance has become no insignificant factor in our welfare. One reason why we must feel a grave interest in anything that tends to destroy the political and economic equipoise of Africa is, that our part in the affair, unless we are willing to get into serious complications with European nations, must be passive. Almost the entire territory of Africa has been pre-empted by other foreign governments. Unlike Asia, where crumbling empires await partition; unlike South America, where numerous petty republics could offer but feeble resistance to subjugation, nearly the whole of Africa has passed under some form of political control by one of eight European powers—England, France, Germany, Italy, Turkey, Belgium, Spain and Portugal.

South Africa, of all Africa, is the part most closely in tune with modern energy and civilization. Its semi-temperate climate opened it to settlement while yet the Nile rose in mystery and the vast central region of the continent was as inaccessible to white men as the North Pole. After it had enjoyed many years of quiet existence as a pastoral region, the discovery of the diamond mines at Kimberley and of the Witwatersrand gold fields ushered in the present era of industrial development. In connection with this development came a demand for the importation of machinery and other products of manufacture. It was natural that England, being the preponderant power in that region, should receive the orders for most of this merchandise, but latterly the United States has been sending a fast increasing proportion of it. The imports of Cape Colony for 1897, which included a great deal that was reshipped to the Boer republics and elsewhere, amounted to £16,490,730, of which £12,839,271 was from the United Kingdom, £883,233 from British colonial possessions, and £4,209,374 from other countries. Comparing with this the amount imported from the United States during that year, according to the British Statistical Abstract for Colonial and other Possessions, which is £2,097,495, it would appear that the United States ships to Cape Colony nearly as much as all non-British nations put together. The authority cited shows that the imports of the Cape from this country were more than twenty times as great in 1897 as in 1886, and more than four times as great in 1897 as in 1893. There is reason to believe that our trade of 1898 was materially in excess of that in 1897, and if 1899 does not show a still further increase it may be attributed to higher prices here and to unsettled political conditions there. Our exports to South Africa comprise a great deal of machinery, particularly mining and electrical, with which the United States now leads the world. We have regular steamship connections directly with South Africa, affording reasonable freight accommodations; in short, our commercial outlook in that quarter would be most hopeful, were it not for the war clouds.

It is appropriate to say a few words about each of those three countries in the region we have been considering which are likely to be the theatre of

early military operations. The South African Republic, commonly termed the Transvaal, was formed by Boers who left Cape Colony, about 1835, for Natal, but withdrew thence after its acquisition by Great Britain in 1843. The area of their country is 119,139 square miles, its white population 345,397, and its native population 748,759. According to estimate, one-third of the people are engaged in agriculture. Since the revolutionizing discovery of gold in 1883, \$300,000,000 worth has been taken out of the earth, and the amount remaining "in sight" is valued at \$3,500,000,000. These are the richest gold mines of the world, and an attempt has been made to identify them with those of Ophir, once worked by Solomon. The United States, fortunately, is not badly mixed up with South African mining stocks, which, in view of present calamities, keep Europe on the "qui vive." The import trade of the Transvaal for 1897 is estimated at £21,515,000 of which £17,012,000 worth was with Great Britain, and £2,747,000 with the United States. So, as an exporting nation, our interest in the Transvaal is second only to that of England, and amounts to the margins on more than \$13,000,000 annually. We probably shipped a large proportion of the machinery which, amounting to £1,876,391 for 1897, was the chief item among the Transvaal imports.

The Orange Free State was formed by the same race, and about the same time as the South African Republic, but is a little older. Its territory comprises only 48,326 square miles, its population is but 77,716 whites and 129,787 natives. Its naturalization laws are more liberal than those of the Transvaal. Its inhabitants have not been disturbed from their agricultural proclivities by mining influences to the same extent as in its neighbor and ally, yet both diamond and gold mines are worked within its borders, the former being of considerable value. The diamond mines of Kimberley, in Bechuana Land, yielding 98 per cent. of the world's output, are just over the boundary of the Orange Free State. The foreign trade of the State is insignificant as compared with that of the Transvaal, its imports being only about \$6,000,000 a year.

The little country which appears likely to be the first, if not the greatest, sufferer from the coming war, is Natal, so-called from its discovery by Vasco da Gama on Christmas day, 1497. Here the Boers settled after the "trek" of 1835-1837 from Cape Colony, and attempted to establish an independent government, but many of them left when the territory was annexed by the British Crown. Zululand, which comprises two-thirds of the land formerly under Zulu kings, has become a territory of Natal. The country of Natal is agriculturally productive, and contains coal mines of considerable value. Lying upon the seacoast as it does, it furnishes a convenient route to the States inland, and it has 487 miles of railroad which is constructed and operated by the Government. Imports of Natal have been increasing rapidly, partly because many supplies for the Transvaal gold fields pass through the port of Durban. A recent American consular report shows that for the first half of 1898 the importations of Natal amounted to \$15,333,495, of which \$2,022,819 worth was from the United States.



## THE AUTOMOBILE

*The First Automobile.....Chasseloup Laubat.....North American*

Automobilism was born in France, in 1769, with the steam carriage of Cugnot. This vehicle was of a crude, rudimentary and incomplete construction. The ideas of Cugnot were an entire century in advance of the mechanical means by which they could be realized. Everything was defective—motive power, steering, control. Nevertheless, the carriage ran, and ran so well, they say, that it broke down the enclosure of the ground on which it was tried. . . . It is in England, toward the third decade of the present century, that we see the idea of Cugnot reappear. The same impulse which moved English engineers to build railroads in order to free the great industrial centres from the economic tyranny of those who constructed canals, urged them to study methods of automobile locomotion on highways. That is to say, in its inception, automobile locomotion was considered as an auxiliary to the railroad, which it really is. Unfortunately, the promoters of new railway lines did not at all understand the respective spheres of action of the machine on the rail and the machine on the road. They took umbrage at automobile locomotion, and, since they had much capital and influence at their disposal, they secured a law from the English Parliament, which killed automobile locomotion effectively. The law ordained that a man carrying a red flag by day, or a red lantern by night, must be kept a hundred yards in advance of every automobile vehicle.

It is necessary to return to France, about 1885, to find the automobile vehicle again in evidence. At that time, MM. Bollée, at Mans, and the Comte de Dion, at Paris, constructed steam vehicles which ran in a satisfactory way. Then Serpollet devised his instantaneous vaporization boilers, which reduce to a minimum the chances of danger, so far as steam engines are concerned. After that time, automobile locomotion became a subject of talk—but the appearance in 1889 of a petroleum motor, with quaternary explosion features, gave matters an impulse which promises continuance.

*The Automobile To-day.....R. S. Baker.....McClure's*

Five years ago there were not thirty self-propelled carriages in practical use in all the world. A year ago there were not thirty in America. And yet between the 1st of January and the 1st of May, 1899, companies with the enormous aggregate capitalization of more than \$388,000,000 have been organized in New York, Boston, Chicago and Philadelphia for the sole purpose of manufacturing and operating these new vehicles. At least eighty establishments are now actually engaged in building carriages, coaches, tricycles, delivery wagons and trucks, representing no fewer than 200 different types of vehicles, with nearly half as many methods of propulsion. France has an automobile club numbering 1,700 members. At its last exhibition 1,100 vehicles were shown, representing every conceivable model, from milk wagons to fashionable broughams and the huge brakes of De Dion and Bouton, which carry almost as many passengers as

a railroad car. Some of the expert "chauffeurs" of Paris have ridden thousands of miles in their road wagons, have climbed mountains and raced through half of Europe, meeting new accidents, facing new adventures, and using strange new devices for which names have yet to be coined. In Paris, electric motor cabs are becoming quite as familiar as the old-fashioned horse cabs. Before the opening of the Paris Exposition, 1,200 of them will be in operation. In the country districts thousands of grocers, milkmen, marketmen and peddlers are the engineers of their own gasoline carts.

England has not gone so far as France with the automobile, and yet it has several powerful associations devoted to its development, and a large number of vehicles in actual use. The Englishman is looking with greater care and interest into the development of the trucking vehicle, for carrying heavy loads, than to the lighter pleasure carriage.

In general, France leads in gasoline vehicles, and England in steam vehicles, while America, as was to be expected, is far in the lead in electrical conveyances of all kinds. Six different motive powers are now actually employed in this country—electricity, gas, steam, compressed air, carbonic-acid gas and alcohol. The first three of these have been practically applied with great success. All the others are more or less in the experimental stage.

It may be said that the best modern motor vehicle, whatever its propelling power, is practically noiseless and odorless and nearly free from vibrations. It is still heavy and clumsy in appearance, although it is lighter than the present means of conveyance when the weight of the horse or horses is counted in with the carriage. And invention will soon lighten it still further. It cannot possibly explode. It will climb all ordinary hills, and on the level it will give all speeds, from two miles an hour up to twenty or more. Its mechanism has been made so simple that any one can learn to manage it in an hour or two. And yet it is mechanism; and intelligence, coolness and caution are required to manage a motor vehicle in a crowded street.

The "lightning cabby" is a product of the new industry. Most of the "cabbies" have had previous experience as drivers, but they are given a very thorough training before they are allowed to venture on the streets with a vehicle of their own. A special instructor's cab is in use by the company. It has a flaring front platform with a solid wooden bumper, so that it may crash into a stone curb or run down a lamp-post without injury. The new man perches himself on the seat behind, and the instructor takes his place inside, where he is provided with a special arrangement for cutting off the current or applying the brakes, should the vehicle escape from the control of the learner. It usually takes a week to train a new man so that he can manage all the brakes and levers with perfect presence of mind. Both of his hands and both of his feet are fully employed. With his left hand he manages the power lever, pushing it forward one notch at a time to increase the speed. With his right hand

he controls the steering-lever, which, by the way, turns the rear wheels and not the front ones, as is done with horse-propelled vehicles. His left heel is on the emergency switch, and his left toes ring the gong. With his right heel he turns the reversing-switch, and he can apply the brake with either his right or his left foot. When he wishes to turn on the lights, he presses a button under the edge of the seat. Hence, he is very fully employed, both mentally and physically. He can't go to sleep and let the old horse carry him home.

In France the system of instruction for drivers or "chauffeurs" (stokers), as they are called, is much more complicated and extensive, but hardly more thorough. There the cab company has prepared a 700-yard course up hill and down, and paved it alternately with cobbles, asphalt, wooden blocks and macadam, so as to give the incipient "cabby" experience in every difficulty which he will meet in the streets of Paris. Upon the inclines are placed numerous lay figures, made of iron—a typical Parisian nursemaid with a bassinet; a bicycle rider, an old gentleman, presumably deaf, who is not spry in getting out of the way; a dog or two, and paper bricks galore. Down through this throng must the motorman thread his way and clang his gong, and he is not considered proficient until he can course the full length of the "Rue de Magdebourg," as the cabbies call it, without so much as overturning a single pastry cook's boy or crushing a dummy brick.

*The Electric Automobile.....John Gilmer Speed.....Outlook*

The manufacturers of the electric automobiles do not seem to be satisfied that they are making machines which will not be obsolete in a few years. Therefore they prefer to rent the machines rather than sell them outright. Many inventors are at work trying to improve them—inventors from Edison all the way through the list. These inventors are not concerned so much with the carriages as with the motors to drive them. It is generally recognized that the combined weight of the carriage and the motor is at present too great. We know that strong carriages can be made of any desired weight; so the present problem is to lessen the weight of the motor. Then, of course, the carriage can be made lighter, and the cost of construction lessened.

Mr. Edison is at work on this problem. He says without hesitation that he will soon show how to build cheaper, lighter and faster vehicles; but he is not now willing to be more definite than this. What he might say would be interesting to the public, but Mr. Edison does not care to have other inventors start in the same line of experiment he is pursuing.

Independent, however, of what there is in the future of the automobile, the present is most interesting, for the carriages of the day are good, practical machines, capable of doing hard work day after day and making great journeys at a high rate of speed. Already in this country a gasoline motor vehicle has made the journey from Cleveland to New York, more than 700 miles over the rough country roads, and at a high rate of speed. Electric vehicles cannot, under present conditions, make such journeys, as the storage batteries used will

only run a vehicle a little over twenty miles. Recharging takes several hours, and the motor must be at an electric station where there is a generating plant; but the motor can be removed and replaced in a few minutes. This is the plan used by the company operating the numerous electric cabs in New York. When the electric carriages come into general use, stations will be dotted all over the country, and fresh electricity will be as easy to obtain as food and drink now are for a horse. That seems long in the future, but if the progress continues as it has for the last twelve months, we shall have such public stations in a very few years.

The first cost of an electric carriage varies very much. Buggies and runabouts are advertised from \$750 to \$1,500; phaetons and stanhopes at from \$2,000 to \$3,000; omnibuses at from \$3,000 to \$4,000. The first cost, it will be seen, is greater or less than carriages with horses, according to the value of the horses. There is an idea that horses are now going begging in the market, and that fine animals can be purchased for little or nothing. This is very erroneous. A fine horse is as valuable in the market as ever he was; it is only the very common horse that does not command a good price. A man, therefore, can pay as much as he pleases for a good horse, but he cannot get one for a song. If, therefore, a good driving horse is worth \$250 and a pair worth \$500, we see that a turnout with a horse or a pair of horses does not cost so very much less than a motor vehicle. The saving is in the keep. A poor horse eats his head off every day, and it costs at least \$30 a month to keep and shoe any horse a gentleman would care to drive. The cost of the electricity at a central station for a vehicle that would do the work of two horses, if the horses could work twice as long as is possible, would be only \$25 a month. There is where the saving comes in—in the cost of the keep and the amount of work performed. Even when common horses are used and the first cost much reduced, a comparison shows that the electric vehicle is cheaper, though the interest on the investment be computed. A two-horse wagon, with two horses and the harness for them, may be bought for \$700; an electric wagon corresponding in carrying capacity, may be had for \$2,250. Now, to stable, shoe the horses and keep the wagon and harness in repair for a year, besides adding the interest on the outlay for such a horse wagon, would amount to about \$525. For an electric automobile, where the electricity is purchased at a station, the equivalent cost would be about \$425; if the electricity were supplied by a private plant, the cost would be \$135. Here is a saving of from 20 to 70 per cent. Figures such as these cannot fail to make those who depend on horse-pulled wagons in their business, think seriously. Indeed, many of the stores in New York are adopting motor vehicles for delivery wagons. In these calculations the cost of the driver is not taken into consideration. "Any man with sufficient intelligence to fit him to take charge of a horse can be taught to manage an automobile." This is what the manufacturers say. Far be it from me to indorse the statement; for I am persuaded by long observation that, low though the intelligence of the horse is ranked among domestic animals, quite one-



fourth of those in use now do the work and the thinking as well.

*The Gasoline and Steam Automobile.....H. P. Maxim.....Cassier's Magazine*

The best American gasoline carriage is to-day an entirely practical and serviceable vehicle. It can be depended upon every day in the year if it be given reasonable opportunities. It requires more skill to operate than is necessary with an electric carriage, and considerably more skill to maintain it. The gasoline used in the best machines is what is generally known in the trade as 72-degree. Any gasoline or naphtha is suitable, although that between 68 and 74 degrees gives the best results. This can be purchased throughout the United States at a price which averages fifteen cents per gallon. In the best gasoline carriages in which two passengers are carried and which, without passengers, weighs about 700 pounds, the consumption of gasoline is, on ordinary country roads, about 0.06 gallon per mile. The cost can, therefore, be readily calculated. The ignition in the best machines is accomplished by a magneto-generator which is entirely automatic. Lubricating oil is used at about the rate of a pint for every 50 or 100 miles, depending upon the quality and the conditions.

The maintenance of the vehicle consists in keeping the engine mechanism in order. The skill necessary to maintain it is precisely the same as that necessary to maintain any hard-working gas engine. A machine would be practically useless in the hands of any one not having mechanical inclinations, whether he be the owner or the stable man. General instructions to stable men have not been successful. On the continent, the owner of one of these vehicles, if it is a carriage, invariably has a man who has spent usually two weeks at the manufacturer's establishment, where he becomes familiar with the construction of the machine.

The type of gasoline carriage which in America is most popular is the lightest possible machine that will carry two people seated abreast. The vehicle is sometimes provided with a weather protecting top, but frequently without anything of this nature. It is used for city running about, and, in the pleasant seasons, for long-distance touring. In Great Britain and on the Continent the most popular type of vehicle of this class is one carrying four passengers and weighing about 2,500 pounds. These are used for long-distance touring, and when fitted with quadruple engines, are used for the very high-speed racing indulged in there. The other form of machine extremely popular is the De Dion tricycle, practically the smallest and lightest machine that will carry one passenger, seated upon a bicycle saddle. These machines are capable of fairly high speed, weigh about 175 pounds, and are capable of running independent of any fixed base of supplies. No generally successful results are being obtained with the gasoline engine where the load to be carried exceeds 1,500 pounds.

The steam carriage is able to fill the unlimited distance requirements as well as the gasoline vehicle. Its peculiarities, however, are decidedly different, and there are very few successful light steam vehicles in daily use, as compared with the number of successful gasoline vehicles in daily service. For

weights exceeding 1,500 pounds and distances exceeding even ten miles, however, steam has proven more successful than anything else. In Great Britain there are several vehicles in regular use for carrying heavy loads of general merchandise. In France the same condition of affairs exists in the transportation of large numbers of passengers and heavy merchandise. From a knowledge, however, of experiments that are being made on both sides of the Atlantic, it seems very probable that, at least for the transportation of heavy loads of passengers over fairly long distances, other systems will be developed in the near future which will seriously compete with steam.

*The Amphibious Automobile.....Glatigny.....Automobile Magazine*

A Swedish engineer, Mr. Magrelem, has lately built a tramway-boat that is really an amphibious means of locomotion, for it moves along quite as easily on the water as on a railway track. In fact, it might be said that automobilism, by enabling us to go up or down the steepest inclines and to turn the sharpest curves with the greatest ease, had already rendered useless the enormous engineering works, the embankments and tunnels that have cost so much money during the latter half of this century. But Mr. Magrelem's happy invention is going to render equally unnecessary the construction of bridges.

The tramway-boat was devised to ply across two lakes north of Copenhagen, divided by a neck of land, about three hundred metres wide. It had been nearly decided to dig a canal across the isthmus, in order to connect the two sheets of water by a continuous channel, when Mr. Magrelem offered his plan.

The amphibious steamboat is 15 metres long by 4 metres beam; she weighs 11 tons when empty, and 15 tons with her maximum load. The engine is 25 horse-power, and its action is transmitted by means of a triple gear, either to the propeller or to the rimmed wheels. She can carry seventy passengers.

In passing from the liquid medium to the solid road, the boat enters a small canal having a slightly inclined bottom and two grooves, where the front wheels are engaged and then meet the rails with which they keep in contact by the action of some pins or spikes. As soon as contact is secured, the whole power of the engine is brought to bear on the front wheels, which easily pull the tramway-boat up the incline to the dry land and make her travel on the rails like an ordinary car. On reaching the other side of the isthmus she launches herself by the same process, inverted, but the brakes are then strongly applied to the wheels to prevent a too rapid descent. The trip is then continued on the water.

The changes of action from the propeller to the wheels, or from the latter to the former, are made instantly and without stopping the boat, whose speed is kept unchanged while moving on the water or on the track. Since this amphibious automobile was launched it has been doing service continuously, in all kinds of weather, and has carried over 20,000 passengers without any trouble or accidents whatever.

## CHOICE VERSE: FROM BOOKS AND MAGAZINES

*The Tryst of Queen Hynde.....Fiona Macleod.....Literature*

Queen Hynde was in the rowan-wood with scarlet fruit aflame;  
 Her face was as the berries were, one sun-hot wave of shame.  
 With scythes of fire the August sun mowed down vast swathes of shade;  
 With blazing eyes the waiting Queen stared on her steel-blue blade.  
 "What, thirsty hound," she muttered low, "with thirst you flash and gleam;  
 Bide, bide a wee, my bonnie hound, I'll show ye soon a stream!"  
 The sun had tossed against the West his broken scythes of fire  
 When Lord Gillanders bowed before his Queen and Sweet Desire.  
 She did not give him smile or kiss; her hand she did not give;  
 "But are ye come for death," she said, "or are ye come to live?"  
 Gillanders reined and looked at her; "Hynde, Queen and Love," he said,  
 "I wooed in love, I come in love, to this the tryst we made.  
 Why are your eyes so fierce and wild? Why is your face so white?  
 I love you, love, with all my love," he said, "by day and night."  
 "What o' the word that's come to me, of how my lord's to wed  
 The lily-white maid o' one that has a gold crown on his head?  
 What o' the word that yesternight ye wantoned with my name,  
 And on a windy scorn let loose the blown leaf o' my shame?"  
 The Lord Gillanders looked at her, and never a word said he,  
 But sprang from off his swift black horse and sank upon his knee.  
 "This is my love," said white Queen Hynde, "and this, and this——"  
 Four times she stabbed him to the heart while she his lips did kiss.  
 She left him in the darkling wood; and as she rose she sang  
 (The little notes swirled out in air amid the horse-hoof clang):  
 "My love was sweet, was sweet, was sweet, but not so sweet as now.  
 A deep long sleep my sweet love has beneath the rowan-bough."  
 They let her in, they lifted swords, his head each one did bare;  
 Slowly she bowed, slowly she passed, slowly she clomb the stair.  
 Her little son she lifted up, and whispered 'neath his cries:  
 "The old King's son, they say; mayhap, he has Gillander's eyes."

*The Spire.....Martha Gilbert Dickinson.....Within the Hedge\**

In dumb perfection stands the spire,  
 Lone watcher of the night;  
 No frozen vigils ever tire  
 This steadfast acolyte.  
 Baptized in Dawn's supernal fire—  
 It serves the Great White Throne,  
 And all the stars in Heaven's choir  
 Pray for their saint in stone.

*A Bayou Blossom.....Constance Grosvenor Alexander.....Century*

A sweep of big-leaved vines, all rank and lush,  
 With growth so poison-fed by mantling mists  
 That steal up from the sluggish bayou-bed,  
 That every leaf 's a curled cup of death—  
 Tough, twining stems that spring from underooze  
 Bubbling beneath this crawling stream, and pierce  
 The iridescent slime that greens its marge.  
 Strange tropic birds brood here and hatch their young,  
 Sun here their radiant wings, and flash the light  
 Against yon somber, drooping Southern moss.  
 Great golden flies, a-quiver o'er this tarn,  
 Poise on its bordering reeds, and curious snakes  
 Lift jeweled heads above the slime to blink  
 At swift green lizards on the warted stems.

Far in, beyond the darkling curtained oaks,  
 A tiny pool, clear, lucid, like a soul  
 Unspotted, lies, and on its quiet breast,  
 Amid a bed of smooth, cool leaves alone,  
 One splendid lotus springs in purity.  
 Petal on petal, stainless, white at ends,  
 But shading rosilily toward its heart,  
 It glorifies the tiny spot of good  
 In all this leprous, waste luxuriance.  
 Of all the world, none knows the pool save this  
 One perfect blossom, and she dwells on it.

\*Doubleday &amp; McClure Co., New York. \$1.00.

*'Hitherto Shalt Thou Come'.....D. J. Robertson.....Longmans' Magazine*

There is no sea left uncharted,  
 There are no lands left untrod;  
 We have wandered hungry-hearted  
 In the haunts of the forest god.  
 The shadows have fled before us,  
 And far on the hunter's trail  
 The wind in the wires hums o'er us,  
 The sunbeams flash from the rail.

Flood and famine and fever,  
 We have met them and overthrown;  
 In the lair of the grim, striped reiver  
 We have builded our temples of stone;  
 Through death and disease and disaster  
 We have fought and fashioned our path,  
 Till the Earth has owned her master,  
 And yielded us all she hath.

And the Sea—we have plumbed and sounded,  
 We have marked each reef and shoal,  
 We have striven to bound the unbounded,  
 We have dared the ice of the Pole;  
 We have strewn with our wrecks her beaches,  
 Our bones have whitened her deeps,  
 And the coil of our cable reaches  
 Through the slime where the kraken sleeps.

She is ours! and the breakers thunder;  
 She is ours! and the ripples laugh;  
 She has riven our fetters asunder,  
 And scattered our fleets like chaff;  
 We have challenged her, we have wooed her,  
 We have fronted her winds with our will,  
 But never enthralled nor subdued her—  
 She keepeth her secret still.

*The Lightning.....Robert Loveman.....Munsey's*

Now while the tempest doth enfold,  
 And winds are thunder shod,  
 Upon the parchment cloud behold  
 The autograph of God!



*Hey Nonny No.....Marguerite Merington .....Scribner's*

There is a race from eld descent,  
Of heaven by earth in joyous mood,  
Before the world grew wise and bent  
In sad, decadent attitude.  
To these each waking is a birth  
That makes them heir to all the earth,  
Singing, for pure abandoned mirth,  
Non nonny non, hey nonny no.

Perchance ye meet them in the mart,  
In fashion's toil or folly's throe,  
And yet their souls are far apart  
Where primrose winds from uplands blow.  
At heart on oaten pipes they play  
Thro' meadows green and gold with May,  
Affined to bird and brook and brae.  
Sing nonny non, hey nonny no.

Their gage they win in fame's despite,  
While lyric alms to life they fling;  
Children of laughter, sons of light,  
With equal heart to starve or sing.  
Counting no human creature vile,  
They find the good old world worth while;  
Care cannot rob them of a smile.  
Sing nonny non, hey nonny no.

For creed, the up-reach of a spire,  
An arching elm-tree's leafy spread,  
A song that lifts the spirit higher  
To star or sunshine overhead.  
Misfortune they but deem God's jest  
To prove His children at their best,  
Who, dauntless, rise to His attest.  
Sing nonny non, hey nonny no.

Successful ones will brush these by,  
Calling them failure as they pass.  
What reck they this who claim the sky  
For roof, for bed the cosmic grass!  
When, failures all, we come to lie,  
The grass betwixt us and the sky,  
The gift of gladness will not die!  
Sing nonny non, hey nonny no.

*The Passing of Thorwald.....Marshal S. Cornwell.....Wheat and Chaff\**

In Norway where the midnight sun  
Gleams on Ras Vatna hoary,  
Heroic deeds by sea kings done,  
Are told in song and story.

Stern as the winter's icy bands,  
Yet brave and gentle-hearted,  
The Vikings bold who ruled the lands  
In days that have departed.

Vallhallah's halls ne'er opened wide  
To him who shrank from duty;  
But to the warrior true and tried  
They shone in all their beauty.  
Jarl Thorwald sat within his hall,  
His liegemen all assembled,  
And when he spake each bounden thrall  
Obeisance made, and trembled.

Spake he, "The good ship Valdemir  
Rides on the open fiord,  
And I a dotard linger here,  
No more your warrior lord."

\*A memorial volume of M. S. Cornwell's writings, published by his brothers, W. B. and J. J. Cornwell, Romney, W. Va.

Spake he, "I have braved the fiercest gale  
That e'er the North Sea knew,  
But the Valdemir ne'er slackened sail  
For storm that ever blew.

"But age has chilled the warm life blood  
That courses through each vein,  
The music of the restless flood,  
I ne'er shall hear again.

"Already Woden's beckoning hand  
O'er the waves is calling me.  
He is calling me to the mystic strand,  
To Vallhallah o'er the sea.

"Now bear me down to the Valdemir,  
For my spirit is ebbing fast,  
And give me the Viking's fiery bier,  
For my earthly life is past."

Alone on the deck of the ocean steed  
They laid the sea king bold,  
And the flames by the liegemen freed  
Crept up through the silent hold.

Each mast and spar like a gleaming brand  
Shone out 'gainst the winter sky,  
And the Valdemir bore out from land  
And the red flames leaped on high.

And as the wreck of the burning barque  
Drifted out resistlessly,  
The soul of Thorwald sped in the dark  
To Vallhallah o'er the sea.

*An Old Road.....Edwin Markham...The Man With the Hoe and Other Poems\**

A host of poppies, a flight of swallows;  
A flurry of rain, and a wind that follows  
Shepherds the leaves in the sheltered hollows,  
For the forest is shaken and thinned.

Over my head are the firs for rafter;  
The crows blow south, and my heart goes after;  
I kiss my hands to the world with laughter—  
Is it Aidenn or mystical Ind?

Oh, the whirl of the fields in the windy weather!  
How the barley breaks and blows together!  
Oh, glad is the free bird afloat on the heather—  
Oh, the whole world is glad of the wind!

*Cavalry Song.....William Hamilton Hayne.....Leslie's Monthly*

To horse! to horse! with the stirrup's clink,  
And the keen thrust of the spur!  
To horse! to horse! Where the carbines crack,  
And the bullets whiz and whirl!  
Mount fast! Spur on! Where the valiant ride,  
And Victory cleaves her way,  
With unchecked speed, for a nation's need,  
In the red heart of the fray!

To horse! To horse! In the light of morn,  
And the noonday's sultry breath!  
To horse! To horse! And with swords that reap  
In the sunset fields of Death!  
Mount fast! Spur on! Where the valiant ride,  
And Victory cleaves her way,  
With unchecked speed, for a nation's need,  
In the red heart of the fray!

To horse! To horse! Where the war clouds swoop,  
And the sky is blurred or blind!  
To horse! To horse! And with steeds that match  
The wings of the Arab wind!  
Mount fast! Spur on! Where the valiant ride,  
And Victory cleaves her way,  
With unchecked speed, for a nation's need,  
In the red heart of the fray!

\*Doubleday & McClure Co., New York. \$1.00.

## CURRENT LITERARY THOUGHT AND OPINION

*The Question of a Title.....Barry Pain.....Black and White*

"The trouble is this," she said, with decision, "I want a title."

"What is the book?"

"There isn't any book at present. There's going to be a book as soon as I can hit on a title for it. What's the first thing you see when you start to read a book? The title. Well then, I begin with the title when I start to write a book. And titles for books are just as difficult to get as the other kind—the kind that the Queen gives you for electroplating Westminster Abbey or things of that kind. The title's the seed. Once get the seed, and with a favorable soil and proper attention the plant will follow."

"Why make a fuss about it?" I asked. (She is cleverer than she ought to be, and needs bullying; and I flatter myself that I can talk like a pompous ass as well as most men.) "Get something simple. Use the name of the hero or the heroine. That was good enough for Dickens, Thackeray, Scott, Meredith, and a few other people."

"That," she said, "is a plain mahogany title, deliberately abandoning anything like distinction. It has belonged to a number of good solidly-made books, and it has also belonged to a lot of pretentious rubbish; Number Five John Street, and John Ward, Preacher, are interesting variants founded on that basis. But as a matter of fact it dates from the days before the title really became a cult, with modes and fashions of its own, changing as rapidly as the fashion in shirts. O what holy joy to set a mode in titles! It's so sweet to talk about one's imitators. Do you remember the flower-and-color title? Good! Very good, but quite dead now. Ah, yes! wheresoever the green carnation is, there the yellow asters are gathered together."

"I don't remember either of the books to which you refer. But," I observed, "you have a happy knack of making remarks that sound much wittier than they really are. Tell me more."

"I won't have any John in my title. It's too silly stale. Besides, when you get the name of John in the title you always know what the man is going to be like in the book. No frills. Manliness. All the rest of it. As a rule when a title's dead it is about as dead as you can die. But I shouldn't wonder if titles with the word 'new' in them came again. There has been big business done under that style; you remember the New Republic, of course—Mallock has never matched it since—and the New Antigone. It had a good time. So had the relative-clause title; but I can't remember whether it reached its full glory with *The Light that Failed* or died in great agony with *The Woman Who Did*. Anyhow I wouldn't touch it; I would sooner start afresh. John Oliver Hobbes started afresh. I think her use of the word 'some' was too delightful. It was so audacious. Some Emotions and a Moral—there was a take-it-or-leave-it air about that. It had a lot of jump in it, but the jump's gone now. The strong title has lost most of its spring, too; but—my word!—it had a good run. You know what I mean? It's the title which includes one or more

of the words 'fool,' 'devil,' 'God,' 'death,' 'hell.' Many a poor story swaggered finely under that breastplate. Everybody said: 'Very powerful.' But it was the kind of title which was bound to die, because, as a matter of fact, you could teach a terrier to make strong titles of that kind."

"And what are you authors wearing at present by way of titles?"

"Well, at present we are rather waiting for a lead. We have had one nice little thing which has had some vogue and may do better. It's the noun-and-adjective title with the adjective put last, and smells strongly of incense. You remember *The Choir Invisible*? It was almost impossible to read even the advertisements of that book without trying to say your prayers in Latin. Then we had *The Vision Splendid*. There was a cold bronze spirituality about that style. Ah, well! One man's originality becomes another man's affectation, and it is just as well not to call your dining-room a refectory."

*The Modern Novel.....Brander Matthews.....Cosmopolitan*

Perhaps the most striking fact in the history of the literature of the nineteenth century is the immense vogue of the novel and of the short story. Fiction fills our monthly magazines, and it is piled high on the counters of our book-stores. Doctor Holmes once said that during the Civil War the cry of the American populace was for "bread and the newspapers"; it would be an exaggeration, of course, to say that during periods of peace the cry of the fairer half of our population is for "clothes and the novel," but it is an exaggeration only, it is not a misrepresentation. Almost every year brings forth a story which has the surprising sale of a quarter of a million copies or more, while it is only once in a lifetime that a work in any other department of literature achieves so wide a circulation.

A consideration of the history of the modern novel brings out two facts. First, that the technic has been steadily improving; that the story is now told more directly; that character is now portrayed more carefully and elaborately, and that the artist is more self-respecting and takes his work more seriously. And, second, that the desire to reproduce life with all its intricacies has increased with the ability to accomplish this. The best fiction of the nineteenth century is far less artificial and less arbitrary than the best fiction of the eighteenth century. Serious novelists—and I include among these humorists like Mark Twain, whose *Huckleberry Finn* is a masterpiece of verity—serious novelists nowadays seek for the interest of their narratives not in the accidents that befall the hero nor in the external perils from which he chances to escape, but rather in the man himself, in his character with its balance of good and evil, in his struggle with his conscience, in his reaction against his heredity and his environment. Know thyself, said the Greek philosopher; and the English poet told us that the proper study of mankind is man. In the modern novel, wisely studied, is presented an instrument of great subtlety for the acquiring of knowledge of ourselves and of our fellow-men. It



broadens our sympathy, by telling us how the other half lives; and it also sharpens our insight into humanity at large. It helps us to take a large and liberal view of life; it enlightens, it sustains and it cheers. What Mr. John Morley once said of literature as a whole is even more accurate when applied to fiction alone; its purpose is "to bring sunshine into our hearts and to drive moonshine out of our heads."

*The Popularity of Omar Khayyám.....Holland.....National Review*

Doubtless to us Omar Khayyám would be nothing were it not for FitzGerald. Magic indeed is the power of verse. Every quatrain in the version will outlive all articles written in excellent prose upon important topics in the solemn Times, from its first morning of creation to its last dawn of reckoning. The poem lives with an astonishing life of its own, perhaps to endure as long as the Psalms of David. Like the finest poet of the present day, FitzGerald might have said, though he certainly would not have said:

Yea, ere Saturnian earth her child consumes,  
And I lie down with outworn ossuaries,  
Ere death's grim tongue anticipates the tomb's  
"Siste, viator"; in this storied urn  
My living heart is laid to throb and burn,  
Till end be ended, and till ceasing cease.

Yet their poetic vigor and beauty alone do not explain the amazing hold which these quatrains, after their obscure birth and childhood, have suddenly taken upon the English race. Something in their spirit, perhaps, suits a wandering and dissatisfied folk, camping here and there about the planet in virgin deserts, or upon the ruins of old civilizations. In India, that "battered Caravanserai, whose portals are Calcutta and Bombay, where Viceroy after Viceroy with his Staff abides his destined Hour and goes his Way," or in South Africa, or Australia, or the American Far West, where searchers for settlement are here to-day and gone to-morrow, the verse of the immobile dweller by the Deben may best express the sense of the transitory and the unreal. An American ambassador has told us that he heard a western pioneer mutter a FitzGerald quatrain as he struck his little mining camp. But this is not the full explanation either. Just as in the 'fifties there was something in FitzGerald's mood which made the old Persian's poetry a fertilizing seed-place, so there is now some recent change in the mood of the Anglo-Saxon race that has caused this wide response to Omar-in-FitzGerald. It is, one must imagine, that there has of late been a wide and rapid decline in religious belief, so that a vast number of English people are able to understand and largely sympathize with the old rebel against the orthodox Islamite Puritanism of the East.

*The American Language.....William Archer.....Pall Mall Magazine*

In the way of scoffing, we English have doubtless (and inevitably) been the worst offenders. We have habitually used "Americanism" as a term of reproach, implying, if not saying in so many words, that America was the great source of pollution, and of nothing but pollution, to the otherwise limpid current of our speech. Dean Alford wrote offensively to this effect; Archbishop Trench, on the

other hand, discussed the relations between the English of America and the English of England with courtesy and good sense. He protested against certain transatlantic neologisms, including in his list that excellent old word "to berate," and a word so useful and so eminently consonant with the spirit of the language as "to belittle"; but, whether wise or unwise, his protest was at least civil. Other writers, both in books and periodicals, have been apt to take their tone from the Dean rather than from the Archbishop. It may even be said that the instinct of the majority of Englishmen, which finds heedless expression in the newspapers and in common talk, is to regard Americanisms as necessarily vulgar, and (conversely) vulgarisms as probably American. If challenged and brought to book, they can generally realize the narrowness and injustice of this way of thinking; yet they relapse into it next moment. It is time we should be on our guard against so insidious a habit. Its reduction to absurdity may be found (alackaday!) in Fors Clavigera for June 1st, 1874. With shame and sorrow I transcribe the passage, for the time has not yet come for it to be forgotten. If it were merely the aberration of an individual, however distinguished, it were better kept out of sight, out of mind; but it is, I repeat, the reckless exaggeration of a not altogether uncommon habit of thought:

England taught the Americans all they have of speech or thought, hitherto. What thoughts they have not learned from England are foolish thoughts; what words they have not learned from England unseemly words; the vile among them not being able even to be humorous parrots, but only obscene mocking-birds.

Can we wonder that Americans have retorted with some asperity upon criticisms in which any approach to such insolent insularism is even remotely or inadvertently implied?

The American retort, however, has not always been judicious or dignified. It has too often consisted in the mere pitting of one linguistic prejudice against another. It is very easy to prove that there are bad speakers and bad writers in both countries, and the attempt to determine which country has the more numerous and the greater sinners is exceedingly unprofitable. The "You're another" style of argument has been far too prevalent. It is not to be expected that an extremely English intonation should ever be agreeable to Americans, or an extremely American intonation to Englishmen. We ourselves laugh at a "haw-haw" intonation in English; why, then, should we forbid Americans to do so? If "an accent like a banjo" is recognized as undesirable in America (and assuredly it is), there is no reason why we in England should pretend to admire it. But a vulgar or affected intonation is clearly distinguishable, and ought to be clearly distinguished, from a national habit in the pronunciation of a given letter, or accentuation of a particular word, or class of words. For instance, take the pronunciation of the indefinite article. The American habitually says "ā man" (a as in "game"); the Englishman, unless he wants to be emphatic, says "a man." Neither is right, neither wrong—it is purely a matter of habit; and to consider either habit ridiculous is merely to exhibit that childishness or provincialism of mind

which is moved to laughter by whatever is unfamiliar. So, too, with questions of accentuation. We say "prim'arily" and "tem'porarily"; most (or at any rate many) Americans say "primar'ily" and "temporar'ily." Here there is no question of right or wrong, refinement or vulgarity. The one accentuation is as good as the other. It may be argued, indeed, that our accentuation throws into relief the root, the idea, the soul of the word, not the mere grammatical suffix, the "limbs and outward flourishes"; but, on the other hand, it may be contended with equal truth that the American accentuation has the Latin precedent in its favor. Neither advantage is conclusive; neither, indeed, is strictly speaking relevant; for Englishmen do not make a principle of accentuating the root rather than the prefix or suffix, else we should say, "inund'ation," "reson'ant," "admir'able"; and the Americans do not make a principle of following the Latin emphasis, else they would say, "orator'y" and "gratui'tous," and the recognized pronunciation of "theatre" would be "theyater." There is, in fact, no consistent or rational principle in the matter. To make a merit of one practice, and find in the other a subject for contemptuous criticism, is simply childish.

Mere slovenliness of pronunciation is a totally different matter. For instance, the use of "most" for "almost" is distinctly, if not a vulgarism, at least a colloquialism. It may be of ancient origin; it may have crossed in the "Mayflower," for aught I know; but the overwhelming preponderance of ancient and modern usage is certainly in favor of prefixing the "al," and there is a clear advantage in having a special word for this special idea. If American writers tried to make "most" supplant "almost" in the literary language, we should have a right to remonstrate; the two forms would fight it out, and the fittest would survive. But as a matter of fact, I am not aware that any one has attempted to introduce "most," in this sense, into literature. It is perfectly recognized as a colloquialism, and as such it keeps its place. Again, such pronunciations as "mebbe" for "maybe" and "I'd ruther" or "I druther" for "I'd rather" are obvious slovenliness. No American would defend them as being correct, any more than an Englishman would defend "I dunno" for "I don't know" or "atome" for "at home." If an actor, for instance, were to say,

"I druther be a dog and bay the moon  
Than such a Roman,"

American and English critics alike could not but protest against the solecism; for in poetry absolute precision of utterance is clearly indispensable. But in every-day speech a certain amount of colloquialism is inevitable. Let him whose own enunciation is chemically free from localism or slovenliness cast the first stone even at "mebbe" and "ruther."

Passing now from questions of pronunciation and grammar to questions of vocabulary, I can only express my sense of the deep indebtedness of the English language, both literary and colloquial, to America, for the old words she has kept alive and the new words and phrases she has invented. It is a sheer pedantry—nay, a misconception of the laws which govern language as a living organism—to despise pithy and apt colloquialisms, and even

slang. In order to remain healthy and vigorous, a literary language must be rooted in the soil of a copious vernacular, from which it can extract and assimilate, by a chemistry peculiar to itself, whatever nourishment it requires. It must keep in touch with life in the broadest acceptance of the word; and life at certain levels, obeying a psychological law which must simply be accepted as one of the conditions of the problem, will always express itself in dialect, provincialism, slang.

America doubles and trebles the number of points at which the English language comes in touch with nature and life, and is therefore a great source of strength and vitality. The literary language, to be sure, rejects a great deal more than it absorbs; and even in the vernacular words and expressions are always dying out and being replaced by others which are somehow better adapted to the changing conditions. But though an expression has not, in the long run, proved itself fitted to survive, it does not follow that it has not done good service in its time. Certain it is that the common speech of the Anglo-Saxon race throughout the world is exceedingly supple, well nourished and rich in forcible and graphic idioms; and a great part of this wealth it owes to America. Let the purists who sneer at "Americanisms" think for one moment how much poorer the English language would be to-day if North America had become a French or Spanish instead of an English continent.

The idea that the English language is degenerating in America is an absolutely groundless illusion. Take them all round, the newspapers of the leading American cities, in their editorial columns at any rate, are at least as well written as the newspapers of London; and in magazines and books the average level of literary accomplishment is certainly very high. There are bad and vulgar writers on both sides of the Atlantic; but until the beams are removed from our own eyes, we may safely trust the Americans to attend to the motes in theirs.

*An International Literature.....W. L. Wendell.....Criterion*

An international game is being played in the literary world wherein the critics of one country are paying tribute to the geniuses of another. Nothing could be better; it fosters a spirit of brotherhood, of camaraderie, in the world of letters, and when we stop to realize the place and influence of literature in the present day we also see that from this intellectual alliance may grow a deeper and more far-reaching result, namely, the consummation of political peace. Literature has long since signed the treaty of peace, and from the present outlook it will be a perpetual one. Carlyle, brusque though he may have been, and rough and untamable, was not lacking in the genius of friendship which won Emerson to him, and through that friendship gave America's greatest thinker to England. And the spirit of his hospitality has never been broken. An English author came to the United States a short while ago and remarked that if he accomplished nothing else, he would not miss knowing Mary Wilkins—she alone was worth the trip! M. Rod told the students at Harvard a few days ago of what Shakespeare meant to France: "To speak of the influence of Shakespeare in



France is to relate the transformation of our dramatic literature from tragedy to romantic drama."

The latest tribute of literary England to literary France is offered by three representative Englishmen, at the request of the French journalist Galde-mar, who wished to obtain an English criticism on those writers who best represent the characteristics and individualism of their nation. George Meredith chose five: For human philosophy, Montaigne; for the comic appreciation of society, Molière; for the observation of life and condensed expression, La Bruyère; for the most delicate irony scarcely distinguishable from tenderness, Renan; for high pitch impassioned sentiment, Racine.

Mr. Gosse named Villon, Ronsard, Racine, Balzac and Flaubert, giving his reason for the choice, and adds: Let me take this opportunity of thanking you for your effort to encourage relations of sympathy and comprehension between the two most living literatures of our time, those of France and England.

The intellectual tendency of the nineteenth century is to unite the literatures of all countries and sweep aside all race distinctions. The intellectual life of the world cannot, in any real sense, know race lines. The great literatures are continually reacting upon one another through all manner of subtle influences. There has been some talk of a European literature, and we shall hear before long of a world-wide literature, wherein those only who have attained to it will be held to be of any account in the realm of letters.

*Fault of Modern French Fiction.... Henry James... North American Review*

At whatever result the serious inquirer might arrive, he would recognize no want of the real energy, the proper passion, in the working of their material by the French novelists of to-day. Of the material itself, there would easily be much to say—I cannot help thinking that there is much; but there is little that is not obvious to be said of the intelligence and the courage. These remain so great—are capable of giving out, on occasion, such vivid lights and of throwing up such renewals—as to bring back a possibility by no means unfamiliar, I dare say, to any ingenious mind attentive to these things: the apprehension that there may, after all, be some strange and fatal disparity between French talent and French life. That puts the case, no doubt, with a certain breadth; but it may, none the less, represent one of the occasional wonderments of a spectator from a distance. Does French life support being worked with the fury—as we may almost say—that the great combination, from Balzac down, have brought to bear on it? Would our bigger Anglo-Saxon life, even? Would any collective life that is now being led on the globe? The Anglo-Saxon world, with the multitude of its practical experiments and the variety of its material habitats, would, perhaps, hold out longest; and I express a fancy that I have sometimes idly entertained when I say, that we alone would have offered a broad enough back to such acute penetration and such consistent irony. The spirit of the French novel at its best, in other words, would have been worthy to plunge into us, and we should have been, as a rich world-people, worthy to be stretched on the table. We

should not certainly have been Paris at all—in which there would have been a loss; but we should, on the other hand, not have been Paris only and ever—in which there would have been a gain.

The danger I glance at is, in a word, the danger arising from sameness of subject. There tends too much to be only one—the subject, so familiar to us all that this light emphasis suffices to identify it. The complications, the perils, that wait on concealed attachments play, it may perfectly be argued, an immense part in life, and a face of proportionate surprise may be offered to any plea that so general and indispensable an element of truth and interest is lightly to be dispensed with. This is a position with which, of course, all suggestion has to reckon; and I may as well say at once that I have no direct remedy to produce. The candid critic is, I even hold, excusable for not being wholly sure that, taking into account the general play of the French imagination, the remedy is quite within reach. It might, none the less, be tried. If I said just now that Flaubert's *Emma Bovary* is at best the demonstration of a poor case, and that the case would have been bettered if more relations had been shown, so this may, perhaps, serve as a hint of the quarter in which general help lies. Might not, in general, the painter of French life do something toward conjuring away that demon of staleness who hovers very dreadfully, at this time of day, everywhere, I acknowledge, on the horizon of us belated workers, by cultivating just this possibility of the vision of more relations? There are others, after all, than those of the eternal triangle of the husband, the wife and the lover, or of that variation of this to which we are too much condemned as an only alternative—the mistress, the first and the second, or the second and the third, the third and the fourth, lovers. What we continue to have, for the most part, is the paraphernalia of concealment—the drama of alarm and exposure; on which, with prodigious ingenuity, all the changes have been rung. Our real satiety lies, however, I think, not even in our familiarity with this range of representation; it lies, at bottom, in our unassuaged thirst for some more constant and more various portrayal of character. It may fairly be said that the French "parti-pris" not only turns too persistent a back on those quarters of life in which character does play, but also—and with still less justice—tends to pervert and minimize the idea of "passion." Passion still abides with us, though its wings have undoubtedly been clipped; the possibility of it is, in the vulgar phrase, all over the place. But it lives a great variety of life, burns with other flames and throbs with other obsessions than the sole sexual. In some of these connections it absolutely becomes character; whereas character, on the contrary, encounters in the sexual the particular air, the special erotic fog, that most muffles and dampens it. Closely observed, indeed, the erotic drama gives us, for all the prodigious bustle involved, almost never a striking illustration of it. "Passion" crowds it out; but passion is strangely brief, while character, like art itself, as we know, is long. The great Balzac, clearly, had made this reflection when, beating the bush with his cudgel he started up game of so many different kinds.



## THE FUTURE OF WAR

[When the Czar issued his peace rescript we were told that he had been greatly influenced by the work of the Polish publicist, I. S. Bloch, *On the Future War in Its Technical Economic and Political Relations*. The work which has been condensed and translated by R. C. Long (Doubleday & McClure, \$2.00) tells, in the language of the statistician and by diagrams, what would be the result of a European war. In the extracts given here our readers may glance at the possibilities.]

Conscription, as at present systematized, has one good side—it bears in itself the embryo of the abolition of war. On the mobilization of the whole working population in the different countries difficulties may easily arise, the consequences of which it would be difficult to foresee.

Within recent times immense sums have been laid out to ensure the rapid concentration of all possible forces as quickly as may be after the declaration of war, in positions near to the enemy, in order at once to begin a determined attack. Such arrangements in 1870 gave the Germans the most splendid results, and their necessity is now generally acknowledged. But since then the conditions have changed. The superiority which rapid concentration and mobilization will give may be counterbalanced by the greater order which will result from less haste, and the less grave economic disorganization which slower mobilization will cause.

There can be no doubt that the immensity of modern armies and the weight of their equipment enormously increase the need for endurance among the rank and file. Infantry soldiers are compelled to carry a weight of from 25 to 35 kilogrammes, or from 70 to 87 pounds. To become inured gradually to this there will not be time; long marches must be undertaken at once, and not a small proportion of the soldiers will break down from exhaustion. The French medical authorities declare that after the first two weeks of marching the hospitals will contain 100,000 men, excluding those disabled by wounds.

To obtain quarters for an immense number of men will be impossible, and armies in the very beginning will be deprived of the most necessary conveniences. It will be difficult to guarantee large masses of men with provisions, with the same speed with which those men are mobilized. The local stores at the chief points of movement will be exhausted, and the transport of provisions from the central organization will require time. Of the consequences of mobilization we may judge, although imperfectly, by the experience of manœuvres. In France the manœuvres have already revealed imperfect training of officers, and unsatisfactory fulfilment by the reservists of their military duties. At every obstacle these men broke up into formless mobs; they fired badly, so badly, indeed, that it was admitted that in the event of war three or four weeks' training would be required before they could be sent to the front, especially upon offensive operations. It is improbable that in other countries similar inefficiency has not been observed; and that this inefficiency is not spoken of so openly may be due to greater restraint or to insufficient means of publicity.

It may, indeed, be said that universal military service for short periods presents conditions in which lie concealed the germs of the impossibility of war itself. This impossibility lies mainly in the difficulty of providing for immense masses, as a consequence of the diminution in productiveness, the possibility of economic crises, and popular commotions, and, finally, in the extreme difficulty of directing armies consisting of millions of men. With the growth of populations armies will continue to grow, and since even now the immensity of armies and the condition of armaments and tactics make the apparatus of war so complex that the directing, feeding and forcing of armies into battle has become very difficult, in a not very distant future it will be more than questionable.

The more complex the apparatus the greater intelligence will be required for its management, both in those who command and those who obey. As the methods of extermination grow more powerful the more essential will it be to act at the psychological moment. In the network of opinions, conditions, needs and dangers which will arise at almost every point of a struggle, in the opinion of General Dragomiroff only a powerfully developed intelligence will be in a position to act. The immensity of armies will cause great complexity in the whole apparatus of war; but, at the same time, side by side with the increase in the size of armies, grows the power of weapons of destruction. The power of the rifle has been increased fourteen times, and that of artillery forty times. In the past, success in war depended upon the ability of the commander and the courage of his army. In the future, success will depend more on the ability of the commanders of individual bodies of troops, on the initiative and energy of all officers, on the personal example which they set to their men, and finally even on the condition of the soldiers themselves.

For the just direction of all this gigantic mechanism much experience will be required. But where will experienced commanders be found in the future, when experience even of the present conditions is lacking? The conditions of modern war are such that of necessity the directing power must pass from the hands of the older commanders, not to speak of generals—from the hands of colonels and even commanders of battalions—into the hands of captains. Yet the French Professor Coumès, in his work, "*La Tactique de Demain*," declares that for the command of infantry on the field of battle such skill will be required that in no army will there be found 100 officers out of every 500 fit to lead a company under fire.

In view of the increased importance of officers under these conditions, systematic attempts will be made in all European armies to kill off the officers of the enemy. Experience even of the last wars, when it had not been adopted as a principle to disable the officers of the enemy, showed how possible was the rapid diminution of the number of officers on the field of battle. At the end of the Franco-German war at the head of battalions and half-battalions stood reserve officers of lower rank, and

even sergeant-majors. In December, 1870, in a Bavarian division, there remained but one line captain.

We will quote here the picture of a modern battle drawn by Captain Nigote. This picture is, of course, only the fruit of imagination, as all the new instruments of extermination have not yet been employed in practice. But imagination has worked upon a knowledge of the subject, and Captain Nigote's picture has as much claim on our attention as other theoretical sketches.

"The distance is 6,600 yards from the enemy. The artillery is in position, and the command has been passed along the batteries to 'give fire.' The enemy's artillery replies. Shells tear up the soil and burst; in a short time the crew of every gun has ascertained the distance of the enemy. Then every projectile discharged bursts in the air over the heads of the enemy, raining down hundreds of fragments and bullets on his position. Men and horses are overwhelmed by this rain of lead and iron. Guns destroy one another, batteries are mutually annihilated, ammunition cases are emptied. Success will be with those whose fire does not slacken. In the midst of this fire the battalions will advance.

"Now they are but 2,200 yards away. Already the rifle bullets whistle around and kill, each not only finding a victim, but penetrating files, ricocheting and striking again. Volley succeeds volley, bullets in great handfuls, constant as hail and swift as lightning, deluge the field of battle.

"The artillery having silenced the enemy, is now free to deal with the enemy's battalions. On his infantry, however loosely it may be formed, the guns direct thick iron rain, and soon in the positions of the enemy the earth is reddened with blood.

"The firing lines will advance one after the other, battalions will march after battalions; finally, the reserves will follow. Yet with all this movement in the two armies there will be a belt a thousand paces wide, separating them as if neutral territory, swept by the fire of both sides, a belt in which no living being can stand for a moment.

"The ammunition will be almost exhausted, millions of cartridges, thousands of shells will cover the soil. But the fire will continue until the empty ammunition cases are replaced with full.

"Melinite bombs will turn farmhouses, villages and hamlets to dust, destroying everything that might be used as cover, obstacle or refuge.

"The moment will approach when half the combatants will be mowed down, dead and wounded will lie in parallel rows, separated one from the other by that belt of a thousand paces swept by a cross fire of shells which no living being can pass.

"The battle will continue with ferocity. But still those thousand paces unchangingly separate the foes.

"Which will have gained the victory? Neither."

This picture serves to illustrate a thought which, since the perfection of weapons, has occupied the minds of all thinking people. What will take place in a future war? Such are constrained to admit that between the combatants will always be an impassable zone of fire deadly in an equal degree to both the foes. With such conditions, in its application

to the battles of the future, the saying of Napoleon seems very questionable: "The fate of battle is the result of one minute, of one thought; the enemies approach with different plans, the battle becomes furious; the decisive moment arrives, and a happy thought sudden as lightning decides the contest, the most insignificant reserve sometimes being the instrument of a splendid victory."

One of the most celebrated surgeons of the century, Professor Bilroth, declared that in order to give full assistance to the wounded, the sanitary corps must be equal in strength to the combatants. This is in no way an exaggeration, but merely expresses the fact that with the modern conditions of war, and the probable great length of battles, it will be almost impossible fully, immediately and satisfactorily to give medical assistance to the wounded. The very work of removing the wounded must be carried on under fire, and will be extremely difficult. The ambulance servant must pick his way with his burden, bending down to avoid the shots if both he and the wounded man he bears are not to be killed. The work of collecting the wounded will be even more difficult by the fact that they must be sought for in the covered positions where they lie. And delay in the carrying off of the wounded means an increased percentage of deaths, not only from loss of blood but even from hunger. In a time when rifle and artillery fire were beyond comparison weaker than they are now, those who were left unprotected on the battlefield might hope for safety. But now, when the whole field of battle is covered with an uninterrupted hail of bullets and fragments of shell, there is little place for such hope. But even here the list of terrors of a future war does not cease.

The Bavarian Chief Military Physician Porth calls attention to yet another danger which may threaten the wounded. After the battle of Worth he set out with his assistants to aid the wounded, and came across a great number of Turcos who needed assistance. After this, on entering a wood he came across great walls of corpses lying across the road. The lower parts of these walls of corpses were constructed regularly, while the upper parts were formed of corpses lying in disorder. These last, apparently, were corpses of soldiers struck by bullets after the wall had been built. Porth examined the corpses carefully in order to see if any living men were among them, and found that all were dead. "This will easily be understood," observes Dr. Porth, "as the weight of those on top and fresh bullets had finally killed off any who had been placed there alive." Porth supposes that such walls of corpses will also be raised in a future war. Trenches constructed in haste have not any connecting passages behind, so that the reinforcements sent to the front will have to pass an exposed space, and hastily jumping into the trenches may cause injuries to the wounded already lying there. When the trenches shall have become encumbered with dead or those considered as dead, it will be necessary to throw these out; they cannot be thrown out behind, since such a course would result in impeding the path of reinforcements; they will be placed of necessity in front of the trench, that is, on the side of the enemy, thus forming a breastwork

## AMERICAN POETS OF TO-DAY: JOHN T. TROWBRIDGE

Mr. Trowbridge's popularity as a writer of fiction has temporarily obscured his reputation as a poet. Meritorious as are Mr. Trowbridge's stories, his poetry contains his best work, and upon it his enduring reputation will depend. His first collected volume of poems entitled *The Vagabonds and Other Poems*, appeared in 1869, and has been followed by four others: *The Emigrant's Story and Other Poems*, 1875; *The Book of Gold*, 1877; *A Home Idyl*, 1881, and *The Lost Earl*, 1888. There is a wide range in the character of these poems. Many of them are made of the same homespun stuff as his prose, but in his artistic hands is worked into true poetry. Others are light, airy and graceful; beautiful descriptions of nature, or lines thrilling with dramatic fire and movement. *The Vagabonds*, *The Charcoal Man* and *Darius Green* and the *Flying Machine* are representatives of a class that are as widely known as anything in American literature. They have been declaimed until nearly every schoolboy knows them by heart. Mr. Trowbridge's descriptive poems like *Midsummer*, *The Frozen Harbor*, *By the River*, and his quiet poems of farm life, *Watching the Cows*, and *Evening on the Farm*, are less widely known, but they are not wanting in the touches of an artist. Such poems as these have more than a literary interest, although they are not lacking in literary quality. There is a dramatic power and a faithful realism in them that makes them interesting transcripts of the times in which they were written. The selections which follow are made by the permission of the poet and his publishers, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of Boston.

## MIDSUMMER.

Around this lovely valley rise  
The purple hills of Paradise.

O softly on yon banks of haze  
Her rosy face the Summer lays!

Becalmed along the azure sky,  
The argosies of cloudland lie,  
Whose shores, with many a shining rift,  
Far off their pearl-white peaks uplift.

Through all the long midsummer-day  
The meadow-sides are sweet with hay.  
I seek the coolest sheltered seat,  
Just where the field and forest meet,—  
Where grow the pine-trees tall and bland,  
The ancient oaks austere and grand,  
And fringy roots and pebbles fret  
The ripples of the rivulet.

I watch the mowers, as they go  
Through the tall grass, a white-sleeved row.  
With even stroke their scythes they swing,  
In tune their merry whetstones ring.  
Behind the nimble youngsters run,  
And toss the thick swaths in the sun.  
The cattle graze, while, warm and still,  
Slopes the broad pasture, basks the hill,  
And bright, where summer breezes break,  
The green wheat crinkles like a lake.

The butterfly and bumble-bee  
Come to the pleasant woods with me;  
Quickly before me runs the quail,  
Her chickens skulk behind the rail;  
High up the lone wood-pigeon sits,  
And the woodpecker pecks and flits.  
Sweet woodland music sinks and swells,  
The brooklet rings its tinkling bells,  
The swarming insects drone and hum,  
The partridge beats his throbbing drum.  
The squirrel leaps among the boughs,  
And chatters in his leafy house.  
The oriole flashes by; and, look!  
Into the mirror of the brook,  
Where the vain bluebird trims his coat,  
Two tiny feathers fall and float.

As silently, as tenderly,  
The down of peace descends on me.  
O, this is peace! I have no need  
Of friend to talk, of book to read:  
A dear Companion here abides;  
Close to my thrilling heart He hides;  
The holy silence in His Voice:  
I lie and listen, and rejoice.

## AT SEA.

The night is made for cooling shade,  
For silence, and for sleep;  
And when I was a child, I laid  
My hands upon my breast and prayed,  
And sank to slumbers deep:  
Childlike as then, I lie to-night,  
And watch my lonely cabin light.

Each movement of the swaying lamp  
Shows how the vessel reels:  
As o'er her deck the billows tramp,  
And all her timbers strain and cramp.  
With every shock she feels,  
It starts and shudders, while it burns,  
And in its hinged socket turns.

Now swinging slow, and slanting low,  
It almost level lies;  
And yet I know, while to and fro  
I watch the seeming pendule go  
With restless fall and rise,  
The steady shaft is still upright,  
Poising its little globe of light.

O hand of God! O lamp of peace!  
O promise of my soul!—  
Though weak, and tossed, and ill at ease,  
Amid the roar of smiting seas,  
The ship's convulsive roll,  
I own, with love and tender awe,  
Yon perfect type of faith and law!

A heavenly trust my spirit calms,  
My soul is filled with light:  
The ocean sings his solemn psalms,  
The wild winds chant: I cross my palms,  
Happy as if, to-night,  
Under the cottage-roof, again  
I heard the soothing summer-rain.



## AN IDYL OF HARVEST TIME.

Swift cloud, swift light, now dark, now bright, across the landscape played;  
 And, spotted as a leopard's side in chasing sun and shade,  
 To far dim heights and purple vales the upland rolled away,  
 Where the soft, warm haze of summer days on all the distance lay.

From shorn and hoary harvest-fields to barn and bristling stack,  
 The wagon bore its beetling loads, or clattered empty back;  
 The leaning oxen clashed their horns and swayed along the road,  
 And the old house-dog lolled beside, in the shadow of the load.

The children played among the sheaves, the hawk went sailing over,  
 The yellow-bird was on the bough, the bee was on the clover,  
 While at my easel by the oak I sketched, and sketched in vain:—  
 Could I but group those harvesters, paint sunshine on the grain!

While everywhere, in the golden air, the soul of beauty swims,  
 It will not guide my feeble touch, nor light the hand that limns.  
 (The load moves on—that cloud is gone! I must keep down the glare  
 Of sunshine on my stubble-land. Those boys are my despair!)

My fancies flit away at last, and wander like the gleams  
 Of shifting light along the hills, and drift away in dreams;  
 Till, coming round the farmhouse porch and down the shady lane,  
 A form is seen, half hid, between the stooks of shaggy grain.

Beside my easel, at the oak, I wait to see her pass.  
 'Tis luncheon-time: the harvesters are resting on the grass.  
 I watch her coming to the gap, and envy Master Ben  
 Who meets her there, and helps to bear her basket to the men.

In the flushed farmer's welcoming smile, there beams a father's pride.  
 More quiet grows, more redly glows, the shy youth by his side:  
 In the soft passion of his look, and in her kind, bright glance,  
 I learn a little mystery, I read a sweet romance.

With pewter mug, and old brown jug, she laughing kneels: I hear  
 The liquid ripple of her lisp, with the gurgle of the beer.  
 That native grace, that charming face, those glances coy and sweet,  
 Ben, with the basket, grinning near—my grouping is complete!

The picture grows, the landscape flows, and heart and fancy burn,—  
 The figures start beneath my brush! (So you the rule may learn:  
 Let thought be thrilled with sympathy, right touch and tone to give,  
 And mix your colors with heart's blood, to make the canvas live.)

All this was half a year ago: I find the sketch to-day,—  
 Faulty and crude enough, no doubt, but it wafts my soul away!  
 I tack it to the wall, and lo! despite the winter's gloom,  
 It makes a little spot of sun and summer in my room.

Again the swift cloud-shadow sweeps across the stooks of rye;  
 The cricket trills, the locust shrills, the hawk goes sailing by;  
 The yellow-bird is on the bough, the bee is on the thistle,  
 The quail is near—"Ha hoyt!"—I hear his almost human whistle!

## TROUTING.

With slender pole, and line, and reel,  
 And feather fly with sting of steel,  
 Whipping the brooks down sunlit glades,  
 Wading the streams in woodland shades,  
 I come to the trout's paradise:  
 The flashing fins leap twice or thrice:  
 Then idle on this gray boulder lie  
 My crinkled line and colored fly,  
 While in the foam-flecked, glossy pool  
 The shy trout lurk, secure and cool.

A rock-lined, wood-embosomed nook,—  
 Dim cloister of the chanting brook!  
 A chamber within the channeled hills,  
 Where the cold crystal brims and spills,  
 By dark-browed ledges blackly flows,  
 Falls from the cleft like crumbling snows,  
 And purls and splashes, breathing round  
 A soft, suffusing mist of sound.

Under a narrow belt of sky  
 Great boulders in the torrent lie,  
 Huge stepping-stones where Titans cross!  
 Quaint broderies of vines and moss,  
 Of every loveliest hue and shape,  
 With tangle and braid and tassel drape  
 The beetling rocks, and veil the ledge,  
 And trail long fringe from the cataract's edge.  
 A hundred rills of nectar drip  
 From that Olympian beard and lip!

And see! far on, it seems as if  
 In every crevice along the cliff  
 Some wild plant grew: the eye discerns  
 An ivied castle: feathery ferns  
 Nod from the frieze and tuft the tall  
 Dismantled turret and ruined wall.

Strange gusts from deeper solitudes  
 Waft pungent odors of the woods.  
 The small, bee-haunted basswood-blooms  
 Drop in the gorge their faint perfumes.  
 Here all the wild-wood flowers encamp  
 That love the dimness and the damp.

High overhead the morning shines;  
 The glad breeze swings in the singing pines.  
 Somewhere aloft in the boughs is heard  
 The fine note of the Phoebe-bird.  
 In the alders dank with noonday dews  
 A restless cat-bird darts and mews.

Dear world! let summer tourists range  
 Your great highways in quest of change,  
 Go seek Niagara and the sea,—  
 This little nook sufficeth me!

So wild, so fresh, so solitary,—  
 I muse in its green sanctuary,  
 And breathe into my inmost sense  
 A pure, sweet, thrilling influence,  
 A bliss, even innocent sport would stain,  
 And dear old Walton's art, profane.

Here, lying beneath this leaning tree,  
 On the soft bank, it seems to me,  
 The winds that visit this lonely glen  
 Should soothe the souls of sorrowing men,—  
 The waters over these ledges curled  
 Might cool the heart of a fevered world!

## GENERAL GOSSIP OF AUTHORS AND WRITERS

Writing of the "Original" Mr. Dooley in the National Magazine, Frank A. Putnam says:

*Mr. Dooley's Creator, Finley Peter Dunne.*

There is no original Mr. Dooley, any more than there was an original Sam Weller. It is said the shrewd native wit of an Irish saloonkeeper caught the fancy of Mr. Dunne and suggested to him a new source of newspaper copy. To this good man, who has been named in print, is due the pleasant credit for the suggestion, made unconsciously though it was, that flowed in the witty, wise book, *Mr. Dooley in Peace and War*. The real Dooley, the man whose views are set out in the sketches, is Finley Peter Dunne. He is Kipling's age, thirty-three, and has a good deal of the Kipling front—you notice it in the firm lower jaw and the ample brain-pan, the man-o'-war nose and the artificial detail of the eyeglasses. Dooley, too, as you have seen, has an embroidered curtness of speech that recalls Mulvaney.

A pleasant man in pleasant places; product of a severe school—daily newspaperdom—and not given to gush. He was graduated by a Chicago high school; "cub" reporter under the hardest city editor that ever terrorized a staff; political man and star assignment specialist on the big morning papers, later an editorial writer on the *Times-Herald*, where his work was usually recognizable, though unsigned. During this last service he began writing down the sayings of Martin Dooley for the *Chicago Evening Post*, then as now the most valuable publication, in a literary sense, that Chicago ever possessed. It got to be the fashion for men about town—and maybe for the women at home—to watch for Dooley in the *Saturday Post* and to point out the new good thing to friends who might not have seen it. The Dooley sketches grew in value and in public favor. The Spanish war was Dooley's—I mean Dunne's—opportunity. The Uncle George Dewey sketch caught the country. It also caught Dewey, for he wrote to the author to say that he liked it better than anything else that had been written about him. And you recollect there were several pieces referring to the Admiral in the papers at that time.

With the beautiful modesty that characterizes so few of us, Mr. Dunne had long stood off the urging of friends and publishers to put Dooley in a book. He wasn't sure. The Dewey sketch decided him. The collection was made, hurried through the press, and the quiet young editor-in-chief of the *Chicago Journal* became at once the popular literary celebrity of the year.

Mr. Dunne is a bachelor, athletically set up, dresses well, and plays golf. If any of Martin Dooley's democratic admirers shall be disposed to criticise him for the golf, they should bear in mind the fact he doesn't play the game well enough to win. He is a charming conversationalist, a judge of men and books.

an intellectual peacock," with, "great genius and, sociological scholar that he is, the small vices of a vain child":

To visit Christiania and not see Dr. Henrik Ibsen would be like touring Egypt and missing a sight of the Sphinx and pyramids. He is the most interesting personage in the Norwegian capital—and Ibsen before any one is conscious of that fact. Down the Karl Johann's Gade to the Grand Hotel he walks every day, rain or shine; when the weather is particularly inviting he pays two daily visits to the hotel. On such days he appears punctually at one in the afternoon and again at eight in the evening. Ibsen is above all things a methodical man. His life is ruled by the clock. He has his own table in the gallery overlooking the garden and the minute he arrives a mute but well-trained waiter places before the shaggy philosopher a bottle of brandy and another of soda. This is the author's favorite stimulant and two glasses of the liquor his limit at a sitting. With the care of a druggist compounding a prescription he measures and mixes his drink, which he sips, a swallow at a time, with such perfect regularity, that one can tell off by his action the lapse of each five minutes with no recourse to a timepiece.

Having taken his seat, the dean of modern Norse literature arranges his newspapers, his hat, his spectacles, with all the fussiness of a stage spinster. Six pairs of eyeglasses are laid out in a row on the table. For every paragraph he reads he places a fresh pair of glasses on his nose, always pausing to polish them and hold them to the light. As he reads his newspaper, apparently absorbed in its contents, a close observer will detect the old man's eyes roving from the printed page in the direction of the people who are looking his way. He is a sly old rascal, this Ibsen. If ladies are among those who are watching him, the ruddy face is at once lit up with the radiance of self-satisfaction. It is an ill day for Ibsen and the Grand Hotel when foreigners are few in the garden. But Ibsen is rarely without an audience, and the more this audience stares and flutters the more luminous becomes the old man's countenance. All this seems incredible; it is the fact, and in the fact you have the real Ibsen.

Knowing that the moment he leaves his house in Christiania he will become the centre of interest along the streets, he is always careful to dress for the occasion. It would add another wrinkle to his brow to discover a button missing from his coat or a blur on the beaver of his tall silk hat. He is the Brummel of Norse letters. His clothes are made of broadcloth of fine texture; his tailor is the best in Christiania. He always wears a "tile" of metallic smoothness. His boots are of patent leather. Toilet articles he carries about with him always and everywhere, and frequently he brings them into requisition in the most public places. While on exhibition in the hotel garden in full view of a cosmopolitan throng it is no uncommon act for him to take from his pocket a comb or brush and caressingly stroke his famous white whiskers, or lift to a greater height his equally famous white

*A Pen Picture of Ibsen.*

Perriton Maxwell in the Book Buyer gives as follows his impressions of Henrik Ibsen, whom he characterizes as "an inveterate poseur and a misanthrope, . . .



pompadour locks, standing straight up in the air like a miniature Mount Blanc. He has a trick of brushing his hat with the sleeve of his coat. Now and then he pauses, looking long and earnestly into the opening of his headpiece. He presents at such times the picture of a leonine sage of the Sagas deep in the maze of some vast problem of the cosmos. It is all a mistake; it is Ibsen critically viewing Ibsen. There is a mirror fastened in the bottom of his hat, and he is looking after the twist of his cravat.

But when Ibsen, the author, has formulated the scheme for a new drama, and determines to weld and mold it into form, then occurs his metamorphosis from fop to workman—a workman oblivious to the whole wide world, its peoples and its passions. The butterfly goes back to the chrysalis; the feasting crowds at the Grand Hotel can no longer feast their eyes on Henrik Ibsen, nor watch him stroke his whiskers and sip brandy and soda at five-minute intervals. The vulgar, vain, foolish old man has become a venerable giant, forging a masterpiece in absolute solitude. Suddenly he has shut himself up to write. He will see no one. No cloistered monk more isolated from the moving world than Henrik Ibsen when the fever of composition is upon him. He eats, sleeps, lives alone. He will permit no one to speak to him.

Asked why he followed the life of a hermit while he was working upon a new production, Ibsen replied with characteristic terseness: "I am living with my characters. They have form and life. They talk with me; they dine with me. They are near me all the time. I write down their conversation, their thoughts. My work comes along very fast. I never have to erase a line. I have thought out the plot in my mind; I know the play from the first scene to the last, even the dialogue, and it is only necessary for me to write it out as quickly as possible. During this time I am not Henrik Ibsen. I do not live in Norway nor in the world. My existence is apart from life, in a sphere of my own creation peopled by beings of my own creation."

Thus lives the real Henrik Ibsen, a two-sided man of letters, one all frills and foppery, vain, supercilious, childish; the other the thinker, the worker, a genius. The question was put to Ibsen whether he favored a certain social institution common to Germany and France and about to be adopted by the Norwegians "I favor it?" he cried, "I? I am in favor of nothing, I have no remedies to suggest. My plays are not doctrinary. I simply describe life as it is in Norway—the most unmoral country of Europe." He is forever decrying his native land, and that is one reason why Norwegians are not so very enthusiastic about his work of late—that and his rampant pessimism. He is as inexplicable to his own countrymen as to all others. He is an enigma personally, a churl socially, and—if we overlook Bjornson—the foremost writer of his race.

*Mrs. Lew Wallace.* The Rochester Post-Express prints the following sketch of Mrs. Lew Wallace:

Mrs. Lew Wallace is a distinguished woman in her own name, and because of her own attainments.

Then, moreover, she is the wife of General Lew Wallace, and wife of the author of the famous book *Ben Hur*. Mrs. Wallace's writings have always been read with pleasure, but no contribution to current literature from her pen brought her name to the lips of the general public as much as her article on Murder of the Innocents, which appeared in a recent monthly, and in which she arraigned public school methods. The New York Tribune gives a pleasing personal sketch of Mrs. Wallace.

It is said of General Lew Wallace and Mrs. Wallace that in their quiet home in Crawfordsville, Ind., surrounded by their books and the souvenirs of travel and of world-wide friendships, they enjoy a life that is almost ideal. The modest gray house, whose drawing-room windows look out upon a smoothly shaved, sloping lawn, is but a stone's throw from the old mansion in which Mrs. Wallace was born. To the rear is a grove of giant beeches, their long boughs sweeping to the ground, and above their tops rises the tower of the beautiful library, which General Wallace uses as a study, and where are collected swords and flags and other mementos of his military and diplomatic career. This is to be given to the town upon his decease, provided the municipal council can be induced not to cut a street through the little park that surrounds the noble building.

Susan Elston, now Mrs. Wallace, very early essayed the art of verse-making. Her father was a banker, a man whose wealth far exceeded that of his neighbors, and who, consequently, was able to give his daughters educational advantages that few in the remote West at that time could command. It was from her mother, however, that she inherited her studious tendency—a woman of strong intelligence and tenderest sympathy—who had a large family, and in the uncertainty of securing servants, like all other women in the West then, and even now, was frequently obliged to do much of the work of the household with her own hands. It was due to this fact that her daughters were thoroughly instructed in all the domestic arts, and Mrs. Wallace is a skilful housekeeper, accomplished with her needle, and able to prepare and serve a delicate and appetizing meal. She was married to General Wallace when scarcely out of her teens, and removed with him to Covington, an unpromising little village on the Wabash River. General Wallace's father had been Governor of the State, but he was comparatively a poor man, and the son depended upon such fees as fell in the way of a struggling young lawyer. When the Civil War broke out he was one of the first to offer his services to the Government, and as there was then no railroad communication between Covington and Indianapolis he rode across country on horseback to the capital when he enlisted. Throughout the war Mrs. Wallace was with him in the field whenever it was possible and ministered tirelessly to the needs of the soldiers, visiting the sick in the hospitals and rendering them every service that lay in her power. During this period she also spent much time in Washington, with her sister, the wife of Senator Henry S. Lane, the close and confidential friend of Mr. Lincoln.

Mrs. Wallace has never at any time had any

great love for society. She is naturally reserved, although to her friends, those to whom she has given her confidence, she is a delightful companion. Mrs. Lane, her sister, was a woman of great intellectual force, a brilliant conversationalist, and her drawing-room was practically a salon, where she gathered about her the flower of Washington society—diplomats, members of the Cabinet, officers of the army and navy, and men and women distinguished in art and letters. But all this had little charm for Mrs. Wallace, and she used to slip away and spend hours reading in the Congressional Library. At the conclusion of the war General Wallace returned to Crawfordsville, where his wife had been born and had grown to womanhood, and here they set up housekeeping in a tiny cottage on one of the more retired streets. In this little house *The Fair God* was finished, a work upon which the author was engaged at irregular intervals for ten years. At this time, also, poems and sketches of her own began to appear in the newspapers and magazines, among them the verses *The Patter of Little Feet*, which made her famous, and a paper dealing with the tribulations of literary aspirants, which was published in *Harper's Magazine*.

*The Fair God* attracted instant attention, and was an entire success. During the time that elapsed from the beginning to the conclusion of the work Mrs. Wallace had cherished a firm belief in her husband's ability and ultimate success. When some one, in rather a tactless way, expressed surprise that he could have written so strong and original a book, she replied quietly, "I have known it all these years." And friends say there is no doubt that a great deal of his success has been due to this assured faith in his ability, which has never failed him.

It is a remarkable coincidence that Mrs. Wallace's father-in-law should have been Governor of Indiana, that her brother-in-law, Mr. Lane, was elected to the same office, though afterward chosen to the Senate, and that her only son married Miss Margaret Noble, who was the daughter of still another Governor.

Michall Gifford White, writing in the *Pittsburg Leader*, gives some interesting data concerning Kipling's earliest literary connection:

The recent sale in London of a set of *United Service College Chronicles*—the paper which Rudyard Kipling edited as a boy—for the remarkable price of \$500, is another illustration of the extraordinary eminence to which the famous author has risen during a comparatively short period.

The little paper in question, about 12 by 10 inches in size, was printed on four sheets of medium weight, generally white, but sometimes of a pale yellow tint, and was issued three times a year, at the end of each school term. Headed by the college arms—a Bible and crown between crossed swords, surrounded with the motto: "Fear God, Honour the King," the front page was devoted to editorial matter, the rest of the paper being made up of the accounts of cricket and football matches, school notices, and the poetic effusions of those very few who aspired to that goal of fame. Rud-

yard Kipling was called to the editorship about the year 1878, and occupied that position until he left the college, the first number under his charge being marked by an almost pathetic appeal for contributions, which were to receive his, the editor's, careful attention—the boys, for some unknown reason, having previously seldom offered matter for publication in the college paper. Overruling the boy editor, there was, of course, the censorship of the headmaster; and on many an occasion Kipling was heard to anathematize "Bates" for his unsparing, though doubtless judicious, use of the blue pencil over the former's editorial work; Kipling, however, gaining his revenge in the memorable pen duel in the columns of the *Brideford Gazette*—files of which paper, of that period, should also be valuable in the eyes of the literary curio collector. While previous to Kipling's editorship the college paper was regarded with little interest by the boys, being mainly composed by the masters, subsequently it was eagerly looked for, "Gigs's" clever mots and verses being duly appreciated.

The issue at no time having exceeded three or four hundred, each boy being only entitled to one copy, some numbers must be exceedingly rare, those of from 1878 to 1882 mainly the ones in which Kipling's contributions are likely to be found. As the majority of Kipling's school-fellows eventually found their way to foreign lands—to India, where the lives of many, in his own words, have become the "seed of empire"; to the British colonies, and the far west of America, some of these now valuable little papers may be discovered in most unexpected places, there being probably not a few lurking on the Pacific coast, a number of Kipling's former companions having settled there as ranchers.

*Ernest Seton Thompson.*

A visit to Ernest Seton Thompson, naturalist, artist and author, is thus described by Gertrude F. Lynch, in the magazine, *Every Month*:

Pull the antelope's hoof and you will hear the bell ring. The antelope's hoof hangs at the end of a bell wire, outside an iron-barred gate mid-way up a staircase, which, in turn, leads the visitor to one of the most unique studios in New York—that of Ernest Seton Thompson, artist, writer and celebrity, known as well to scientists as to the maker of pictures or the reader of books.

The *Wild Animals I Have Known* of Mr. Thompson has been too much read and reviewed to need explanation; it is said to be one of the ten most popular books of last year and its success from a financial standpoint would be phenomenal, if so-called phenomena were not sometimes but simple facts of merit and reward. . . . It is hard to classify Mr. Thompson's work; when one wields the pen and brush with equal facility who shall decide, certainly not the hapless interviewer!

"Tell me what you are," was one of the questions which demand hidden facts with the point-blank abruptness of a verbal revolver. "Are you an artist or a writer? Which art are you going to subordinate to the other? It's impossible that the two should occupy equal prominence—that is too Mormonistic."

"I am above all a naturalist, and use either brush



or pen as seems best fitting to express the desire of the moment; that desire may be the relation of an incident in the life of one of my four-footed friends or it may be some mentally pictured scene waiting its canvas. There is no question of the subordination of one art to the other." This last was decisive.

The subject of this sketch is one who has toiled in the night; has suffered for his art, hungered for it; been chastened and disappointed. His life is no exception to the rule that genius is but a capacity for hard work. In the thirty-nine years to which he can well afford to confess, for he looks not a day over thirty-four, he has endured all the tribulations, and hard work, all the disappointments and, finally, all the success and roseate promise for the future which the most exacting could demand. His work now brings his own price; publishers wait on him and the doors of no magazine or salon are closed at his approach.

One incident out of many illustrates his boyish ambitions and his early perseverance.

"I was a boy in London" (he tells the story with no trace of a consciousness of its hidden meaning)—"a boy of eighteen, studying hard on technical subjects for which I needed data only obtainable at the British Museum. I applied for admission but was refused on account of my age, twenty-one being the entrance limit at that time—this to prevent the staid old institute becoming a rendezvous for school boys and girls. I was greatly disappointed and applied for a higher court of appeal. I was directed to the chief librarian who in turn referred me to the final tribunal—the directors, who were no less personages than the Prince of Wales, the Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Disraeli. I addressed a letter to each one of them, stating the fact that I was a serious student, seeking special information. After a suitable time of inquiry had elapsed, I received a life ticket."

Mr. Thompson's cosmopolitan life has taken him to London, Paris, the Old World; in Manitoba, where he was for many years naturalist for the English Government; through our own Western plains and cities; and finally, to New York, where he seems to have struck root in a permanent soil. Paris ever opens up vistas of interrogation for the interviewer on art questions. To spend four years of work in Paris, to come from there with no trace of the degenerate school is typical of the true genius which knows no school, no roof tree, no certain sky. Mr. Thompson's denunciation of the French school is vigorous, "decadent" being a favorite expression. He quotes a saying heard in Julian's Academy, for he has studied with Julian, Bougereau, Gérôme, Ferrier—"Learn the art of expression, and then you will find something to express"—"Have something to express and you will find some way to express it" is his transposition of this oft-quoted saying. His definition of "schools" is interesting. "I believe the Mississippi to be the dividing line; men like Emerson, Lowell, Longfellow, represent, in respect to their art, the western side of European life; it is not till one crosses the great river that one finds the typical American school, virile, novel, the product of a new life and new conditions. Where one finds critics, there one finds the European influence;

in the West there are few critics but plenty of workers."

Mr. Thompson has had a scholarship at the Royal College, London, but most of his work has been done along the lines of personal thought, either under the open sky of the Western plains or close in touch with humanity near the crowded pavements. His first work published in book form was *The Birds of Manitoba*; this was followed by the *Mammals of Manitoba*; then came his series of one thousand drawings for the *Century Encyclopedic Dictionary*, which work was offered to him "as the most capable draughtsman in America." After this he exhibited several times in the Paris Salons and then came a picture for the Chicago Exposition entitled, *Awaited in Vain*, the painted tragedy of a woodcutter devoured by wolves near the door of his cottage. This work had in it so much of the realism of animal ferocity that it brought forth a whirlwind of criticism, for and against. One critic, Mr. Thompson is fond of quoting. "The picture," says the writer in question, "is painted entirely from the brute's standpoint."

The wolf has appeared in so many of Mr. Thompson's stories and paintings that he is known familiarly to friend and associate as "Wolf Thompson." Among the many stories and sketches of this crafty, sagacious animal one naturally recalls *Lobo*, the King. This story was first published in Scribner's with the writer's original illustrations and was republished in the *Wild Animals I Have Known*. It is said by reviewers to be the best animal story ever written. The *Art Anatomy of Animals*, published by the Macmillans of London and New York, illustrated by fifty beautiful plates, deserves special notice for it was in the preparation of this work that he was assisted by his wife, then Grace Gallatin, a student and literary worker in Paris and London. The home life of Mr. and Mrs. Thompson is too ideal to be lightly touched upon in a sketchy interview. Mrs. Thompson is a thoroughly up-to-date woman, a believer in the much derided Woman's Club, a promoter of many social, literary and artistic successes, yet in no way does she exhibit her charming character more completely than in the delicate subordination of her own art work to that of her husband's and the consequent avoidance of that little rift in the lute which has spoiled the music of many households where husband and wife have opposing ambitions. Once a week, Mr. and Mrs. Thompson receive their friends at an informal "at home" and, under their hospitable roof, one meets nearly every one of prominence in art and letters in New York City. The studio, where these receptions are held, deserves more than a passing notice. There are studios and studios; there is the studio of the practical worker bare of all save the "tools of trade" from which it seems impossible that any work of beauty could go forth, so barren is it of any suggestion of the ideal; there is the studio of the dilettante, where work is made subservient to the collection of hobbies, having about it always the aroma of the five-o'clock tea; and there is the studio workroom where harmony of environment and result reigns. Of this latter type is the studio of Mr. Thompson. High and spacious, with plenty of light for the artist, it has offered possibilities for



decoration which have been made the most of. On one side is a Turkish corner, a little unique in its interior, with broad window ledge forming a shelf for book and coffee cup, overtopped by a square of stained glass; above the entrance leading to the dining room is a Moorish doorway, of metal repoussé, which once graced an Oriental harem; walls, floor and doors are hung with rare tapestries or skins of wild beasts that once stalked with majestic stride through story or painting as well as their native forest. Here the eye is caught with the sight of a plaster cast of an American panther, veins and muscles outlined with rare skill; cheek by jowl with that are rare pieces of bric-à-brac; Japanese bronzes, Chinese ivories, Oriental jade; near the desk of the worker heaped with manuscripts, books of references, etc., is a dainty willow table with Scotch heather from an humble admirer; Indian trophies galore, beads, wampum, Navajo blankets, all the flotsam and jetsam of a cosmopolitan career gathered together in artistic disorder, each appeals in turn. It is a room of potent influence, a room to write in, to dream in, to weave romances and to utilize for practical work,—a room of distinct individuality.

There is the wit of the staircase for the tongued-tied guest and, by the same law of reasoning, there is the after judgment of the home-coming interviewer when the influence of personality no longer obtrudes; when the force of environment, of quick wit, of hearty welcome is negated by departure. But leaving Mr. Thompson, the judgment does not cease to be favorable; all descriptions focus to one point, simplicity, lack of pose, perfect naturalness. No better criticism can be made of any one's work, of any one's self.

*Cyrus Townsend Brady.*

A contributor sends to Current Literature the following sketch of Archdeacon Cyrus Townsend Brady, whose successful novel, *For Love of Country*, issued by the Scribner's last year, leads one to look with interest toward a forthcoming volume, also an historical tale; now in press:

Hereafter we must look to Annapolis and West Point as well as to Harvard and Columbia for new stars in the American literary firmament. Winston Churchill placed fresh laurels upon the Naval Academy and Col. Herbert H. Sargent upon the Military Academy. Gen. King follows Sargent and now Churchill finds a superb rival in the Rev. Cyrus Townsend Brady, who, though a distinguished Episcopal divine and an ex-chaplain of Pennsylvania volunteers in the recent war with Spain, is a graduate and honor man of the Naval Academy.

Probably no other American author has had as varied a career as Dr. Brady. He humorously summed up his life as having been a "Career in Four Services." Born in Allegheny County, Pa., in 1861, he entered Annapolis when seventeen and was graduated in the class of 1883. Finding naval routine too limited for his active character, he entered the railway service and had six years of hard work and interesting experiences. During this time he became devoted to moral and spiritual problems and finally gave up secular for religious pursuits. He was missionary and itinerant clergy-

man in the middle West, rising rapidly in the sacred profession until he became Archdeacon of Kansas. He retained the office over three years when he returned to his native State. In 1895 he was made Archdeacon of Pennsylvania. At the outbreak of the war he offered his services to the nation and was made chaplain of the First Pennsylvania regiment. He served to the close of the war and then resumed his ecclesiastical duties.

His first literary venture was a historical novel, entitled *For Love of Country*, whose plot is laid in Revolutionary days. The book made a decided impression and is still enjoying a good sale. His next book is now in press. It is called *The Freedom of the Sea* and deals with incidents in the war of 1812.

Archdeacon Brady tells some good stories of his experiences in the West. "Speaking of music," he said recently to a friend, "reminds me of the difficulty we often had in getting people to sing in the services. I have sung duets myself with the organist until the organist got tired and quitted, for which I could hardly blame her under the circumstances. And that makes me think of the man who was the possessor of the most versatile voice I have ever had the pleasure of listening to, and his courage was as high as his voice was various. We were supposed to have a quartette choir in our mission, but if any of the singers happened to be absent it made no difference in the music, for the man with the comprehensive voice could and would sing any part. I have actually known him to sing the soprano solo of the anthem and then immediately after sing the bass solo, carry a few bars of the alto part and wind up with the chorus all by himself. 'Twas nobly done, though the effect was startling, and the music never failed when he was there.

"The work of men out West in the churches was something wonderful. In fact, I know one church in which everything was done by the men even to the cutting out of the red hangings for the chancel, which they decorated with crosses cut from yellow cloth which they pasted or fastened with tacks to the other. The effect was good enough, though it was not embroidery.

"There was a lay reader, a friend of mine, who conducted services in another mission. He had been a stout old soldier in his day and was a first-class man, but his knowledge of Hebrew was limited, and his pronunciation of the unfamiliar Bible names was a thing at which to marvel. When he opened the Bible upon one occasion to read the lesson he could not find the place, which was in one of the minor prophets (great stumbling blocks to older and more experienced men, by the way), and after turning his pages nervously for some minutes in the face of the tittering congregation, he finally opened the book at random and began to read. As ill-luck would have it he lighted upon one of the genealogical chapters in Ezra, the Second. He stumbled along through half a column of Hebrew names and finally turned the leaf in the hope that there would be a change in the substance of the chapter on the other side. What he saw proved too much for him, for after one frightened glance he closed the reading in this way, 'And a page and a half more of the same kind, brethren.'"

# THE TRUST—ITS BENEFITS AND DANGERS

A SYMPOSIUM OF RECENT THOUGHT.

[The recent conference on trusts and the prominent part which these associations are taking in the financial world have turned all eyes in their direction. The latest expressions of opinion about them will be found instructive as well as interesting.]

*What the Modern Trust Is.....New York Journal of Commerce*

The change is the most stupendous revolution ever accomplished in the history of the world's industrial growth. . . . It amounts to a complete disruption of the relations between the industrial forces and classes of society. It is an extinguishment of the voluntary exchanges between the producing and merchanting interests, and the creation of one exclusive producing organization for each industry, to which all other material interests must yield subjection. Industry at large is organized into a system of feudalized corporations, each one of which enjoys absolute power within its special branch of production, while taken in the mass the system constitutes itself the supremest trade power in the nation. These innovations upon the fixed methods of industry, though fundamentally affecting the citizen's free access to the opportunities of industrialism, take little account of legalities, equally ignoring the law as it stands and as it may possibly be changed to meet the case. This headlong precipitancy has pursued its purpose almost without forethought, certainly with slight consideration for trade moralities or for the weightiest of human liberties, and with little regard for the perils of public order which the outworkings of the system are too liable to evoke.

*Origin of the Word "Trust".....W. Holt.....Review of Reviews*

The word "trust" was not applied to capitalistic combinations and monopolies until the Standard Oil Trust was formed, on January 2, 1882. By the agreement a majority of the certificates of stocks were placed in the hands of trustees, who took full charge of all of the oil refining corporations, partnerships and individual properties which went into the trust. The violent agitation which sprang up against trusts in 1887 and 1888 resulted in investigating committees, State and Federal anti-trust laws, and in slight changes in the forms and names of these and other combinations. Since then our greatest combinations are monopoly corporations, called companies instead of trusts, and are managed by directors instead of trustees. These companies own the plants and therefore are much more solid and permanent than were the original "trusts," in which only a majority of stock certificates of certain concerns was held. The present form is also more difficult to reach by law. Since 1887 the word "trust" has, by popular usage, if not by general consent, become generic and now covers any agreement, pool, combination or consolidation of two or more naturally competing concerns which results in a complete or partial monopoly in certain territory. It is, perhaps, fortunate that there should be a single word by which consumers can designate any monopoly combination with power to fix prices or rates; it may, however, be unfor-

tunate that the word "trust," which has so many other legal meanings, should have been selected for this purpose.

*Modern Monopoly.....Harper's Weekly*

The characteristic fact of the modern trust is monopoly, but no trust has a complete monopoly. The common man speaks of "trusts," or "monopolies" as if they were synonymous terms; every trust manager with equal sincerity speaks of his competitors, and denies that he has any monopoly. What is the truth? A government monopoly like the post office, or like the telegraph and telephone services in many European countries, or like the salt or tobacco monopolies of the governments that control those articles for revenue purposes, is not considered a trust in the modern meaning of the word. Likewise the legal monopolies of copyright and patents are usually not regarded with disfavor, nor called trusts, unless, as in the case of some great public convenience like the telephone, it is believed that enormous profits are used to secure legislation contrary to the public weal. But in all these cases there is no dispute regarding the fact or the nature of the monopoly. The modern trust is not a monopoly in the sense that it controls the market completely, as can the holder of a patent; but, on the other hand, all modern trusts are organized for the sake of securing a monopolistic advantage. To say that they are not monopolies because any one is free to enter the business is to limit the discussion to legal monopoly. So long as no rival dare enter the field in an effective way, and so long as the trust, in fact, does regulate production and competition, and does fix prices with little reference to acts of existing competitors, even though it be restrained somewhat by potential competition, monopoly exists, though it may be only partial. It is to secure this monopolistic advantage that trusts are formed.

*Capitalization and Over-Capitalization.....W. Holt.....Review of Reviews*

Besides the incorporated trusts, which probably number more than 500 in the United States (and are capitalized at \$6,000,000,000 to \$8,000,000,000, although their actual capital is probably less than \$3,000,000,000), there are perhaps 500 more agreements and pools between competing manufacturers and transporters which, from the standpoint of the consumer, are as effective, injurious and obnoxious to just the same extent as are the great corporate trusts. These agreements are often, if not usually, kept secret and the public has little or no knowledge of them until some competitor or former member announces the facts or brings suit against the trust. No list of trusts, at all complete in an absolute sense, has been or is likely to be published. The list of 353 "trusts and combinations" printed in the year book for 1899 of the Journal of Commerce and Commercial Bulletin of New York is probably the most complete and accurate list yet made, but it does not include those formed since

March. These trusts show a capitalization of \$4,247,918,981 of common and \$870,575,200 of preferred stock, in addition to a bonded indebtedness of \$714,388,661, making a total of \$5,832,882,842. This list includes most of the important incorporated trusts, but only a few of the unincorporated ones. It includes none of the many great freight and passenger associations still in existence in the railroad world notwithstanding the Supreme Court decisions in the Trans-Missouri and the Joint Traffic Association cases declaring such rate-fixing associations illegal. It also contains only samples of the many municipal monopolies—those in street railroads, gas, electric light and power, telephones, etc.

*The Chicago Conference on Trusts.....Forest Crissey.....Outlook*

It would have been pardonable for a guest of the conference broadly familiar with the personnel of the fraternity of educators in America to have mistaken the gathering for a convention of members of the faculties of the universities and colleges of this country, so frequently were the faces of distinguished professors and scholars encountered among the countenances of those having access to the delegates' floor. The legal profession, however, was doubtless the calling most numerous represented. While taking little or no part in the proceedings of the conference, many members of the clergy were constant and interested attendants. The agricultural element of the country was also ably and numerous represented, not only by Grange officers and orators, but by men whose personal appearance attested their active participation in the farming industry.

Of those most naturally and vitally interested in the purpose of the conference only the trust "magnate" was conspicuous by his absence.

If a single individual actively engaged or directly interested in any important trust industry was in attendance upon the deliberations of the Trust Conference, he was not known to the newspaper men reporting the proceedings, and he refrained from taking any personal part therein. The only radical and unqualifiedly pro-trust address delivered in the conference was that of Mr. George Gunton, whose character as a scholar and authority in the field of economics shielded him from suspicion of acting as an attorney.

One other speech only is likely to be classed as a straight-out defense of trusts in the absolute. That was delivered by the Hon. Charles Foster, ex-Governor of Ohio, and formerly Secretary of the Treasury. A careful reading of Mr. Foster's address, however, discloses statements and arguments of so qualifying a nature that the deliverance is hardly to be characterized as an unconditional pro-trust defense.

Mr. Bryan came to the conference, so far as appearances indicated, in the same attitude of suspicion that characterized nearly all the other leaders. He desired to speak after Mr. Cockran, who was regarded in advance of his address as the chief champion of the pro-trust cause. This concession was courteously granted him, and it was also arranged that the former "Tammany orator" should occupy the entire evening, Friday, giving Mr.

Bryan the further advantage of a night in which to ponder the utterances of the New Yorker. Two important results immediately followed this arrangement. Mr. Cockran's speech—so eloquent and adroit that it may be said to have added substantial laurels to his fame as an orator—was a distinct surprise in that it utterly failed to come within the limits of a pro-trust argument in the sense that it had been expected to represent that element. Then followed, the next morning, another surprise of like character, for the address of Mr. Bryan was in certain essentials more conservative than popular opinion had predicted. It was clear, definite and devoid of evasion. His bitterest political opponents in the audience granted the young Nebraska champion of "free silver" the credit of having scrupulously observed the proprieties of the occasion. In brilliancy of oratory the two star speakers seemed to be closely matched.

That the dignity of the proceedings, the deliberative atmosphere of the conference, and the spirit of courtesy and concession impressed Mr. Bryan and induced a change in his attitude is evident from the fact that he informed the representatives in the Committee on Resolutions of the radical anti-trust wing that he had concluded that it would be inappropriate to commit the conference to any declaration of principles or opinions. Thus the final danger of a partisan contest was averted. On only one proposition, it would appear, were all speakers and factions agreed. That was the desirability of compulsory publicity regarding all the affairs of every corporation. Nearly as unanimous was the sentiment that Federal jurisdiction and control over all corporations doing business outside the State in which they are organized is a desirable and practical remedy against abuses of corporate power. A large element in the conference was in favor of increasing the liabilities of corporations to double the amount of their capital stock.

The avowed pro-trust element was hopelessly in the minority; that holding to the grave necessity of effectual safeguards against monopolistic and harmful tendencies on the part of trusts constituted the majority element, while the radical trust-annihilating faction was strong but not dominant. Of notable interest in this connection was the conservative attitude of the best labor element, represented by the American Federation and the Iron Workers' Union, Mr. Gompers and Mr. Garland making it clear that they were not unconditionally arrayed against trusts, but believed that restraining and remedial measures would be sufficient to remove from this development of the co-operative tendency its menacing elements.

*William J. Bryan, Chicago Trust Convention.*

Monopoly in private hands is indefensible from any standpoint and intolerable. I do not divide monopolies. There can be no good monopoly in private hands until the Almighty sends us angels to preside over us. There may be one despot who is better than another despot, but there is no good despotism. When a branch of industry is entirely in the hands of one great monopoly, so that every skilled man in that industry has to go to the one man for employment, then that one man will fix



wages as he pleases, and the laboring men will then share the suffering of the man who sells raw material. I want to warn you that when the monopoly has absolute control, brains will be at a discount. We have not had yet a taste of a complete trust. But when the trust has rid itself of all competitors, what is going to be the result? My friends, all you have to know is human nature. God made men selfish. I want to protest against this doctrine that the trust is a natural outgrowth of natural laws. It is not true. The trust is the natural outgrowth of unnatural conditions created by man-made laws. I believe that these concurrent remedies will reach the difficulty; that the people of every State shall first decide whether they want to create a corporation; that they shall, secondly, decide whether they want any outside corporation to do business in the State, and, if so, upon what conditions; and, thirdly, that Congress shall exercise the right to place upon every corporation doing business outside of the State in which it is organized such limitations and restrictions as may be necessary for the protection of the public good.

*W. Bourke Cockran, Chicago Trust Conference.*

It must be borne in mind that the gentlemen who object to this form of domination or monopoly on the ground that it destroys competition, are wholly illogical. It does not destroy competition. It is the very product of competition. You cannot have competition without competitors, and if you have competitors, one must prevail. If you do not allow the man who prevails in the competition the full fruit of his victory, he will not compete, and nobody else will, and then you have no competition. If you have competition, you will have excellence. Is not every form of competition certain to produce excellence wherever it occurs? I heard a Socialist this morning declare that competition was warfare. Let me protest to that. Competition is not warfare in the sense of being destructive. Competition is the ascertainment of the place of greatest utility for each individual.

*Are Trusts Harmful?.....W. E. Chandler.....Independent*

The question is whether trusts should be prohibited and destroyed. It should be answered in the affirmative, for two reasons; the first, that as an ultimate result the consuming public, after competition is effectually abolished, will be compelled to pay larger prices than ever before in order to build up enormous fortunes in the hands of the millionaire class; and second, because the expulsion from business of small manufacturers, producers and merchants will be highly injurious to society. The destruction of individual enterprise and the division of mankind into two classes, the few very rich and the many very poor, with almost no men of moderate capital—firms of small means, as Mr. Depew calls them—will, if the system continues, be fatal to popular government and result in a government by oligarchy. This will not happen, but only because the system will be destroyed. If the community is to be divided into ten-dollarites and one-dollarites, the latter will rule, for they are the vast majority. It is a perilous issue to raise. The remedy for the growth of trusts will be simple and

easy when a majority of the people of any State seriously and firmly desire to suppress them. Trusts conducted by partnerships will not be formidable. Individuals will never place in one partnership dangerous aggregations of capital. Huge trusts can only be maintained by corporations which can make large issues of stocks and bonds. If a State Legislature can destroy all corporations within the limits of the State, "a fortiori," it can regulate and limit the amount of stocks and bonds which any corporation can issue, and can prevent it from engaging in more than one kind of business. After regulating and limiting its own corporations it can exclude from the State the operations of all corporations of other States which do not conform to the local State requirements. Combinations between separate corporations in the same business can also easily be prevented by State laws; and thus the prohibition of combination, consolidation and immense issues of stocks and bonds being accomplished, the evils resulting from trusts are gone. There can never be a simpler application of the maxim, "Where there is a will there is a way."

*The Trust Problem.....Edward F. Adams.....Overland*

The fact is that co-operation, whether of capitalists or non-capitalists, cannot and ought not to be "smashed." It is a natural development of society, to be cherished and regulated. Improvements in the machinery of business are as important to society as improvements in the machinery of production. Incidentally, they all carry with them distress to individuals. The discharge of a great army of salesmen which business consolidation has made possible brings trouble to many worthy families; but the introduction of the powerloom brought greater distress to more families. Department stores ruin many small tradesmen, and tall buildings destroy what had been unearned increment on other streets; but they all represent distinct economic gains which can no more be prevented, nor ought to be, than the use of machines in production. It is the same with concentration of capital. What concerns us is the proper distribution of the gains. Individuals will seize all of them if permitted, and in order to do so, and to increase them beyond reason, will endeavor to secretly influence political action, and to corrupt public servants. That is the great harm they can do, and the prevention of that is the real trust problem.

*Management of the Trust.....Henry A. Stimson.....The Independent*

Enter the offices of one of the great corporations and you see an entire floor of a splendid modern building cut up into small rooms, each occupied by its chief and one or two assistants, the whole representing a beehive, with innumerable cells, but differing from the hive in that wires and speaking tubes connect each with the other, and telephones and telegraph connect all with the outside world. At each desk is a man, alert, competent, specially drilled in the routine of his own immediate department, trustworthy to the extent that trust is committed to him, under the consciousness of constant supervision and check by the system in which he is a part. Each department and office fits, in its work, exactly into the others, with the perfection of ad-

justment that allows of no disturbance, and the whole runs with the smoothness and certainty of a well-adjusted piece of intricate machinery. I sat recently at such a desk, whose occupant was at the moment using three different telephones, consulting with and instructing men in Chicago, Indianapolis and another New York office at the same moment. Orders go out at any hour, closing or opening great factories upon which thousands are dependent for daily bread; weekly pay rolls are coming in from distant parts of the country, and the money going back for the payment of an army of workmen; goods are distributed to all parts of the world; and the system works with such ease and simplicity that many of the men who are receiving the earnings know nothing of the details, and the few charged with the chief responsibility are enabled to give less and less time to the management. The immediate result is seen by the public; everywhere are improved products, reduced expenses in manufacture, cheaper distribution, steady work as a rule for those who are employed, closer working up of raw material, the saving of a multitude of by-products previously wasted or ignored, and an adjustment of the entire industry to the changing markets of the world. These furnish an argument for the new method well-nigh unanswerable.

*Competition or Combination?.....J. D. Forest.....Am. Jour. of Sociology*

That competition, rather than combination, is the important factor in the formation of trusts is shown by the history of every one which has yet arisen in the United States. In every case the coalition has been formed either after an approximate monopoly had been realized by one concern which had distanced all competitors, or because the competition had become so fierce that it was evident that some would be ruined, though it did not yet appear which would survive. Under the former condition, the organization of a trust is simply the formal recognition of an accomplished fact, though the weaker competitors are not wholly crushed and the stronger avoid some of the losses of continued competition. The real danger here is that the dominant corporation, in its haste to end the process which must lead to a trust anyway, may give to the smaller competitors so large a share of the stock of the new company that the financial strength of the latter may be lowered by the necessity of earning dividends on capital stock represented by worthless plants. A stronger monopoly may sometimes be formed by allowing competition to run a little longer, when the weaker competitors will be wholly eliminated, and a conflict with the anti-trust laws avoided. Under the second condition—ruinous competition among producers of approximately equal strength—combination is as clearly secondary to competition as in the case just considered. Manifestly, two competing companies would not organize if each did not expect to gain by the competition. With a rapidly expanding demand, competition between these companies may be practically eliminated. The price of the product may be run up as high as the upper marginal demand, and still both plants may be fully occupied. But if the market is limited and the two producers actually begin to compete with each other, one must sooner

or later gain the ascendancy, though both may be seriously injured in the conflict. If, then, a "modus vivendi" is reached before the actual trial of strength has come, combination is but slightly anticipating the outcome of competition. While the social loss from the destruction of small competing plants is small, that from the destruction of one of two large, evenly matched concerns, like the Carnegie and Illinois steel companies, would be almost beyond computation. To avoid such disaster combinations are frequently formed even before any serious effects of competition are felt; or, before either party is pushed to the wall, an agreement is reached, as in the case of railway pools. Such monopolies being the natural result of our competitive system, it does not seem that the law should interfere with the peaceable measures which moderate the last stages of the conflict.

*The Government and the Trusts....Hon. George L. Douglass.....Rev. of Rev.*

The power to deal with the "trust" problem should be possessed by the general Government if it is ever to be effectively exercised. At present the power is divided between forty-five State Legislatures, with a residuum of power in Congress applicable where interstate commerce is directly involved. No doubt Congress could enact a law which would cause annoyance to some of the trusts; but it is absolutely powerless to deal with the trust question comprehensively. State Legislatures may deal with some phases of the question; but they are apparently equally powerless to deal with it effectively. Manifestly, the first thing to be done is to get the power to deal with the problem lodged somewhere. At the present juncture the rational and practical thing for Congress would seem to be, first, to accept the obvious conclusions of the Supreme Court as to the existing lack of power in the Federal Government to deal effectively with the trust question; second, to submit to the States for ratification an amendment to the Constitution conferring upon Congress the necessary power to deal with it. If the trusts are ever to be "regulated," they must be regulated by the general Government.

*Result of Concentration.....Rudolph Kieberg.....The Arena*

It is perfectly evident that the present process of concentration, if permitted to continue, must eventuate in either private or State socialism, either of which would lead to disaster. Private socialism would so restrict production as to compel the consumer to pay the highest price for commodities, with a constantly diminishing stock of means on his part, and make him absolutely dependent on the whims and caprices of the monopolist, whose industrial slave he would thus become in the full sense of the word. State socialism, in its radical sense, would possess itself of all means of production and distribution, and thus destroy all private property and the incentive of individual exertion. It would tend to degrade the worker to the same level with the drone. Its attempt at equality would extinguish all higher endeavor, and, after a few generations of failure, place society at the foot of the ladder of progress, to again begin its toilsome ascent by the way of the laws of evolution.



## STATISTIC, HISTORIC, LEGENDARY AND GENERAL

*Japanese Legend of the Stars.....Adelaide Marion.....Chautauquan*

One of the greatest days in the calendar of old Japan is the seventh day of the seventh month. On this day the shepherd-boy star and the spinning-maiden star cross the Milky Way to meet each other. They are the stars Capricornus and Lyra, about whom the story runs as follows:

On the banks of the Silver River of Heaven, which we call the Milky Way, there lived a beautiful maiden, who was the daughter of King Sun. Her name was Shokujo. She did not care for playing with other little girls and, thinking nothing of vain display, she wore only the very simplest dresses. She was always most industrious, weaving day and night together by blending the roseate hues of morning with the silvery shades of twilight.

The Sun King noticed the serious disposition of his daughter and tried in many ways to make her more cheerful. At last he decided to choose a husband for her. The youth whom the king had chosen for his daughter was Kingin, a shepherd boy, who guarded his flocks on the banks of the Silver River of Heaven. The king hoped that he would teach his daughter to smile and chatter like other girls.

Kingin succeeded only too well. The spinning maiden became merry and lively, and utterly forsook her loom and needle. The roseate hues of morning were left to take care of themselves, while the silvery tints of evening hung like ragged edges on the shades of night. The Sun King was very much offended at the behavior of his daughter, and, thinking the shepherd boy was to blame, he determined to separate them. He ordered the husband to cross to the other side of the Silver River of Heaven and told him that hereafter he should see his daughter only once a year, on the seventh day of the seventh month.

The Sun King called together myriads of doves, which made a bridge, and supported on their wings the shepherd boy crossed over the River of Heaven, whereupon the doves immediately flew away. The weeping wife and loving husband stood for a while gazing at each other wistfully from afar, then they separated; one to search for another flock of sheep to lead and the other to ply her shuttle during the long hours of the day with diligent toil. Thus passed the hours away, and the Sun King again rejoiced in his daughter's industry. But when night came, and all the lamps of heaven were lighted, the lovers would stand beside the banks of the river and gaze longingly at each other, waiting for the seventh night of the seventh month.

At last the time for the meeting of the star lovers drew near. Only one fear possessed the loving wife. What if it should rain, for the River of Heaven is filled to the brim and one extra drop of rain would cause a flood and sweep away even the bird-bridge! But the seventh night of the seventh month came, and not a raindrop fell. The doves flew together in myriads, making a pathway for the tiny feet of the little lady. Trembling with joy, and

with a heart fluttering more than the bridge of wings beneath her feet, she crossed the Silver River of Heaven and met her happy shepherd boy. This she does every year, save on the sad occasions when it rains. For this reason the Japanese always hope for clear weather on the seventh night of the seventh month.

*The Katipunan Society of the Philippines....Ramon R. Lala....Independent*

The Katipunan Society was an outgrowth from the Masonic order. Dr. Rizal, its founder, was a Freemason, and though the two societies are distinct and have no official connection, it is well known that the leading Katipunans were Masons, and that the older order formed the strength and bulwark of the younger. This is shown in the fact that the hostility of the Katipunans was strongly directed against the friars, who had long persecuted the Masons, at one time imprisoning no fewer than 3,000 of them in the dungeons of Manila. This the Masons did not forget, but bided their time for revenge. The Katipunan Society was organized as the great agent of retribution upon these oppressors, and, indeed, upon the Spaniards as a whole, who were to be destroyed by any means, fair or foul.

Dr. Rizal was not only the founder of the Katipunan Society, but it was he who drew up its constitution and devised its mystic rites. These were of a dread and impressive character, in harmony with the remorseless nature of the oath taken by the members, a terrible obligation which breathed vengeance upon Spain and everything Spanish. The ceremonies were as weird and mysterious as Oriental ingenuity could devise. Each member of the organization received the "brotherhood mark," which was an incision made on the left forearm or the left knee with a knife of peculiar form, the handle of which was covered with the peculiar symbols of the society. The candidate was further obliged to sign the roll of the order with his own blood. The third finger of the left hand was pricked until the blood flowed, and with this finger the name was traced on the paper. The cicatrice caused by the knife wound served one useful purpose. It was adopted as a mark of recognition, the mystic mark of the association. The work or the plans of the league were never discussed with one who did not bear this significant mark of brotherhood.

The Katipunan instantly sprang into popular favor. Its operations, however, were conducted with the greatest secrecy, for the Spanish authorities soon became aware of its existence, and, recognizing its threatening character, resolved to destroy it, root and branch. But this it was by no means easy to do. The seeds of disaffection had been scattered far and wide over the islands, and wherever they fell there sprang up a branch lodge of the great order, whose central society was at Cavité. But though it was too widespread and too secret to be exterminated, it had one prominent martyr. Dr. Rizal was at length suspected of being the chief agitator in the



revolutionary movement, and paid the penalty with his life.

The various rules and regulations of this society were not unlike those of the society of the Carbonari of Italy. As in the case of the latter, men were chosen by lot to carry out the resolutions of the society, and woe to him who accepted a mission of vengeance if his courage proved unequal to his task. All who became members were held by the terrible oath they had taken, and could not resign until the obligation of the oath, the expulsion of the Spaniards from their country, was fulfilled.

The first work of the society was one of organization and growth. It was soon in a flourishing condition despite the danger to which its members were exposed, and the execution of many of them. For every martyr's place a hundred heroes stepped forward, and soon the Katipunan numbered not less than 50,000 members.

This initial work done, it prepared to carry out its main design. The first movement against its hated enemy was fixed for the 20th of August, 1896, when a bold and daring stroke was to be made. The revolution was to begin with the assassination of Ramon Blanco, Governor-General of the Philippines. Then, on the day of his burial, an attack was to be precipitated on the funeral procession. The active support of the population was looked for, trust being placed in their active hatred of the Spaniards; and by their aid the conspirators hoped to capture the citadel of Santiago, the arsenal, the batteries and the barracks, thus gaining control of the city of Manila.

This well-laid plan failed in the way so many conspiracies have failed, by premature discovery. In some unknown way the secret leaked out. Some say that the details of the plot were revealed at the confessional by the wife of Pedro Roxas, one of the leaders; others say that a sister of one of the printers of the secret documents of the society told the dark story to Padre Gil, parish priest of the suburb of Tondo, who at once warned the authorities.

However it was, the secret was out, and nothing remained for the conspirators but slaughter or flight. Within an hour the Civil Guard was on the track of those whose names were known. Three hundred were seized in Manila and the adjoining provinces within a few hours. Large numbers were brought in daily from greater distances. The prisons were crowded to overflowing. Many were shot, in the favorite Spanish fashion, by the old sea wall of the Luneta, while the band played favorite airs, and the crowd of spectators, many of them ladies of fashion, applauded. It was the principle of the bull fight applied to human beings.

The bloodthirsty Archbishop, Bernadina Nozaleda, demanded wholesale executions and extermination by fire and sword, but General Blanco (the mild successor of the infamous Weyler in Cuba) was too humane to order such a frightful slaughter.

The secrets of the Katipunans and the names of thousands of them had been revealed through an unwise action of their own. Some months earlier the leaders of the society sent a deputation to Japan, with a petition to the Mikado, asking him to annex the Philippines. This hasty and ill-judged petition,

signed by some 5,000 Filipinos, met with the reception that might have been expected. Japan was scarcely likely to go to war on such a pretext, and the Mikado sent the paper to the Spanish government, thus giving it the names of 5,000 of the disaffected.

The latter were saved for a time by their numbers, the authorities at Manila not then deeming it wise to raise a storm by wholesale arrests. But the list of patriots now stood them in good stead, and all that were within reach were immediately seized and imprisoned.

The arrests precipitated the revolt. In all parts of the island the natives flew to arms, and soon the troops of Spain had work enough on their hands, Manila being surrounded on all sides by battalions of armed natives hot for revenge. With the rebellion, however, I am not here concerned, other than to say that its leaders and many of the rank and file of its armies were members of the great revolutionary society to which the outbreak was due.

Many of its members, indeed, I know to be in the ranks of the insurgents to-day, but the society, since it has attained its aim in the expulsion of the Spaniards, is no longer so powerful and united as it was. There have been one or two attempts at its revival, that it might be used against the Americans, but fortunately these have failed.

*Sea Etiquette.....F. T. Bullen.....London Spectator*

In the private life of the ship every officer's berth is his house, sacred, inviolable, wherein none may enter without his invitation. And in a case of serious dereliction of duty or disqualification it becomes his prison. "Go to your room, Sir," is a sentence generally equivalent to professional ruin, since a young officer's future lies in the hollow of his Commander's hand. The saloon is free to officers only at meal times, not a common parlor wherein they may meet for chat and recreation, except in port with the Captain ashore. And as it is "aft" so in its degree is it "forrad." In some ships the carpenter has a berth to himself and a workshop besides, into which none may enter under pain of his instant wrath—and "Chips" is not a man to be lightly offended. But in most cases all the petty officers berth together in an apartment called by courtesy the "half-deck," although it seldom resembles in a remote degree the dingy, foetid hole that originally bore that name. Very dignified are the petty officers, gravely conscious of their dignity, and sternly set upon the due maintenance of their rightful status as the backbone of the ship's company.

Such a very grave breach of etiquette as an "A.B." entering their quarters, with or without invitation, is seldom heard of, and quite as infrequent are the occasions when an officer does so. In large ships, where six or seven apprentices are carried, an apartment in a house on deck is set apart for their sole occupation, and the general characteristic of such an abode is chaos,—unless, indeed, there should be a senior apprentice of sufficient stability to preserve order, which there seldom is. These "boys' houses" are bad places for a youngster fresh from school, unless a conscientious Captain or chief mate should happen to be at the head of affairs and

make it his business to give an eye to the youngsters' proceedings when off duty. Of course etiquette may be looked for in vain here unless it be the etiquette of "fagging" in its worst sense.

In what must be called the social life of the fore-castle, although it is commonly marked by an utter absence of social observances, there are several well defined rules of etiquette which persist in spite of all other changes. One must not lock his chest at sea. As soon as the last landsman has left the ship, unlock the "donkey," throw the key ostentatiously into the till, and, letting the lid fall, seat yourself upon it, and light your pipe. It is a Masonic sign of good-fellowship, known and read of all men, that you are a "Sou' Spainer" indeed, at home again. The first time that the newly assembled crew sit down gipsy fashion to a meal (for tables are seldom supplied), there may be one, usually a boy, who fails to remove his cap. Then does the nearest man's hand seek the "bread-barge" for a whole biscuit, generally of tile-like texture and consistency. Grasping it by spreading his fingers all over its circumference, the mentor brings it down crushingly upon the covered head of the offender, who is thus initiated, as it were, to the fact that he must "show respect to his grub," as the term goes. But often when the commons have been exceptionally short or bad an old seaman will deliberately put on his cap again with the remark "Tain't wuth it." If a man wants to smoke while a meal is in progress let him go outside, unless he desires deliberately to raise a storm. And when on the first day of serving out stores a man has been induced to undertake the onerous duty of dividing to each one his weekly portion—"whacking out"—gross indeed must be his carelessness or unfairness before any sufferer will raise a protest. It used to be the practice to load the boys or ordinary seaman (a grade between "A.B." and boy) with all the menial service of the fore-castle, such as food-fetching, washing up utensils, scrubbing, etc. But a juster and wiser plan has been borrowed from the navy, whereby each man takes in rotation a week as "cook of the mess." He cooks nothing, the "Doctor" will take care of that, but he is the servant of his house for that week, responsible for its due order and cleanliness. The boys are usually kept out of the fore-castle altogether, and berthed with the petty officers, a plan which has with some advantages grave drawbacks.

One curious old custom deserves passing notice. Upon a vessel's arrival in ports where it is necessary to anchor, it is usual to set what is called an "anchor-watch" the first night. All hands take part in this for one hour each, or should do so, but that sometimes there are too few and sometimes too many. As soon as the order is given to "pick for anchor-watch" an old hand draws a rude circle on the deck, which he subdivides into as many sections as there are men. Then one man retires while all the rest come forward and make each man his private mark in a section. When all have contributed, the excluded one (whose mark has been made for him by deputy) is called in and solemnly rubs out mark after mark, the first to be rubbed out giving its owner the first hour's watch, and so on.

The "Dossier".....New York Tribune

The word "dossier" in a general sense means a bundle of documents relating to either one particular subject or individual. But it is more especially used to describe the documentary evidence, good and bad, in connection with a person's record, and on the Continent of Europe a considerable part of the detective force is employed exclusively in securing material for dossiers, the very mention of which is sufficient to cause a cold shudder to pass down one's back. For there are comparatively few in this world whose lives have been so entirely blameless that there is not some episode or other in their existence which they would prefer to keep secret and the publication of which might subject them to criticism, ridicule or disgrace. Even taking it for granted that there are people who are themselves entirely beyond reproach of any kind, they have usually some near relative or intimate friend who has been less circumspect, and to preserve whom from exposure they are ready to make concessions.

The possession of such secrets as these affecting the honor and the prestige of both men and women of position constitutes a source of power and of influence. The Continental governments of Europe take the ground that it is to the interest of the commonwealth that they should enjoy this power, and accordingly they devote much trouble and money to secure the secrets of prominent people—secrets that go to constitute a dossier. The resources of the detective police are at the disposal of the Government for the purpose, and it will therefore surprise few to learn that well-nigh every public man and woman of any social or political eminence is shadowed by police spies, who not only take note of everything that he or she may do or say, but likewise put the worst interpretation upon matters that are entirely innocent of all harm, frequently inventing incidents and episodes which are entirely devoid of foundation. For it must be borne in mind that the individuals employed for this species of detective work are as a general rule men and women utterly devoid of scruple, the value of whose services is gauged and remunerated by the seeming importance of the information which they furnish concerning their victim. The reports which they make all go to make up the dossiers, and from this it will be seen that there are literally none who can hope to have a dossier that is entirely and wholly clean, since a clean dossier would imply not only that the person to whom it related had never said or done a questionable or ridiculous thing in his life, and that his intimate friends and near relatives had been equally discreet, but also that he had refrained from doing anything that could have furnished even the smallest pretext for injurious misinterpretation.

As I have said, every one of any position has both his dossier and to a great extent his shadow, and in the diplomatic service it is notorious that the moment an envoy, a secretary or even an attaché is appointed to any new post in one or another of the capitals of Continental Europe he is shadowed, at any rate for a time, until his habits, his tastes and, above all, his weaknesses are ascertained and placed on record in his dossier for eventual use.

## CONTEMPORARY CELEBRITIES

The Home Magazine tells this story of Sir Thomas Lipton's start in business:

Young Lipton went to London with a borrowed capital of about \$500. He rented a small shop, spent one-half of this sum in purchasing a stock of tea—getting it cheap for cash, and the other half he put in a separate box to be used entirely and exclusively for advertising. That was the time when the \$10,000-per-day advertising houses were an unknown proposition, so that it is not surprising that Lipton's friends shook their heads at his scheme. But the scheme worked to perfection. Marking his goods at the very lowest figures—which were lower than other tea merchants, for it was not customary at that time for merchants to pay cash for their stock—Lipton got ready for his advertising. He bought two of the fattest hogs that could be found anywhere in London, had them carefully scraped and cleaned, tied pink ribbons around their necks, and sent them waddling through the crowded streets, each led by a man dressed in pink, and having between them another man carrying a banner upon which were inscribed the words, "We are going to Lipton's pink tea. Come along yourself!" Of course, the shop was crowded within an hour. The low prices caught the people's fancy, too, and business became so brisk that instead of serving behind the counter as he had originally intended for about a year, anyway, Lipton was compelled to employ a dozen clerks to do that work while he attended exclusively to the getting out of new advertising dodges.

*The Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain.*

We find this brief notice of the English statesman in Tit-Bits:

When in 1854 he went to Birmingham, the city he represents in Parliament, he took with him a letter of introduction to the parents of the late Sir Thomas Martineau, which read: "Please be kind and see as much as you can of 'poor Joe,' for he knows nobody in Birmingham." It was not long before he had reversed the tables, and everybody in Birmingham knew "poor Joe."

In 1871, when he was thirty-five, he was elected to the Birmingham Town Council. Three years later he became Mayor, and held the office three years in succession. It was during his first year of office that T. R. H. the Prince and Princess of Wales paid a visit to Birmingham. Mr. Chamberlain was then noted as a young man of peculiarly advanced—not to say radical and even republican—views, and everybody was curious to see the way he would behave under these exceptional circumstances. Not only the capital of the Midlands, but the capital of the country was watching his attitude, for it was expected, as someone declared, that "something would happen." As is invariably the case, the something that did happen was the unexpected. "The son of nobody," as he used to be called, showed that he knew what was due, not only to the position of his office and the position of his guests, but also to his own position, for his speech of welcome was full of appropriate senti-

ment, and his demeanor all through revealed that tact which has never deserted him at the most critical moments.

During his term of office Mr. Chamberlain determined to improve Birmingham, and set about his task with such dominant resolution that he drew from one of his enemies the remark that "he was not only Mayor, but the Town Council, too." It was in Birmingham that the invention of gas lighting had its home, and in the fulness of time two companies supplied the needs of the town. In 1874 he moved that the two gas companies of Birmingham be purchased by the corporation. This was done, and the price of gas lowered about a third. In the same year, he moved that the water-works, which were then in private hands, should be transferred either by agreement or compulsory purchase to the city. The matter was fought to the bitter end, but in the course of the following year it was satisfactorily carried out. In the next year, still under the mayoralty of Mr. Chamberlain, advantage was taken of the Artisans' Dwellings Act to improve the city by buying up a great many slums in its very heart and building Corporation street, which is one of the finest in any part of the world. A loan of more than a million and a half sterling was raised, the houses were pulled down, the street was laid out and rebuilt on leases running seventy-five years, at the end of which time they will all become the property of the city.

In 1874 Mr. Chamberlain first contested Parliament, standing unsuccessfully for Sheffield; but two years later he was elected for Birmingham, and in the short space of three years he had so made his mark that Mr. Gladstone had to recognize his claims, appointing him President of the Board of Trade, with a seat in the Cabinet. It is curious to be told at this time of the day, when Mr. Chamberlain sits high in the councils of those who were the staunchest of staunch Conservatives, that the Tory members of the House expected to see some fearful and wonderful creature rise in his place, one gentleman actually setting it down on record that he expected to see a man without a waistcoat. Instead of this they saw an elegantly dressed young man with a flower in his buttonhole, an eyeglass in his eye, and with a manner, as another member declared, of "a lady's doctor."

In 1886, when Mr. Gladstone was again returned to power, Mr. Chamberlain became President of the Local Government Board; but on Mr. Gladstone's conversion to Home Rule Mr. Chamberlain not only resigned his office, but seceded from his old chief, whom every one expected he would succeed as leader of the Liberal party. In that year Mr. Gladstone's short-lived administration of 178 days came to an end, and at the general election Mr. Chamberlain was returned as a Unionist. During that year and the next he attracted universal attention, and was recognized as the greatest debater in Parliament, and was known as "the grand young man" in some quarters, while about that time he was abused more than any other politician. Mr. Chamberlain is the author of the



famous phrase, "Three acres and a cow," and the policy of social reform he outlined during the elections of 1885 practically resulted in the return of the Liberal party, and as Mr. Labouchere declared, "The three acres and a cow romped in."

Mr. Chamberlain has, in his present term of office, gone from success to success. He has been compared—not inaptly—to the great Pitt, of whom Lord Rosebery wrote, "The objects and amusements that other men seek in a thousand ways were for him all centred there (the House of Commons); it was his mistress, his stud, his dice-box, his game preserve, it was his ambition, his library, his creed." And, indeed, physically, there is something of a likeness between him and the great Commoner.

*The Secretary of War.*

Henry Macfarland writes in the Review of Reviews of Elihu Root:

Secretary Root is tall, spare, dark, looking much younger than his fifty-four years, in spite of the gray that is creeping into his thick black hair and mustache and the eyeglasses that cover his keen eyes when he is writing or reading. He moves with the quickness of an athlete in full health, although he takes no special exercise beyond playing golf. He is quiet, unostentatious, avoiding rather than seeking newspaper notice. He has steadily refused to talk about his future in the Department, or indeed about himself in any way that he could help. The day's work, one day at a time, and the results to tell the story seems to be his idea. He would emphatically say, with King Ahab, "Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself as he that putteth it off." He had the fine bringing up of a son of that noble type of American gentleman, the old-fashioned college professor, and shows it in what he says and does. He was born in Clinton, Oneida County, N. Y., on February 15, 1845, and his father was Oren Root, for many years professor of mathematics in Hamilton College, where Mr. Root himself was graduated, paying for his own education with the money he earned teaching school. Then he studied law, completing his course at the University Law School, in New York City, where he was admitted to the bar and immediately began the practice of the law, in which he has been so successful. He took from the beginning a public-spirited interest in politics and engaged actively on the Republican side. Independence within the party has been his thought, and he has worked hard in every good movement for the betterment of his party, of his city, of his State and of his country. He early realized that pecuniary independence was necessary to personal independence in politics, and kept this in mind in making his fortune. The only office he ever held before becoming Secretary of War was that of United States District Attorney at New York City, to which he was appointed by his friend, President Arthur, and in which he served with success for two years. The only other office for which he was ever a candidate was that of Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, for which he was nominated by the Republicans in 1879, but was defeated. He was chairman of the Republican County Committee in 1886 and 1887, has been president of the Republican Club of New York, and is now presi-

dent of the Union League Club, succeeding General Horace Porter in 1898, and being re-elected at the beginning of this year. His close personal and political relations with Governor Roosevelt are well known. The two men have similar political ideals and political methods, and equally furnish examples of that "strenuous life" of public service and private rectitude which Governor Roosevelt has so eloquently preached.

*Feeling the Chinese Emperor's Pulse*

A Shanghai correspondent of the St. Louis Republican tells the following curious story of a visit of Chen Lien-

Fang, the most celebrated native physician in China, called to attend the Emperor at Peking:

An imperial edict was issued in October last directing the viceroys and governors to send physicians of distinction to the capital, and Chen Lien-Fang was ordered, much against his will, to report himself to the grand council. The account of his experience is supplied by himself. A few days after his arrival at Peking Chen was summoned to an audience. He entered the presence of his sovereign on his knees, crossing the apartment in that position, after the customary "kow-tows." The Emperor and the Dowager Empress were seated at opposite sides of a low table on the dais and faced each other in that position during the greater part of the interview. The Emperor appeared pale and listless, had a troublesome irritation of the throat and was evidently feverish; the thin oval of his face, clearly defined features and aquiline nose gave him, in the physician's eyes (to use his own words), the appearance of a foreigner. The Empress, who struck him as an extremely well preserved and intelligent woman, seemed to be extremely solicitous as to the patient's health and careful for his comfort. As it would have been a serious breach of etiquette for the physician to ask any questions of his Majesty, the Empress proceeded to describe his symptoms, the invalid occasionally signifying confirmation of what was said by a word or nod. During this monologue the physician, following the customary procedure at imperial audiences, kept his gaze concentrated upon the floor, until, at the command of the Empress, and still kneeling, he was permitted to place one hand upon the Emperor's wrist. There was no feeling of the pulse, simply contact with the flat of the hand, first on one side of the wrist and then on the other. This done, the Empress continued her narrative of the patient's sufferings; she described the state of his tongue and the symptoms of ulceration in the mouth and throat, but as it was not permissible for the doctor to examine these he was obliged to make the most of a somewhat unprofessional description. As he wisely observed, it is difficult to look at a patient's tongue when his exalted rank compels you to keep your eyes fixed rigidly on the floor. The Empress having concluded her remarks on the case, Chen was permitted to withdraw and to present to the Grand Council his diagnosis, together with advice as to future treatment, which was subsequently communicated officially to the throne. The gist of his advice was to prescribe certain tonics of the orthodox native type and to suggest the greatest possible amount of mental and physical rest.

## IN A MINOR KEY: SORROW, SENTIMENT, TENDERNESS

*God's Face.....Marvin Dana.....Pall Mall Magazine*

I looked afar to see God's face,  
And I saw it not, though I found its trace.

I gazed on splendors of sky and sea,  
On wood and wold and wind-kissed lea;  
I saw the throbbing throat of a thrush,  
And grain that danced in the tempest's rush,  
And stars and suns in ceaseless chase:  
I saw God's beauty, not His face.

I looked afar to see God's face,  
And I saw it not, though I found its trace.

I watched the wonders wrought of men,  
Which age on age they work again.  
The mighty deeds and dauntless force  
That ever show in the cycles' course;  
I honored the toiling hosts agone,  
Whose king was mind, whose slave was brawn;  
A zeal divine I saw in the race:  
I found not that I sought, God's face.

I looked afar to see God's face,  
And I saw it not, though I found its trace.

I looked down deep within man's soul,  
Through added æons' endless roll;  
I saw the hopes, I saw the fears  
That gird the span of human years;  
I saw the worth that wins man's case:  
I saw God's angels, not His face.

I looked afar to see God's face,  
And I saw it not, though I found its trace.

I searched the mazes of mortal lore,  
And there, a steadfast, sterling store,  
I found fair virtues in the dreams  
And prayers of men, as heaven's gleams,  
High glories glimpsed in earth's low place:  
I saw God's shadows, not His face.

I looked afar to see God's face,  
And I saw it not, though I found its trace.

I looked at home in a human heart,  
Where love is lord of every part,  
I looked on one, my queen of life,  
I looked on her who is my wife;  
I found faith, beauty, virtue, grace:  
In her woman's eyes I saw God's face.

*Killed in Battle.....Edwin L. Sabin.....Independent*

And some are sleeping 'mid the cane,  
And some beneath the palm,  
Where tropic wind and tropic rain  
Sing their eternal psalm.  
But one (my boy, I loved him so!  
In vain the seas would part)  
Is with me wheresoe'er I go,  
At rest within my heart.

*Dead Roses.....Theodosia Pickering Garrison.....National Magazine*

The roses that he gave Babette,  
One morning when the skies were blue,  
Were flecked with pink and set with dew;  
"Sweetheart," he said, "do not forget;  
Be these a sign 'twixt me and you."

Then laughed and spurred his horse anew,  
Though on her little heart and true  
They rested till the spring was through—  
They died before the sun had set—  
The roses that he gave Babette.

He fought and drank and loved and slew;  
What matter if he cared or knew  
That far away one laid at rest  
With withered roses on her breast.  
Ah, me! The dead hand holds them yet,  
The roses that he gave Babette.

*The Working Mother.....Ada Negri.....Littell's Living Age*

(Translated by A. M. Von Blomberg.)

Among the shrieking wheels of the great mill  
Where, 'mid the din that shaketh the wide hall,  
A thousand women all  
Their vigor spend, she too is working still.

For many a lustre, since she was a child,  
She has been here.—Deftly her nervous hands  
Guide thread and spool. She stands  
And does not heed the noise, the tumult wild

That rages all around. But sometimes now  
She is so tired and weary, oh, so tired!  
And yet, as if inspired,  
Raising her head, she smoothes her careworn brow.

She seems to say: "On, ever onward still"—  
Oh, misery, if one day her strength should fail,  
If she began to ail  
And could no more return her place to fill!

She must not and she cannot.—For her joy,  
Her one ambition, her one son, behind  
Whose brow she has divined  
The lofty flight of genius—he, her boy,

Is studying.—She will, at any price,  
For his necessities toil on all day,  
Waste drop by drop away,  
Offer herself a living sacrifice.

As once her youth, her old age too, God knows,  
Trembling and frosty, she will give, her health  
That was her only wealth—  
Oh, saintly worker!—sweetness of repose,

All she will give. Her son shall study.—Grand  
The future time shall see him, world renowned  
And feared, his dark head crowned  
With gold and laurel wreaths at fortune's hand!

Son of the people, study, silent sit  
In the low hut that in the shadow lies,  
Thou in whose ardent eyes  
The mystic words of genius high are writ,

In thy proud muscles, in each fibre feel  
The buoyant energy, the health that grace  
A bold, undaunted race.  
Aspire to the heights with fearless zeal.

Thy mother for thy sake some day will die;  
To her intrepid, fallen body throw  
A kiss, a greeting, go  
To meet the hostile host that draweth nigh,

And with thy voice, thy pen, go forth to fight  
And point out to the tottering century  
The glorious radiance  
Of vast horizons bathed in a new light.

True, steadfast, honest in the noble strife  
Awaiting thee, remember evermore;  
Amid the great mill's roar  
For this thy mother sacrificed her life.

*Cantilena Mundi*.....*Fiona MacLeod*.....*The Sketch*

Where rainbows rise through sunset rains,  
By shores forlorn of isles forgot,  
A solitary Voice complains,  
"The World is here, the World is not."

The Voice the wind is, or the sea,  
Or spirit of the sundown West:  
Or is it but a breath set free  
From off the Islands of the Blest?

It may be: but I turn my face  
To that which still I hold so dear:  
And lo, the voices of the days—  
"The World is not, the World is here."

'Tis the same end whichever way,  
And either way is soon forgot:  
"The World is all in all To-day;  
To-morrow all the World is not."

*A Sonnet*.....*Chambers's Journal*

So soft your words were when you went away,  
So smooth your brow the while you said good-by,  
So deep the tranquil candor of your eye,  
So calm the peace that like a halo lay  
Around your head. Had you no wish to stay  
A little longer with us? or a sigh,  
The while the death mist and the grave drew nigh,  
To mourn the fleetness of your shortened day?

Had earth no joys wherewith to tempt you, sweet?  
Was life so heavy with its weight of woe  
That, in the turmoil of the market street,  
You should be weary ere the sun was low?  
Was Earth so sad it could not stay your feet?  
Or Heaven so fair that you were fain to go?

*On Returning to New York*.....*Walter Malone*.....*Criterion*

Once more I see your towers touch the sky,  
And hear the sullen thunder of your street;  
Once more I see your legions hurry by,  
And rush to join them with my restless feet.

I come not as I came in other days  
With ardent and enthusiastic soul,  
When fame and fortune hovered in my gaze,  
And, near at hand, I thought I saw the goal.

Ah, surely things have sadly changed since then,  
When thou wert radiant with deceitful wiles;  
A sorrow overclouds thy throngs of men  
And sullen scowls erase thine olden smiles.

Plain and prosaic seem thy realms of joy,  
O golden apple of my bygone themes,  
O golden fleece that lured a foolish boy,  
O priceless pearl, O diamond of my dreams.

Like Atalanta, fleetest of the fleet,  
Thy lovers come to woo from far and nigh;  
They run the race with thee, and in defeat  
They bend the head beneath thy hand to die.

I shudder as I see thy crowded gate,  
And outside, doubting and perplexed, I stand;  
But now, I proudly come to face my fate,  
With none to welcome, none to take my hand.

Yet, royal city, I have courage still,  
A spirit that shall never bend the knee;  
My soul is guarded with unconquered Will,  
A sword I never shall surrender thee.

I give thee battle, and shall bravely smite,  
For he who wins must woo thee with the sword;  
My feet shall never safety seek in flight,  
A coffin or a crown be my reward.

And there can be no abdication, save  
When I throw down the sceptre that is mine;  
If I should fall from glory to the grave,  
My own hand must my own death-warrant sign.

He who relies upon his own right arm,  
Nor fears his gauntlet at the foe to fling,  
May drink of poisons, and they shall not harm,  
And take up serpents, and they shall not sting.

*Resignation*.....*Annie Linden*.....*Pall Mall Magazine*

The saddest tears are those that never fall,  
But are held smarting in the aching eyes.  
The truest prayers can find no words at all,  
But flutter wearily to God, in sighs.

We need not speak if with our hearts we pray,  
And by our living try to do His will,  
Who leads us gently in the Narrow Way,  
And when we murmur whispers, "Peace, be still."

*Autumn Twilight*.....*Arthur J. Stringer*.....*Ainslee's Magazine*

The low wind sounds a million drowsy lutes,  
The yellowing sunlight on the hillside falls;  
Alone, aloud, one lingering robin flutes,  
And from the elm our golden oriole calls.

This is the season that she loved of old,  
Saying with darkened eyes that Autumn turned  
Her home-sick heart out past the evening gold,  
Sadly to some old home for which she yearned.

Gray hills and norland homes!—perhaps 'twas best  
From her own home she had not long to wait:  
O evening stars that waken in the West,  
O happier worlds, came she your way of late?

*The Pride of Lazarus*.....*A. St. John Adecock*.....*The London Literary World*

Lord, I am poor and desolate!  
The beggars at Thy outer gate,  
Who cringe to purse-proud passers-by,  
Are not more desolate than I.

The rich and proud have passed me there  
And gone into Thy House of Prayer,  
But I have stretched no pleading palms  
To ask their pity or their alms.

And now, before the prayers begin,  
I, too, O Lord, will enter in,  
With heart elate, to praise and pray,  
As thankful and as blest as they.

They praise Thee, in communion sweet,  
For silks they wear and flesh they eat;  
They thank Thee that Thou dost not flout  
And leave them as the poor without.

I praise Thee that, for all my cares,  
I have a pride that laughs at theirs;  
I thank Thee that, though frail I be,  
My strength has bowed to none but Thee.

Curse me, O Lord, with want and ill,  
But make my spirit strong, and still  
Give me, whate'er Thy hand denies,  
A soul no swine-trough satisfies.



## APPLIED SCIENCE: INVENTION AND INDUSTRY

*The Longest Railroad.....New York Tribune*

Despite all predictions to the contrary, the Trans-Siberian Railroad is already a huge and phenomenal commercial and financial success. True, it is not yet completed. In fact, two years or more may be necessary before it will be possible to travel from the Atlantic to the Pacific across the continents of Europe and Asia without changing cars. But the traffic upon that portion of the line already open is altogether out of proportion even to the most sanguine estimates as to show that, in spite of the colossal sums invested in the enterprise, it will prove a paying undertaking almost from the very outset. This is a fact which is worthy of particular note. Even those travelers and railroad experts who are regarded as the leading authorities on all questions relating to railroad enterprise in Oriental countries had expressed their conviction that while the Trans-Siberian line would be extremely useful to Russia in a military sense, and of vast strategic importance, it would never be an artery of trade—at any rate, not for generations to come. They based their calculation on the undeveloped and sparsely inhabited condition of the thousands of miles of Asiatic territory which the road traversed, the cost of maintenance and the immensity of the expense of construction. To this the Russian Government replied that even if the importance of the line was limited to military purposes it was worthy of being built, and that it expected that the predictions of the experts would prove fallacious. The Czar and his advisers have been right and the experts wrong. The growth of traffic on that portion of the line already open is so great as to be beyond the resources of the administration. The freight handled last autumn alone exceeded half a million of tons on the western portion of the line, or double that which the administration anticipated under the most sanguine conditions and had made arrangements to deal with. With such an unlooked-for total of tonnage the existing rolling stock was altogether inadequate. The railroad administration bought in hot haste six hundred new freight cars and borrowed a couple of thousand from other Russian companies. But in spite of this over seventy thousand truck loads of grain and goods could not be handled and had to be left untouched. In this way the extraordinary spectacle was presented of grain rotting for lack of carriage in Asiatic Russia, while millions of the subjects of the Czar were dying of famine in the European portion of his dominions. It is estimated that the freight tonnage this season will reach 700,000 tons, and rise within two years to 1,000,000 tons, owing to the large immigration along the line of railroad and the rate at which grain-growing land is being taken up by settlers. As many as 500,000 peasant immigrants were carried by railroad to Siberia last year and took up homesteads there. This season arrangements are being made for the placing of even a still larger number of immigrants. In addition to this, the railroad has to deal with an ordinary passenger traffic of 400,000.

The original estimate of traffic provided for three pairs of trains every twenty-four hours. As a matter

of fact, the West Siberian line is now called upon to run eight pairs of trains a day, besides the bi-weekly express. The track and rails are unfit for this extraordinary increase of traffic, the line being laid with eighteen-pound rails. So the entire section already constructed is now being relaid with rails weighing twenty-four pounds to the foot, entailing, along with the strengthening of the road-bed, an extra expense of \$50,000,000. These heavier rails and improved track will enable the trains already running to travel at a higher rate of speed than is considered safe with the light rails now in use.

*Artificial Silk.....Scientific American*

The production of artificial silk has for some time past attracted the attention of experimenters in France, and it has been used with success to replace natural silk in certain fabrics. The Count du Chardonnet, who claims to be the first to have successfully carried out the process, exhibited some fine specimens of artificial silk at the Paris Exposition of 1889. Since then he has perfected his system, and at the present time a factory of considerable importance is in operation at Besançon, under the direction of M. Tricano. This factory is now capable of producing 150 kilogrammes of artificial silk per day. Natural silk is largely made up of a body called "fibrin," together with other substances such as gelatin, albumen, wax, coloring matter, fatty and resinous matter, etc., the cellulose of the mulberry leaf being thus transformed by the silkworm. The nature of these transformations is of course unknown, and in order to produce a substance resembling silk, a method is adopted by which the cellulose furnished by cotton is used as a base. The cotton, having been transformed into nitro-cellulose, or guncotton, by treating it with nitric and sulphuric acids, this latter is dissolved in a mixture of ether and alcohol, and the resulting collodion is filtered under pressure. In order to be successfully used for the production of artificial silk, it is found that the collodion must be allowed to "age" for a certain period of time, the reason of which has not been definitely settled; however, it is certain that the collodion, on being allowed to stand, undergoes certain modifications by which it is better fitted for the purpose. It is then run into cylinders, which have capillary holes in the bottom, and the collodion is forced out of these holes under a pressure of forty to fifty atmospheres. It comes out in the form of white cylindrical filaments; these are united to form threads, which are put up in skeins and all traces of alcohol or water which they may contain are removed. In this state, however, the threads are extremely inflammable, partaking of the nature of guncotton, and to remove this difficulty they must be "de-nitrated," that is to say, the cellulose must be brought back into its normal condition. This part of the process, which is indeed an essential one, involves considerable difficulty, and has been experimented upon for some time by M. du Chardonnet and others. However, a process has at last been arrived at which accomplishes this in a satisfactory manner. The details

of this process have not as yet been made public, but it is certain that by this operation white silky threads are produced, which are not appreciably more inflammable than natural silk. The skeins which have been made up of these threads are then dyed by immersing them in a heated bath of basic aniline color.

*Work Done by Air.....Philadelphia Record*

Pneumatic tools have become established as the most suitable for ship, engine and boiler work, bridge and car building, stone and other heavy work requiring considerable hand labor, and along these lines electricity, the only other rival power, has not proved a serious competitor. The pneumatic plant at the Newport News shipyard is the largest and finest in the world, and the Cramps, of Philadelphia, after experiments extending over several years, have decided to put in an immense equipment of pneumatic tools, while most of the other local shipbuilders have come to recognize their advantages. One great advantage of pneumatic tools is that unskilled labor can be employed where heretofore only skilled labor, receiving almost double the pay, has been necessary, and yet, the unskilled laborer with pneumatic tools can, on an average, turn out three times as much work in the same time as the most skilled workman under the old method. This applies particularly to riveting, calking, drilling, etc. The rapidity with which air-driven tools work, and the ease with which they can be used in nooks and corners, render them preferable to electric or hydraulic tools.

The latest application of pneumatic power to iron work is the continuous pneumatic forge. This tool is a self-feeding forge for heating rivets, and employs fuel oil as the heating medium, compressed air being employed in an air-blast for the oil-heated furnace. There is a hopper which holds a keg of rivets, and means whereby the rivets are fed automatically into the heating chamber, where they are brought to the proper temperature by means of the combined air and oil blast. This arrangement enables from half a dozen to a dozen rivets to be kept at the proper riveting temperature all the time, doing away with the necessity of a heater boy. The air-blast is capable of regulation so that the rivets can be brought to the proper temperature without burning and at the proper number per minute delivered to suit the requirements of the operator. As one rivet is removed another falls down from the hopper and is gradually brought up to the riveting temperature. Provision is also made for using different sized rivets.

*Government Model-Making.....New York Times*

Against the walls of the workshops there are some old half models of hulls, one an unnamed large vessel, designed for steam, but having the lines of a sailing ship. Near by is the model of the Jamestown, now a training ship, her fighting days long passed. Upon a bench is another model, the oldest in the place. It is a finely-made half model of the old ship-of-the-line United States, with a proud bow and an elaborately carved stern, her sides pierced for twenty-eight guns, and room aboard for fifty. This is a fine specimen of the old-

time model. Upon another bench, drawing near to completion under the hands of the latter-day model-maker, is a miniature battleship Iowa, glistening with red below and creamy white above the waterline. From keel to truck, from stem to stern, she is in little an exact copy of the warrior cruiser that alone left four-inch marks on three of the armored cruisers of Cervera.

It is a beautiful piece of work. As it is still in the workman's hands, not yet protected by the glass case soon to be put over it to exclude the dust and the curious fingers of admiring crowds, it may be examined closely, and it is seen that the features to be found on the designer's drawings are all to be found in the model. Bilge keels, hawse holes, gangways, sponsons, shutters, armor, stanchions, auxiliary engines, cranes, davits, skylights, steam launches, the whole outfit of boats, everything to be found on the real Iowa, is faithfully reproduced here, so that one might not be surprised to find that the model was a practicable one, and that the wicked little four-inch guns might presently bark out a salute or a disastrous broadside.

This little battleship, so pretty in its red, white and buff, with brasswork all aglow, is almost as fine a piece of construction as a watch. Indeed, much of the minute work upon it was constructed with jewelers' tools, and put together with all the care of a timepiece. The hull is made of pine wood, carefully selected for the purpose. With the blueprint designs from the Bureau of Construction before him, and working on a scale of quarter inch to the foot, the builder lays first the keelpiece, then carves out another plank to make a horizontal section of the hull and glues it firmly above the keelpiece, and by successive layers, each carrying approximately the shape of a hull for a new section, wood is added until the hull model is completed. As the solid hull would be unnecessarily heavy, parts of it are made hollow, but enough is solid to give the hull immunity from shrinking.

The rough edges which remain after the shaping and building up of the hull, are carefully finished off with knife and plane, glass and sandpaper, before the paint is applied. Meanwhile other model-makers are at work. The guns of different calibres are made from the finest steel. Their mounts are built in exact imitation of the big mounts constructed in the gun foundry. The stays, cables, awnings and other fixtures are prepared, as none of these articles can be purchased from any trade stock. No one carries imitations of anchor cables in stock.

A laughable story is told by Chief Constructor Hichborn concerning the first attempts to get men to work skilfully upon the minute parts of the models. A man was assigned to make the chains for the anchors of the Charleston, the first of the modern models made for the Navy Department. He received material and tools, and, with instructions as to how the cables were to be made, he went at his work. Three days afterward he went to the Chief Constructor. "Chief," said he, "I want to be discharged." "What is the matter?" inquired Mr. Hichborn. "Well," said the man, gloomily, "I don't like my job." "Why do you dislike it?" inquired the surprised chief. "Well," explained the



man, "I started three days ago to make chains. I had finished up a lot of links, and left them on a paper on my bench. Last night somebody left the window open, and the wind blew the papers and links out, and I can't find them. I want to be discharged." The chief laughed at him, and asked him to go back and begin over again, but to see thereafter that his window was shut when he was away.

The models are expensive. The largest (like the New York and the Columbia) cost \$7,000 each, the smallest about \$2,000, including the cases. While the expense seems to be a good deal, amounting up to date, for the fleet of models, to something like \$75,000, the Navy Department does not consider it money wasted. Talk about "big ships" is all very well, but not until a large number of people in the interior saw the models of the battleships did they seem to be anything more than mere names and expensive promises of power. Some of the representatives in Congress from interior States would have prevented the construction of the expensive battleships, if they could have had their way. The exhibition of the models, and their explanation by naval officers, weaned the Western voter from the idea of economy at any cost of national pride, and, as they have traveled about the country, the models have proved to be eloquent lecturers to and proselyters of the men who had been led to believe that this country had no use for battleships, and was not likely to get into war with those who were spending money for expensive luxuries. Pride in names, too, has had something to do with increasing interest in "our" ships.

*Old Age of the "Bike".....Chicago Inter-Ocean*

Most bicycle manufacturers will tell you that the old wheels drift away in lots of small size, some to the rural districts of the United States and Canada, some to the Italian trade, which at one time was quite extensive, and others to the countries of South America or Mexico. Many old-fashioned wheels are sent to the Southern States, the colored people being the principal purchasers.

There are many thousands of bicycle riders in Chicago and New York who buy a new wheel at the beginning of every season, and return their old ones for part payment. They would no more think of disporting themselves on wheels of last year's pattern than they would of going for a ride in a hearse, and I know of several cases where bike enthusiasts have refrained from riding for weeks merely because their wheels were a month or so behind the reigning style. The annual exchange of old wheels for new ones brings a great number of second-hand wheels in all conditions to the repair shops of the manufacturers. These are carefully repaired, renamed, and put in the best of ornamental condition. Some are in nearly as good order as when they were sold, and it is seldom, indeed, that a wheel is in such poor repair as to render its renovation unprofitable. The restored machines are then sent to the city stores and are kept in reserve for beginners or are placed in establishments in the neighborhood of good roads and pleasure resorts to be rented. The second-hand wheels are a great aid to salesmen in disposing of first-class machines. For

instance, a man or woman who does not know how to ride comes to one of the warerooms and wants a wheel. He or she will inquire if the dealer has a good second-hand wheel, which he can sell cheap, and, of course, he promptly supplies the demand, generally without an effort to sell a new bike. In two or three weeks the old wheel, in nine cases out of ten, will be brought back and exchanged for a new one. There is nothing so contagious as this ambition to skim about on the very latest thing in wheels. Warerooms, too, have many calls for second-hand wheels for boys and girls, as they generally subject a machine to rather hard treatment.

*Primitive Irrigation.....New York Tribune*

Various methods were employed centuries ago to utilize water for crop growing, and some of the crudest are still in use. The Persian waterwheel, consisting of a series of earthen pots strung on an endless rope and revolving on a wheel with a horizontal axis, is now found in various forms in Egypt and India. The lower end of the rope descends into the well or tank, filling the pots as the wheel revolves, and as they rise and reach the top of the wheel they tip over and empty themselves into a trough. These wheels are generally kept in motion by bullocks, or sometimes by horses and camels, and in Egypt both a camel and a donkey are often harnessed together in the truck. In some places where there are many small canals with comparatively rapid slopes and high velocities these wheels, or sakiats, as they are called in Egypt, are driven, usually as undershot wheels, by the streams themselves. In the Punjab it is not an uncommon thing to see oxen lifting water by Persian wheels from depths of fifty or sixty feet for the irrigation of spring or summer crops. Another apparatus which is extensively used in India for the larger lifts is called the mote. Two bullocks raise a leathern bag by means of a rope and pulley. When the bag reaches the top of the lift the water is released into a trough. For lifts of from four to ten feet the shadouf is extensively employed on the banks of the Nile. This simply consists of the old-fashioned pole and bucket, which can still be seen in many a New England farmyard. Another crude but ingenious contrivance for making short lifts of from two to three feet is the doon, which is used along river banks. This consists of a trough, usually half of a small tree, which works on a fixed pivot, one end being depressed into the river and then raised above the horizontal, so that the water flows out of the other end into a ditch or receptacle. The means for raising the water is the same as in the New England well, by the use of a weighted pole. To manage this, a platform is built out into the river, upon which the operator stands, alternately submerging and raising the trough.

These and other primitive irrigation methods are still largely employed, for the reason that while the work is laborious and would be expensive if computed at day labor for man or beast, in many cases the cultivator employs only himself and his bullocks when there is no other work on hand. It was reported by an officer of the British Army that in 1860 there were 70,000 masonry wells, and 280,000 temporary earthen ones in the tract of land lying



between the Jumna and the Ganges rivers, from which 1,470,000 acres of crops were irrigated by lift, and, although this tract is now commanded by the Ganges Irrigation Canal, many of these wells are yet used to irrigate lands which have not been connected with the canal.

In the investigation of the extent to which the arid lands of America can be reclaimed by irrigation, attention has been continually drawn to the most practical methods of bringing underground water to the surface. While the amount which could be thus drawn in the aggregate is not large as compared with that used in the great irrigating systems, the water to be obtained by this means is practically inexhaustible by the ordinary methods of pumping. The small farmer who irrigates by means of wind power becomes familiar with the use of water in growing crops, and is qualified to engage in more extensive irrigation. Where great irrigation systems are opened, and growers unfamiliar with the action of water on crops suddenly change from dry farming, total or partial failures often result, discouraging to the individual and demoralizing to the community.

*A Roller Boat That Went to Sea.....H. C. Fyfe.....Pearson's Magazine*

The Beckman roller boat consisted of a cylindrical barrel about ten feet in diameter and twelve feet in length, which was built of staves, and hooped in the usual barrel fashion, and which carried on its surface a series of parallel floats or paddles. Around each end of the barrel was laid a circular track of iron, on which, by means of two pairs of wheels, a working platform was carried, and maintained in a horizontal position during the rotation of the barrel. The platform was to serve as the living quarters of the crew, and the rolling motion was imparted to the boat by means of hand cranks and gears. On the first and only trip of this weird vessel, Peter Beckman and his young son started from Bar Harbor, Me., and passed out by the breakwater to the open sea.

Under the joint action of the hand cranks and the wind, she traveled for fifteen miles at six miles an hour; but Mr. Beckman soon found that he had less control over his boat than had the wind, which blew her in all directions just as it listed. He was, therefore, only too glad to hail a vessel of the ordinary type of construction, and to leave his own roller boat (after vain attempts at towing it behind) to pursue the uneven tenor of its way over the vast deep, and to become not the first of a new type of ship, but a derelict and a perpetual danger to navigation.

*Early Invention of Movable Type.....H. B. Hulbert.....Harper's Magazine*

Korea was the first of all peoples to originate movable metal type. For hundreds of years the country and the King had been under the domination of the Buddhist priesthood, and the land was suffering the extremes of sacerdotalism. Every third son must by law become a monk—in other words, an unproductive member of society; the killing of a cow was a greater crime than the killing of a man. The people's houses were being seized on all sides for the erection of worse than useless monasteries. At last the great General Yi T'a-jo, whom

a dotard King had sent upon the insane mission of invading China, turned to his soldiers and said, "Shall we return to the capital and apply ourselves to the cleansing of the unspeakable corruption of our country?" He was applauded to the echo, and, like Julius Cæsar, but with better purpose, he recrossed the Yalu, Korea's Rubicon, marched back upon the capital, and sealed the death-warrant of sacerdotalism. No sooner had the new dynasty been founded in 1492 than literature received a new impetus through the revival of Confucianism and the study of the ancient classics. The monasteries, which had become the repositories of the scholarship of the land, were filled with the unintelligible jargon of Buddhism, and literature was almost wholly confined to its ritual. But now schools were being established, books were being demanded, and students were calling impatiently for the time-honored classics. Thus it was that in the reign of King T'a-jong, a font of metal type was cast, the first the world had ever seen. The art of xylography had existed for centuries, and clay type had also been used in Japan, but Korea was the first to discern the need of the more permanent and durable form of metal type; and so well did she carry out her plan that the type then cast has come down to the present day practically unimpaired. Each type was built on the principle of the arch, being cylindrically concave on the under side. The purpose of this was to secure a firmer hold upon the bed of beeswax which constituted the "form," technically so called. A shallow tray was filled with wax, and the type, after being firmly imbedded in it, were "planed" in the ordinary manner. The printer, sitting cross-legged before it, applied liquid ink by means of a soft brush, after which a sheet of paper was lightly laid upon the form. A piece of felt was brushed softly across the porous paper with the right hand, and the left removed the printed page. In this way it was possible to strike off some 1,500 impressions in a day.

The annals of Korea show clearly that there have been two fonts cast—one about the year 1406, and the other some two centuries later. But we find that these two fonts, or the remains of them, exist to-day. Those of the later casting are now in common use in the Korean Government printing office, while all that remain of the older font were thrown aside as useless, and were found among a mass of débris in the corner of a ruined storehouse. It might be objected that the original font could never have survived the vandalism of the Japanese invasion of 1592. The objection is groundless, for, before the Japanese arrived beneath the walls of Seoul, all the palaces and Government buildings had been burned.

The printing office was located inside of the palace enclosure, and it was likewise burned with the rest. But a Korean building, which is made largely of mud and tile, could not produce a fire that would melt types of bronze like these; so the conflagration saved them to the Koreans; for, had they been left intact, the Japanese would no doubt have taken them away. With the departure of the invaders, it is easy to believe that these valuable objects were drawn uninjured from the débris of the fire and put again to their original use.

## REFLECTIONS UPON LIFE

[Readers of epigram, as well as those who are fond of inquiring into human motives and life, will find Hamilton Wright Mabie's latest book peculiarly agreeable. It is filled with thoughtful reflections and refined diction. The extracts which follow will serve as an introduction to the volume, "The Life of the Spirit," published by Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.25.]

The human spirit craves change and action, and it also craves rest and permanence. Those whose vitality is high, whose energy is alert, whose ardor is contagious, cannot find contentment in repose; they need the stir and opportunity of large movements and wide activities. It is this deep spiritual necessity which has carried men into unknown perils, into unsailed seas, into unexplored continents. It is not mere restlessness, nor is it sheer recklessness; it is the working out of an instinct which lies deep in human nature. There are long stretches of luxurious years in the history of the race, long periods of sluggish inaction; but for the most part the history of men is the story of a wonderful journey. There have been pauses in the journey; times when the inn has seemed so pleasant that the travelers have loitered along, reluctant to break the charm of restful hospitality; but there has always come a morning when the good-byes were said and the journey resumed. Sometimes these places of repose have grown beautiful with art and use and love and memory; so beautiful that this very loveliness has woven a spell of almost magical power to beguile and detain; sometimes the travelers have lingered so long that they have almost forgotten the necessity of the journey in the permanence and perfection of their surroundings. But that destiny, which is not chance but Providence, has finally asserted itself, and, with bitter regrets and sorrowful tears, the travelers have set out again on the endless quest.

There is no real courage unless there is real perception of danger. The man who does not comprehend the perils which surround him, and is therefore calm and collected, is not courageous; he is simply ignorant. And, in like manner, the unimaginative man, who has no consciousness of danger until he looks straight into its eyes, is not courageous; he is dull and sluggish. The highest courage is manifested only by the man who knows what he faces and fully realizes it.

Our wills are not ours to be crushed and broken. They are ours to be trained and strengthened. Our affections are not ours to be blighted and crucified; they are ours to be deepened and purified. The rich opportunities of life are not held out to us only to be snatched away by an invisible hand patiently waiting for the hour when the cup is sweetest. They are given to us that we may grow alike through their use or their withdrawal. They are real, they are sweet, and they are worthy of our longing for them; we gain nothing by calling them dross, or the world an illusion, or ourselves the victims of deception, or by exalting renunciation as the

highest virtue. When these opportunities are denied us, it is a real, not an imaginary, loss which we sustain.

To live cheerfully with ourselves is among the most difficult tasks which life lays upon us. When one thinks of it, there is something appalling in the necessity of spending all one's time for fifty, seventy or more years with the same person. This inevitable companionship with ourselves, this necessity of seeing always with the same eyes, thinking with the same brain, doing work with the same faculties, passing through all manner of experience with the same temperament, makes life one long, monotonous imprisonment unless every resource for enlargement and enrichment is used. It is this blighting monotony rather than "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" which drives some men and women to the mad folly of suicide—that futile effort to break away from self instead of emancipating self. For monotony is far more difficult to bear than misfortune, as the fury and perils of the storm are easier to endure than long, weary weeks of dull gray weather. The changes and the dangers of the tempest may terrify us at times, but they take us out of ourselves, they make us forget ourselves, they fasten our thoughts on the movement of the world about us. To mix with action, to feel the stir of the world, to be in the vortex of change, involves great and inevitable risks; but life itself is a constant risk.

It is natural to revolt against the necessity of work; for work often seems to stand between a man and his highest development. If it were not for the necessity of being at certain places and doing prescribed tasks at fixed times, we are tempted to believe, we should find the life of the spirit more simple, more consistent and more joyous. For work, at first glance, seems to be an interruption of the richest living; it compels us to fix our thoughts on materials and tools; it wearies the mind to such a degree that its freshness for spiritual things is largely spent; it forces us into close association with our fellows. . . . Work cannot be evaded without serious spiritual loss; for work is the most general and the most searching method of education to which men are subject. A process which is educational in a way at once so deep and rich must, in the nature of things, form part of the spiritual order of life; for education is always spiritual in its results.

There is a superficial optimism which is neither rational nor wholesome; a mere sensuous content which affirms that all things are as they ought to be because its own comfort is secure. There are men whose cheerfulness does not count, because it is purely a matter of temperament; such men would smile over a wrecked universe. Against this easy-going, good-natured mood, which accepts "rings" and "bosses" in politics as necessary evils and will not fight them to the death as the deadly enemies of society; which sits content in a social order full



of injustice because it is more comfortable to let things alone; which tolerates low standards, easy morals, cheap education and vulgar manners; it is the bounden duty of all right-minded men to protest, in season and out of season.

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The duty of measuring one's power accurately in accepting responsibilities is often illustrated by the disasters which overtake those who fail to gauge their ability to endure or to achieve; but it is nobler to fail through excess of courage than through cowardice. Those who sit well housed, well warmed and well fed often commend themselves as discreet users of opportunity and successful solvers of the problems of living, when, as a matter of fact, they are leaving the doors of opportunity unopened and evading the problems of life. . . . There is a very superficial philosophy behind the aphorism so often quoted: "Happy the people with a history." A man without a history is a power which has never been developed, a force which has never been applied, a world of possibilities which has never been explored and organized.

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There has always been a passionate protest in the heart of the race against that element in life which men call fate; the play upon unprotected natures of those events, accidents, calamities, which are beyond human control. These arbitrary happenings are often tragic in their consequences; they often seem wholly irrational; they have at times a touch of brutal irony. In many cases one is tempted to personify fate as a malignant spirit, studiously and with malicious cunning seeking ways of wounding, stinging, bruising and poisoning the most sensitive souls. There have been human careers so completely distorted and thwarted that it has seemed as if the gods were jealous of men, and anxious to rob the great rewards of their sweetness and the noblest achievements of their fruit.

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Men have never been blind to the tragic facts of life; but they never before have known them so widely, so intimately; and out of this knowledge there has come, as was inevitable, a great depression. Something like despair has overtaken many of the most sensitive men and women, and they cry out passionately, not against their own fates, but against the fate of the race. There are times when the knowledge seems too great and terrible to be borne; when, out of the depths of life, mists and darkness rise and cover the face of the sky. Men cry out, not in the insolence of skepticism, but in agony of spirit, because of the sorrows which they can neither understand nor lighten.

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Society passes through periods of depression precisely as individuals pass through such periods, and the cause is usually to be found in some kind of exhaustion. When a generation spends its vitality prodigally in emotion, work or pleasure, it draws upon the strength of the succeeding generation, and a reaction of lassitude or indifference follows. After two centuries of intense inward experience and outward activity like the sixteenth and seventeenth, it was inevitable that the eighteenth century

should find England in a prosaic mood and a somewhat cynical temper. The fathers had burned out the vitality of the children. The same result follows physical excesses. The extent of invalidism in England in the generation which succeeded the pleasure-living men and women of the period of the Restoration has often been noted. The fathers had eaten grapes which were sweet to their taste, but bitter in the mouths of their children. Those who live in such a period of depression do not suspect that anything is wrong with their observation of the world in which they find themselves; they are unconscious of their own lack of clear vision; they do not recognize the fact that the sensitive and delicate organs of observation with which men are endowed are very seriously affected by general moral conditions. There are whole generations whose experience is interesting and valuable, but whose views of life are practically worthless; they look through glasses so blurred and out of focus that everything was distorted and out of line.

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If conditions were as hopeless as the pessimists sometimes paint them, we should still have our honor; and that could not be taken from us. If it were true that the battle is lost, we should have the great consolation of dying with faces toward the foe, and with scorn of fear. The pessimism in which a great deal of modern art is steeped is the cursing of those who cannot look fate in the face. The air of the last two decades has been filled with the eyes of the panic-stricken, the defeated, the disheartened. "The old sources of hope are lost," they tell us; "the old leaders are shown to have been mistaken; the old faiths were lies; the old enthusiasms are dead; we are defeated and the cause is lost." Well, if there are those who believe all this, let them go to the rear in silence, and give their places to men who have courage even if they have lost hope.

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In all deep affection there is a passion for possession which is never satisfied, because there is something sacred and incommunicable in the personality of one we love; and there is a passion for speech which is always denied, because we cannot find language for the deepest that is in us. Our souls are greater than our vocabularies; we cannot put into words that which is too deep and inclusive for human speech. At the best we can only make signs to one another; if we could speak adequately, there would be no mystery and immortality in love.

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A Scotch Highlander, old, worn and poor, was in the habit of going every morning a little distance from his cottage and standing there, unbonneted, for a few minutes. When asked one day by a friend, who came upon him and waited until he had covered his head and turned his eyes away from the hills, if he were saying his prayers, he replied with a rare smile: "I have come here every morning for years, and taken off my bonnet to the beauty of the world." It was an untaught man's expression of that deep poetry which runs through the Celtic race like a vein of gold; and it was also a primitive act of worship.



## SOCIETY VERSE: SONGS IN LIGHTER VEIN

*Social Duty*.....*Lydia A. Coonley-Ward*.....*Woman's Home Companion*

The door-bell rings,  
The portal swings,  
My lady comes a-calling,  
In velvet dressed,  
Her veil close pressed;  
The formal talk's appalling.

The style, the day,  
The church, the play—  
Whatever line she fancies.  
Ten minutes pass;  
She says, "Alas,  
Time flies!" and off she dances.

No real word said  
From heart or head,  
No thought, to live in beauty;  
Her list she checks—  
What name's the next?  
She's doing social duty.

*The Grief of the Golden Rod*.....*H. R. V.*.....*The Criterion*

Gold on the meadow-land, gold on the hills,  
And gold on the undulate lea,  
Where the sunlight its shimmering crimson spills  
On the breast of the beautiful sea!  
And the clear, crisp air is ripe and sweet  
With the Autumn's rare perfume,  
And the sound of the sea makes music for me  
Where the golden-rod is in bloom.

Golden-rod blazing on crag and crest  
Where the surf booms, down the bay;  
In a kirtle of yellow the land is drest  
This gorgeous Autumn day.  
And the pampered flow'r uprears its head  
In a challenge to fight the Sun  
To discover whose gold shall first shine cold  
To the sight, e'er the day is done!

Evadne is walking abroad to-day,  
While the warmth is in the skies;  
There's an Eden of bliss in her smile, I say,  
And a dream in her glorious eyes;  
And the golden-rod droops down its head  
In sullenness of despair;  
For its splendor that flamed is outshone and shamed  
By the gold of Evadne's hair!

*Not at Home*.....*Life*

Love stood upon the door-step,  
And twirled about the pin,  
And whispered through the key-hole,  
"Is any one within?"

But she was busy sweeping  
And dusting high and low,  
And he his books was deep in,  
So they let him knock and go.

Better the book unwritten,  
Better unswept the floor,  
Than such sweet and seldom visitor  
Turned from the thankless door.

*Nancy*.....*The Century*

In brown holland apron, she stood in the kitchen;  
Her sleeves were rolled up and her cheeks all aglow;  
Her hair was coiled neatly, and I, indiscreetly,  
Stood watching while Nancy was kneading the dough.

Now who could be neater, or brighter, or sweeter,  
Or who hum a song so delightfully low,  
Or who look so slender, so gracefully tender,  
As Nancy, sweet Nancy, while kneading the dough?

Now deftly she pressed it and squeezed and caressed it,  
And twisted and turned it, now quick and now slow!  
Ah, me! but that madness I've paid for in sadness—  
'Twas my heart she was kneading as well as the dough.

At last, when she turned for her pan to the dresser,  
She saw me and blushed and said, shyly, "Please go,  
Or my bread'll be spoiling, in spite of my toiling,  
If you stand here and watch while I'm kneading the dough."

I begged for permission to stay. She'd not listen;  
The sweet little tyrant said, "No, sir! no no!"  
Yet when I had vanished on being thus banished,  
My heart stayed with Nancy while kneading the dough.

I'm dreaming, sweet Nancy, and see you in fancy;  
Your heart, love, has softened and pitied my woe;  
And we, dear, are rich in a dainty wee kitchen,  
Where Nancy, my Nancy, stands kneading the dough.

*A Song of the Road*.....*James Whitcomb Riley*.....*Lippincott's*

O I will walk with you, my lad, whichever way you fare,  
You'll have me, too, the side of you, with heart as light  
as air;

No care for where the road you take's a-leading—any-  
where—

It can but be a joyful jaunt the whilst you journey there.  
The road you take's the path of love, an' that's the bredth  
of two—

And I will walk with you, my lad—O I will walk with you.

Ho! I will walk with you, my lad,  
Be weather black or blue,  
Or roadsides frost or dew, my lad—  
O I will walk with you.

Aye, glad, my lad, I'll walk with you, whatever winds may  
blow,

Or summer-blossoms stay our steps, or blinding drifts of  
snow;

The way that you set face and foot's the way that I will go,  
And brave I'll be, abreast of you, the Saints and Angels  
know.

With loyal hand in loyal hand, and one heart made of two,  
Through summer's gold, or winter's cold, it's I will walk  
with you.

Sure, I will walk with you, my lad,  
As Love ordains me to,—  
To Heaven's door, and through, my lad,  
O I will walk with you.

*Question and Answer*.....*Tom Hall*.....*When Love Laughs\**

YE INQUIRIE OF YE INQUISITIVE YOUTHE.

O tell me, learned manne of skille,  
Why is itte whenne I trie  
To kisse a girle againste her wille  
She dothe so plaintive crie?

YE REPLIE OF YE LEARNED MANNE.

Itte is a womanne's tricke, Fairre Youthe,  
Nor deeme itte an affronte,  
Ye maiden plaintive cries, forsoothe,  
Because she fears you won'te.

\*E. R. Herrick & Co.

## THE WORLD OVER: PEN PICTURES OF TRAVEL

*Mecca and the Holy Carpet.....F. C. Penfield.....The Century*

In the month of Shawal occurs the impressive ceremony of dispatching the holy carpet to Mecca, when streets are filled with soldiery, officials of state in gold-embroidered uniforms, and thousands upon thousands of the followers of the prophet. Every true believer, if possible, passes the day in the streets, and women and children appear in gay attire. The ceremonial is held in the great square under the citadel. The Khedive and other dignitaries are present in state to start formally the caravan bearing the sacred carpet, under military escort, on its journey to Arabia. The Egyptian troops in the capital, with bands playing, accompany the cavalcade to the outskirts of the city. A pyramidal wooden structure, covered with embroidered stuffs emblazoned in gold with quotations from the Koran, perched on the back of a camel of splendid proportions, contains the carpet. People press violently forward to touch the swinging drapery of the camel with their hands, and kiss it with unmistakable fervor; and as the procession passes through the narrow streets, many women let down from latticed windows shawls or face-veils to touch with them the sacred object. The pilgrimage takes place annually, and the carpet is placed on or near the sanctuary in the temple at Mecca where rests the body of Mohammed. The caravan returns to Cairo with the carpet of the previous year. With the pomp attending its dispatch, and its journey to and from Mecca, the carpet costs the Egyptian Government fully \$50,000. An item of expense is the newly minted coins thrown to the multitude by the Khedive when bidding the chief of the caravan to guard jealously his priceless charge. The man who has been to Mecca is supremely happy, knowing that paradise will be his reward for a life devoted to the teachings of the Koran. Neighbors who have not made the pilgrimage look upon him as an exalted person, admitting that his religion is of a quality superior to their own. He may wear interwoven in his turban a strip of green cloth, the prophet's own color, proclaiming to all whom it may concern that its owner has prayed within the holy of holies, and is evermore to be given the title of "hadji." These dignities and privileges are as nothing, in his opinion, compared with the right to announce pictorially from his housefront the salient features of the trip to the sacred city. This he does in his own way, with his own hands, and with his own perspective. If he went from Cairo to Suez by railway—which he did on a third-class ticket, probably—he describes the fact by portraying in indigo blue an impossible locomotive, drawing a train of impossible pink cars. A steamboat of marvelous design, with paddle-wheels revolving in a mass of fish, tells in purple how the trip from Suez to Jiddah was made. A train of green camels informs the uninitiated how the pious man journeyed from the Red Sea coast across the sands to Mecca. Huge lions, with round and almost human faces, in bright orange, tell of dangers in the desert march. But all ends happily, for the pictured story invariably concludes with the caravan halted before

the Prophet's tomb, with the good man prostrating himself in prayer thereat. Hadji Youssef Achmet knows no joy greater than sitting in his doorway beneath this mural proof of holiness, receiving the salaams of passers-by. Eternal peace is his. He knows this, and every Mussulman seeing him know it as well.

*The Wedding of a Rajput Prince.....Macmillan's Magazine*

The sleepy little Himalayan town of Chamba was, for the nonce, very much awake. Its steep streets and open shop-fronts were a-buzz with one all-absorbing topic—the approaching marriage of its sixteen-year-old Maharajah. The boy being still a minor, the affairs of his small State were administered, nominally, by a British Resident, actually by those two invincible gods of the East—"dustur" (custom), and the Holy Brahmin. The Maharajah was of the bluest Rajput blood, a Hindu of the Hindus, a "Surj-bunsi," or lineal descendant from the Sun. It followed, therefore, that superstition and priestcraft were as the breath of his nostrils, and that the will of the Brahmin was law throughout the State; an iron will, against which force, persuasion, argument, dash themselves in vain. The first marriage of a Rajput Prince (he is permitted, be it remembered, to repeat the ceremony not oftener than once a year) is perhaps the most solemn and important event of his life; yet he is allowed no voice in the elaborate arrangements such an event involves, least of all in the choice of his senior Ranee that is to be. The whole affair is, in fact, purely a matter of business between State and State; a question of the best bargain and the largest dower, provided only that the lady be the Prince's equal in birth and blood. The Rajput chiefs are thus placed in a somewhat delicate position with regard to their wives; the more so since no one connected with the bridegroom is allowed to see the girl, whose charms must therefore be accepted on hearsay evidence only. The husband himself may not set eyes on his bride till the wedding rites are three parts over; and should she then prove uncomely in his eyes the loss will be hers—for her supremacy will be of short duration.

In the present instance the Maharajah had been betrothed, three years previously, to the granddaughter of the Ruler of Cashmere; and an agreement had then been entered into that she should be the first wife, and thus have permanent precedence in the palace household. This was a necessary stipulation; but it so chanced that the favored bride was of the tender age of eight years, and was therefore scarcely fitted as yet to assume the responsibilities of wifehood. This difficulty was duly put forward by the Resident, when a council was called to discuss the delicate question; but a bearded Senator, full of years and authority, waved it aside with a dignified sweep of his hand. "The sahib surely forgets," quoth he, in a tone of mild reproof, "that the Rajput does not marry once only. Let but the present marriage take place in Phagun (the last month but one of the year) and

the Maharajah can then take to wife a lady of riper age in Bisakh (the first month of the new year), the younger bride abiding with her parents till they shall see fit to send her to us. Are not my words the words of wisdom, oh, my brothers?"

The answer to this appeal was one of unanimous assent, and the resolution was carried without further debate. For four full days before his departure for the castle of his first bride's father the Maharajah was so grievously girded about with restrictions and ceremonies, and much praying that he dared scarcely call his soul his own. He was forbidden to approach either the river, the bridge, or the steep hillsides of the little town. He was but rarely permitted to look out of the window, lest some evil should befall him. On one occasion he was constrained to sit for four hours with the soles of his feet upraised, while they and the palms of his hands were stained with henna. On the last day of all he was arrayed in an ancient and very unclean suit of clothes, and was sent thus into the woman's apartments, whence he shortly emerged bare-headed and clad in spotless raiment, only to fall anew into the tyrannous hands of custom. He was now placed upon a low chair, while his friends and relations, each in turn, anointed his head with feathers dipped in sweet oil. On that same evening the great courtyard of the temple without the palace was thronged with the Maharajah's loyal subjects. The square enclosure was blocked with a bewildering mass of light, color and sound—restless yellow torches, flashes of brilliant raiment, of gold and tinsel and jewels—and through all, and over all, the long wailing shriek of conches, and the ceaseless throbbing of tom-toms. The guests, who numbered a thousand, were regaled with unlimited boiled rice, stewed goat's flesh and spices; and they dispersed at a late hour, full-fed and frolicsome, blessing their Raj.

At ten o'clock the next morning the procession set out in state from the little town, a winding, many-tinted file of men and horses, with the bridegroom's scarlet-domed litter blazing like a ripe pomegranate in their midst. Under the scarlet dome the Prince sat, cross-legged, clad in a long high-waisted robe of crimson and gold, surmounted by a jeweled turban. From turban to waist fell his wondrous veil, wrought in alternating lines of tinsel and fine seed-pearls. Twenty led horses, richly caparisoned, went before him; and these again were preceded by a hundred of the State troops, in gorgeous uniforms. The State band and the royal pipers (in full Gaelic garb, with pink-stockinged knees, and plaid hose scantily filled out by the Hindu highlander's slim calf) marshaled the surging crowd onward with a mighty blare of cheerfully discordant sound.

On the hither side of the bridge below the little town the procession came to an abrupt halt, for here a goat must needs be sacrificed, to ensure the King's safe transit across the water. But before the doomed animal is beheaded, it must be induced by some manner of means to tremble or shake itself, else will the sacrifice be of no avail. In order to produce the desired result it is usual for the officiating priest to pour a little water into its right ear; but upon this occasion the goat received the

gentle hint with such stoical calm that the holy man, in desperation at the untoward delay, emptied an entire vessel of water over the obdurate victim's head. The result was as vigorous a shaking as heart of Rajput could desire, and a cry went up as from one mighty throat: "The sacrifice is accepted—is accepted! Strike!" A single sabre-sweep laid the goat's head in the dust; and the Brahmin, triumphant at last, flung it far into the river, while the body, leaving a crimson trail in its wake, was dragged across the suspension bridge immediately in front of the Rajah's litter.

\* \* \* \* \*

Within the courtyard of the castle the bride's parents, relatives and their retainers were gathered together to await the coming of the King. These presented a strange contrast to the mass of moving color without, being clad altogether in white, the mourning color of the Rajputs, for a daughter of the blood, once married, is as irrevocably cut off from her home and people as though she were dead indeed. Custom decrees that neither father, mother, nor any near relative shall ever set foot in the bride's new home, and it is given only to five or six favored girl companions to go forth with her into the unknown country and the unknown life. Hitherto she had been the chattel of her father, henceforth she will be the chattel of her husband, and, unless she bear her lord a son, a chattel despised and dishonored unto the day of her death. Such is the meaning of marriage for her—a lottery in very deed!

But the bridegroom is now at the castle gate. He enters with the Resident and a small following, the bulk of the eager, curious crowd being left without. Formal greetings having been passed between the Englishman and his majestic host, the young Prince is conveyed, with all due ceremony, into the women's apartments, not to be presented to his bride, but to endure further tyranny at the hands of custom. The Resident and his attendants were left to await his return in a stately hall, whose sole articles of furniture were mirrors, rugs and chandeliers, and whose walls bristled fiercely with antlers of the ibex and the "bara singh," the magnificent twelve-horned stag at Kashmir.

The ceremonies within the castle lasted two hours and a half; and on the same evening the invading army of guests were bidden to a feast, that was laid out upon the grass along the wide main street of the royal camp. The total absence of china, glass or plate greatly simplified the serving of so stupendous a meal. Boiled rice and stewed meat were ladled out from huge cauldrons on to plates extemporized from the round, flat leaves of the elephant creepers; and were disposed of simply and speedily after Nature's method. The second course was of rice also, saffron-tinted, and served with spices and lumps of thick molasses. When all had eaten and were filled, a fine display of fireworks, to the accompaniment of much dancing, singing and shouting, brought the entertainment to a fitting close a few hours before sunrise, so indefatigably hilarious is the Oriental when once his accustomed gravity deserts him.

On the following day the wedding ceremonies were at length brought to a close; and not until



then did the bridegroom behold his bride. The manner of their meeting was curious and characteristic. In two flat baskets placed near together were he and his little wife solemnly set down, and over each was flung a great white sheet. At a sign from the priests the sheets were uplifted, and the King looked upon his Queen. She, herself, not being permitted to look into his face direct, beheld its reflection in a small, round mirror, given her for the purpose. Whatsoever each may have thought or felt in that sudden moment of revelation remained hid, for the present, in either heart. Finally this strange union was completed by a solemn promenade four times round a brazier of live coals, and by the cutting of a knot which, upon the first day, had been tied upon the right wrists both of the bridegroom and his bride.

The banquet of the previous evening was repeated that night; and on the next morning the newly-wedded husband set out on the homeward march, leaving his future Queen behind him.

*A Chinese Bedroom.....J. K. Goodrich.....Forum*

According to our notions the sleeping apartments of even the well-to-do Chinese are not comfortable or convenient. The rooms themselves, even in the houses of the wealthy, are usually dark and poorly ventilated, and often are nothing more than inside cupboards. The bedstead, which is made of wood, is high, has a full canopy, and, in many instances, is very heavy and most ornately carved. It frequently stands in an alcove, as if to nullify completely the benefit of the little fresh air which might possibly slip in through the door. I have seen some magnificent specimens of cabinet work in bedsteads which had been handed down from father to son, for several generations, and which, because of their massiveness, promised to last for many more. They use no springs, nor is there any mattress to soften the hard boards. A single mat is spread in place of a mattress! and for covering they sometimes supplement their ordinary clothing with a wadded quilt. In winter extra clothing is put on; and in the extreme north, where the weather is bitterly cold, there is found in the residences of the well-to-do and in inns a divan of masonry, varying in size, beneath which are fireplaces. On this the household sleeps, and the fire is utilized for cooking purposes. For pillows, hollow square frames of rattan or bamboo are used, frequently just a block of wood, of the right height to fit into the nape of the neck and give support to the head when lying on the side. These are by no means as uncomfortable as the description sounds; indeed, in warm weather, after one becomes accustomed to them, they are preferable to a soft, hot feather pillow or bolster. Sometimes, but not often, the bedchamber is used during the day as a sitting-room, when the mat and covers are rolled up and pushed to the back of the bedstead to furnish a seat on the boards along its edge. A high-seat, straight-back, uncomfortable chair or two, a wooden settle, a bedside table, perhaps a wardrobe, and possibly a washstand with its equipments, complete, with some exceptions, the list of furniture. On the walls may be hung a few scroll pictures or "golden texts" from The Classics; and

there may be a piece of bronze or some ornamental pottery. Tucked away somewhere in the room one will probably find an opium-smoking outfit, even if the occupant be not a confirmed smoker.

The morning toilet does not consume much time. The Chinese are not fond of bathing. Like our own ancestors, they think we go to a great deal of unnecessary trouble to help Nature keep us clean; and really they seem to live as long and as happily as we do. To wash the face and neck with a cloth which has been wrung out in hot water is considered quite enough in the way of ablutions. Occasionally this process is extended to the whole body. It must be said, however, that, as a rule, the Chinese take good care of their teeth. The adjusting of clothing is quickly accomplished; and within a few minutes after leaving his bed the man is ready for the duty or the pleasure of the day. His first act is one of worship. In every home a shrine, a tablet, an oratory, or a domestic temple, according to the wealth and position of the family, contains the simple legend of two ancestral names written on a slip of paper or carved on a board. The posthumous name, not necessarily a new one, is that given to a man by his family. The "Hall of Ancestors" is found in the house of almost every member of the family, but always in that of the eldest son. In rich families it is a separate building, often a very beautiful little temple; in others, it is only a room set apart for the purpose; and in many it is but a mere shelf or shrine.

I have said that the man is now ready for the duties or pleasures of the day. So far as he can do for himself this is true; but there is one more thing to do for him. The ancient Chinese—that is, the inhabitants of China proper, without including any part of Mongolia, Manchuria, Tibet, or the tributary States bordering on the original eighteen provinces—allowed the hair to grow all over the head. They did not cut it, but wore it bound upon the top of the head, secured by one or more long bodkins, as may be seen in some very old pictures. But in 1627 the Manchus, then in possession of only the Shingking province, at the extremity of which is Port Arthur, issued an order that all Chinese under them should adopt their style of coiffure as a sign of allegiance, or pay the penalty of death; and the fashion thus begun by compulsion is now followed from choice. It is alleged, with much appearance of reason, that the death penalty was rarely enforced. The Chinese, however, soon discovered that he who did have his head shaved in the Manchu fashion had many advantages, and that, in the event of litigation, the shaved pate invariably secured for its owner a verdict from the Manchu judge against the wearer of a full head of hair; hence they all adopted that style. As no man can safely undertake to shave the top of his own head, a barber is daily called into service. In the case of a prosperous man he comes to the house, while the poor man goes out into the street and sits on the box of a peripatetic barber to have his face and head shaved, his ears cleaned, his eyes swabbed out (the chief cause of the prevalence of ophthalmia), and his queue braided.

Whiskers are seldom worn, save by some of the mandarins of high rank, even by the very few who

can raise them; and mustaches are not considered proper for a man under forty. In most parts of the Empire the mustache is worn only by men who have attained to the dignity of being grandfathers; and the term for such is "old hair man." The fact that so many young foreigners wear mustaches deceives the Chinese into thinking that they are much older than is really the case.

*A Vision of Tangiers.....Fortnightly Review*

Were it not for the black, business-like jetty pushed out into the bay for the convenience of the foreign steamers, and the flags of the European legations flouting the dull-red Moorish banner on the fortress—Tangier, in this year of grace, 1899, might be the Tangier of at least 600 years ago; and, barring a few modern Christians on donkeys, with Paris bonnets, tweed suits and cutaway coats, we might even fancy ourselves walking the streets "way back" in the time of the Crusades, while the people who pass us seem to join hands through the middle ages with the immemorial untouched East of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. Indeed, here the nomad successors of such patriarchs may still be seen with their camels coming in from the desert, pitching their tents on the confines of a town without roads, or wheel-carriages, or any other signs of modernity save certain mysterious wires overhead, which have the impertinence to establish electric communication between the town of Tangiers and its environs.

Out on the cool Marchand toward sunset (a delicious upland of downs close above Tangiers, commanding a superb view of Spain with the bay of Trafalgar in the distance) groups of Spanish and Jewish children turn out to play. The Moor and the Roumi (Christian or foreigner) take their evening gallop; the peasants, white-shrouded women, and men in brown-hooded jelabas, flock back from the town in their distant Cabyle villages. As the shades of evening fall the Soko is thronged, but no longer with buyers and vendors. The whole place is now given up to light-hearted merriment. Here four champions, with long sticks in place of rapiers, engage in mimic contest before a squatting crowd of applauding connoisseurs. The storyteller or comedian, two-stringed lute in hand, strides up and down in front of another group, gesticulating wildly. In a corner of the Soko, the snake-charmer and fire-eater comes in for his full share of attention. Town affairs, the last execution or murder, are eagerly discussed; and here and there debates run so high, that a spectator might suppose that bodily violence, even to knifing, is about to follow; seldom anything of the kind happens. But, hark! above the din, high up in the clear obscure of the sudden twilight, rings out the long cry of the muezzin from his tall watch-tower; sharp, loud and melancholy, like a wail of divine compassion falling from the skies. The moon is up; a solitary star shines over the Atlas Mountain range; the crowd melts away; the creaking gates of the city swing to on their rusty hinges; the vigilant sentinels lie down inside and are soon snoring soundly. The pariah dogs slink off to their garbage heaps like guilty shadows, and Tangiers goes to sleep.

*An Island of Sulphur.....J. R. Falconer.....Windsor Magazine*

About thirty miles from the shore in the Bay of Plenty, North Island, New Zealand, an immense rock, or rather series of rocks, three miles in circumference, rises precipitously from the sea to a height of 860 feet. It is a desolate island, only inhabited by the wild sea fowl, and almost forgotten save by the few men who occasionally visit the island to mine the sulphur. White Island is the name given to this spot, and certainly it would be difficult to hit upon a more applicable title, inasmuch as it is constantly enveloped in thick, impenetrable clouds of white vapor, which rise to over 10,000 feet in height, thus making White Island a conspicuous object for many miles round. The island is practically one mass of sulphur, while the clouds of vapor constantly issuing from the craters are highly charged with sulphuric and hydrochloric acid fumes, so powerful at times that the sulphurous odor can be discerned sixty miles away.

So impressive is its appearance from the sea, and so abruptly do the rocks rise from the water's edge, that at first sight it seems impossible to effect a landing. But as the steamer sweeps round the southern side of the island into Crater Bay a beach comes into view, small, it is true, but sufficient to admit of disembarkation provided the sea be calm. This is the only level stretch of land on the island, the rest being nothing but towering, irregular rocks.

In the centre of the island, nestling among the rocks, is an immense lake about fifty acres in extent, about twelve feet in depth and fifteen feet above the level of the sea. But the most remarkable characteristic of this lake is that the water contains vast quantities of hydrochloric and sulphuric acids, hissing and bubbling at a temperature of 110 degrees F. The dark, green-colored water looks particularly uninviting. Dense clouds of sulphurous fumes constantly roll off this boiling cauldron, and care has to be exercised in approaching the lake to avoid the risk of suffocation. On the opposite side of the lake may be seen the tremendous blowholes, which, when in full blast, present an awe-inspiring sight. The roar of the steam as it rushes forth into the air is deafening, and huge boulders and stones are often hurled out to a height of several hundred feet by the various internal forces of Nature. On a bright day, with the sun shining, the scene is as pretty as it is novel. The clouds of steam then become glittering white, and the dark surrounding rocks show all the brilliant colors of the rainbow, with the blending of the bright yellow of the sulphur, the white of the gypsum and the red of the hematite.

A boat brought from the ship can be launched on the lake, and, if proper care be observed, the very edges of the blowholes may be safely explored. But the trip is by no means an enjoyable one. Only those who have inhaled the fumes of sulphuric or hydrochloric acid can form any idea of the overpowering and noxious gases given off from such an expanse. In addition there is a feeling of uneasiness lest by any mischance the boat upsets, as instantaneous death would be the inevitable result, and the bodies would be absolutely destroyed in a few hours by the corroding action of the acids.



## RANDOM READING: MINIATURE ESSAYS ON LIFE

*The Restless Energy of the American People....Ian MacLaren....N. A. Review*

If a slow-witted and slow-moving Englishman desires a liberal education, let him take a journey on the steam cars in the United States. While an Englishman on a railway journey is generally dressed in rough and loosely fitting tweeds, suggestive of a country life and of sport, the coat of his American cousin is of dark material and has not a superfluous inch of cloth. From his collar to his neat little boot the American is prim, spick-and-span, and looks as if he had come out of a band-box and were ready to appear in the principal room of any office. He is dressed in fact for business, and looks like business from the crown of his head to the sole of his feet.

The immense repose of the English traveler is quite impossible for this mercurial man, whose blood and whose brain are ever on a stir. Very rarely will you see him reading a book, because he is not accustomed to read, and the demands of a book would lessen his time for business meditation. Boys with newspapers circulate through the cars, and he buys each new paper as it appears at the different towns. Whether it be Republican, or Democratic, or a family paper or a yellow journal, does not matter to him; he glances at the startling headings, takes an accident or a political scandal at a mouthful, skims over the business news, sees whether anything has happened at the Philippines, notes that the canard of the morning has been contradicted in the afternoon, and flings paper after paper on the floor. Three minutes or, in cases of extreme interest, five minutes suffice for each paper, and by and by this omnivorous reader, who consumes a paper even more quickly than his food, is knee deep in printed information or sensation. For two minutes he is almost quiet, and seems to be digesting some piece of commercial information. He then rises hurriedly, as if he had been called on the telephone, and makes for the smoking car, where he will discuss "expansion" with vivid, picturesque speech, and get through a cigar with incredible celerity. Within fifteen minutes he is in the sleeper again; and, a little afterwards, wearying of idleness, he is chewing the end of a cigar, which is a substitute for smoking and saves him from being wearied with his own company. Half an hour before the train is due at his station, he is being brushed, and getting ready to alight. Before the train has reached the outskirts of the town, he has secured his place in a procession which stands in single file in the narrow exit passage from the sleeper. Each man is ready dressed for business and has his valise in his hand; he is counting the minutes before he can alight, and is envying the man at the head of the procession, who will have a start of about two seconds.

If he is obliged to spend two hours doing nothing in a hotel, when business is over, then he rocks himself and smokes, and it is a wonderful spectacle for an indolent Englishman to look down from the gallery that commands the hall of the hotel, and to see fifty able-bodied fellow-men who have worked already twelve hours at least, and put eighteen

hours' work into the time, all in motion. (One wonders why this motion is not utilized to drive something.) He discovers how unlike cousins may be, for he never moves unless he is obliged to or unless he wants to shoot something, and these remarkable men never rest unless when they are asleep. About that even, I am not sure, and I was often tempted to draw aside the curtain from a berth in a sleeping car, and, had I done so, I should not have been at all surprised to find our friend wide awake with a cold cigar in his cheek, and rocking his knees for want of more extensive accommodation. He has always rebelled against the ancient custom of sleep, which he regards as a loss of time and an anachronism. All that he can do is to spend the night in a sleeping car, which, as he will tell you, annihilates time and space.

No one, unless he leaves the country or becomes a crank, can escape from this despotism of activity; he is part of the regiment and must march with his fellows. No man goes slow if he has the chance of going fast, no man stops to talk if he can talk walking, no man walks if he can ride in a trolley car, no one goes in a trolley car if he can get a convenient steam car, and by and by no one will go in a steam car if he can be shot through a pneumatic tube. No one writes with his own hand if he can dictate to a stenographer, no one dictates if he can telegraph, no one telegraphs if he can telephone, and by and by when the spirit of American invention has brought wireless telegraphy into thorough condition, a man will simply sit with his mouth at one hole and his ear at another, and do business with the ends of the earth in a few seconds, which the same machine will copy and preserve in letter books and ledgers. It is the American's regret that at present he can do nothing with his feet while he is listening at the telephone, but, doubtless, some employment will be found for them in the coming age.

*Blind Pessimism.....Independent*

Much is being written and said to show that Christianity has been recently losing ground and giving place to one or another form of materialistic infidelity. Mere statements are not hard to make, and they may be offered in all sincerity when there is really nothing to support them. We have not been able to see just how the opponents of Christianity find statistics upon which to build their theory of the decadence of faith. One distinguished writer has asserted that a strong indication of our falling away from a Christian standard of action is our indifference to the needs and feelings of our inferiors and our disregard for the rights of the weak. But do indifference and disregard of this sort really exist now to anything like the extent observable in earlier periods of Christian history?

Looking back no further than to the Crusades undertaken in the name of Christ, we find that our present conditions of faith and practice show advance instead of retrogression. The Inquisition cannot flourish now. St. Bartholomew's day was much worse even than the Dreyfus affair. Luther and Calvin could scarcely tumble the world into



such wars and massacres nowadays as followed their reformatory innovations a few years ago. If we read Montaigne's essays and then turn to those of Gladstone and Dean Stanley, or to Emerson's and Lowell's, we can but feel that the atmosphere of the Christian world is clearer now than in the sixteenth century, and that both the believer and the unbeliever are safer in their rights and privileges than ever they were before. As to regard for the rights of the inferior and the weak, compare the conditions of the time when Spain was at her glory's height with those of to-day when America is mounting the upper slopes of the world. When Spain took Cuba four hundred years ago, did she at once begin to feed, clothe and educate the natives? Did she take measures to promote health, industry and morality? What unchristian thing are we doing now in Cuba or Porto Rico? Are we not in general and in most particulars setting an example at which the world may well wonder on account of its hitherto unheard-of regard for the rights of the weak? Turn to our operations in the Philippines, upon which the enemies of the administration base so much of their argument against what they call an inhuman and unchristian war, and we shall find our methods far more humane than were those adopted even by England in our Revolutionary struggle. There is no buying or selling of human scalps over yonder at Manila. We care for a wounded Filipino as tenderly as if he were a friend. We purpose to conquer the rebels. They must and shall lay down their arms and acknowledge our rightful authority. When that is done we will give them a free government under the most enlightened and Christian terms. We will stop piracy, we will set up schools, we will propagate the laws of health, industry, honesty; we will make those islands what we have made this continent, the home of honesty, thrift, virtue and happiness. Christian faith is not shrinking and waning, it is broadening and strengthening. Christians see the hand of God in the tremendous movements which are widening the area of true civilization.

*The Alleged Decline of Marriage.....London Speaker*

Are women ceasing to marry? It is affirmed by Miss Ella Hepworth Dixon in *The Humanitarian* that they are, and she gives a stern reason for this belief: Man has been found out. In the middle Victorian period woman adored him. She was expected to take him on trust, to worship his imperfections, to regard marriage with him as the only ideal. She knows better now. Her attitude towards him is purely critical. In the intervening years woman has developed her sense of humor, and what little humor man ever had has stood still. She continues to give him tea and find a kind of sport in his society, for, after all, he makes an agreeable butt. Women do not practice this newly developed sense of humor upon one another. That would be an outrage akin to cannibalism. Besides, they cannot feel how humorous they really are unless man is in the offing. There he comes; he casts anchor; he expects, as of old, that women will flutter round him and admire him, as the jolly-boats flutter round and admire the big craft in the harbor. But there is no more flutter. Woman no

longer lifts adoring eyes, waiting for her lord to indicate his pleasure that she shall be his wedded wife. Her eyes dance with satirical mirth, and if man were not deluded by his colossal conceit, he would know that his entire relation towards this charming creature has changed, and that she is a wholly independent person, conscious that she is his superior in wit and in all that pertains to a philosophical happiness.

Yes, these be evil times for the "average suitors" of woman. She perceives "in these young gentlemen certain of the least endearing qualities of the Anglo-Saxon race; those qualities, it may be whispered, which, though eminently suitable for the making of empire, are not always entirely appreciated on the domestic hearth." It is the "average suitors" who, being still in the middle Victorian atmosphere, do not, like the average prisoner in the dock, feel their position keenly. Here and there a man, as Miss Dixon handsomely admits, is sufficiently modernized to reject Katherine's summary of the whole duty of wives:

And place your hands below your husband's foot.

Such an enlightened man goes about deploring the obstinacy with which the "average suitors" expect every woman to submit to Shakespeare's peremptory definition of wifely obedience. But here an impulse of scepticism seizes us, and we cannot help asking Miss Dixon in all humility whether she really thinks that the qualities of the race which make empire demand such abject subjection in woman as that of Katherine. Does the man who adds a peninsula to the dominions of the Queen play the arrogant satrap on his domestic hearth? Has a conquerer never been known to place his hands submissively beneath his wife's foot? Moreover, we venture to suggest to Miss Dixon that she has misunderstood Shakespeare's purpose. Katherine was a shrew, Kate the curst; and when her shrewishness was subdued, she swung, as such a nature would swing, to the opposite extreme. Shakespeare may have thought that this was the only cure for shrews, just as total abstinence is commonly the only cure for the habitual tippler, moderate drinking being impossible to his immoderate temperament. Beatrice, on the other hand, cannot be charged with any disposition to grovel in the dust before Benedick. She loves him, as she is careful to point out, no more than reason, and he, as a kindred spirit, is perfectly happy in the compact. This is the union of two humorists—that rare contingency in which there can be no question of supremacy or servitude. Now Katherine is not only a shrew; she is a humorless shrew, or she would have seen quite early in the game that Petruchio was not a despot, but, as the children say, only pretending. Perhaps it is this absence of humor which most offends Miss Dixon, though, had Katherine been a humorist, it is plain that she could not have been a shrew.

We have Miss Dixon's assurance that confirmed spinsterhood is the attitude of the modern woman. What says the Registrar-General? Has he noticed any decline in the marriage rate? Judging from statistics, the "average suitors," with their empire-making qualities, are still persuading maidens to

marry them. The clergy do not complain of any falling off in fees, and we are inclined to regard the silence of distressed incumbents on this point as very significant. Miss Dixon is not above statistics. She notes with candor that "widows, like widowers, usually show an extraordinary eagerness to resume the fetters of the wedded state." It is statistically proved that, whereas "a man of forty remains a widower for two years only," a widow under thirty-five "marries again within twenty months." How is she able to satisfy her sense of humor so soon? Oddly enough, on this crucial point Miss Dixon offers no comment. "Indiscriminate marrying," she says, "has, to a certain extent, gone out. In short, 'le premier venu' is no longer the successful wooer that he once was." And yet widows seem to marry as indiscriminately as ever, and without the excuse of ignorance. Widows, as universal experience attests, are of a merry disposition. They, at any rate, cannot be accused of lacking humor. Their strategy is the theme of some of the most impressive warnings in literature. The captive of a widow's bow and spear is commonly supposed by his friends to be a helpless slave. Here, then, we have a branch of the subject in which Miss Dixon's chief propositions do not coincide with the facts. Widows have humor and the critical habit of mind, and yet they marry, on the average, "within twenty months." (Hamlet's mother managed it in two; but she, it must be admitted, had neither mirth nor judgment.) And the men who marry widows are set down by the bystanders as dumb, driven cattle with not a spark of empire-making masterfulness left!

*The Open Road*.....*London Spectator*

In its widest sense, "the open road" is the sign and symbol of all outdoor life, of all holiday-making in which the sense of the athlete is awakened—in a word, of all that is active and adventurous, from sailing and rowing to cliff-climbing and moorland tramping. But fascinating as these are, there is a something even more fascinating in the thought of the open road when we narrow the meaning and confine it to the paths trod by the feet of men and horses and cut by their wheels, restrict it, that is, to those nerves and sinews of the soil which bind village to village, city to city, and land to land. Think of all the many and diverse tracks which, once landed at Calais, if only you keep going eastward, will take you to Moscow or Tobolsk, westward to Lisbon or Madrid, and southward to Rome. What is more intellectually exhilarating to the mind, and even to the senses, than to stand looking down the vista of some great road in France or Italy, or up a long and well-worn horse-track in Asia or Africa, a path which has not yet been trod by the foot or the wheel of the gazing wayfarer, or by the hoof of his horse, and to wonder through what strange places, by what towns and castles, by what rivers and streams, by what mountains and valleys it will take him ere he reaches his destination. Think, too, by what noble ghosts the roads are thronged. That splendid white road up the valley of the Rhone is new, no doubt; but even it is deep in associations. Where it begins to climb, it is the first road ever made over the Alps. An Emperor could hardly

sleep till it was finished, for he knew that till the guns could traverse it in winter and summer his kingdom of Italy was not safe. Thus again and again came the feverish question in the far-off Tuileries, "Le canon quand pourra-t-il passer le Simplon?" Since then the road has been flooded with other memories than those of horse, foot and artillery. When after the peace all the sentimentalists and romanticists of Europe were let loose upon Italy, it was by the Simplon that they passed the Alps. Byron used it. It threw its influence upon Turner's canvas, as one may see in "The Gate of the Hills." To pass from a new road to one of the oldest, think of the almost intolerable weight of association that lies upon the track that runs across the upper part of the plain of Esdraelon. As one begins to descend from the higher ground between it and Samaria, one notes the long dusty track across the open fields, and remembers that could a necromancer repeople that road with the forms of those who once used it, almost the whole pageant of ancient history would arise before our eyes. Besides, it is the road from Nazareth to Jerusalem. Even if the dim peoples that fought and clamored there in the night of time remain unnoticed, think of how there Egypt and Assyria strove, and how the hosts of Judah and Israel passed up, down and across the stony track. The Greeks of Alexander, the mercenaries of Antioch, the Roman legionaries, and Pompey and Titus themselves crossed and recrossed it. Herod, most restless and unhappy of tyrants, the bland Hadrian and the anxious and austere Marcus Aurelius must all have passed that way. Then came the Arab, and then the Crusaders. Last of all, and lest the modern world should be unrepresented, Napoleon and the soldiers of the Army of Egypt struck the track when at the battle of Mount Tabor they drove the Turks into the morasses of the Kishon, and when once again that "ancient river" became the destroyer of men. But, indeed, throughout the whole of Palestine there is something memorable and awe-inspiring about the roads, or rather the stony tracks that once were roads so good that Jehu could drive his horses at full speed, and the Eunuch of Candace, Queen of the Ethiopians, could sit in his chariot and read, though he could not understand, the prophecies of Isaiah. The special and peculiar polity of the Hebrews made them a road-using people. An imperative duty rested on the men who dwelt on the coasts of Judea, in the Jewish cities beyond Jordan, on the shores of the Lake of Galilee, and by the Waters of Merom, to go up to Jerusalem at the Feast and to worship in the Temple. Hence there was no possibility in ancient Judea of finding people, such as may be found to-day in every English county from Surrey to Westmoreland, who had never been outside their own villages. But, above all, the immemorial tracks of the Holy Land are fraught with a pathos and with a significance so momentous because they were used by One who not only passed the greater part of His life as a wayfarer, but who made an open road for all mankind. There are doubts about the site of almost every occurrence in the Bible narrative, but it is impossible to doubt the authenticity of the roads and paths.

## NEWSPAPER VERSE: SELECTIONS GRAVE AND GAY

*Professor Sharpe, Ventriloquist.....Punxsutawney Spirits*

I've seen a thousand plays and shows  
Since I have grown to manhood's station,  
From dancing girls in dazzling hose  
To Booth in Shakespeare's best creation.  
But never have I seen or heard—  
And upon this statement I insist—  
A Thespian hero I preferr'd  
To Sharpe, the Great Ventriloquist.

Long years ago, in sixty-nine,  
"When I was but a tender stripling"—  
(This phrase, I think, is pretty fine;  
I borrowed it from Rudyard Kipling),  
There came to Reynoldsville one day—  
When folks were dull and somewhat moody,  
A man who advertised to play  
The thrilling drama, "Punch and Judy."

The town was gay with many a bill,  
With flaming posters and with dodgers,  
And some were sent to Prospect Hill  
With Tommy Greene and Billy Rodgers.  
The people all, both far and near,  
Were burning with anticipation!  
Professor Sharpe would soon be there  
With his Great Puppet Aggregation!

The happy night at length arrived—  
The school-house, full to overflowing;  
When Signor Sharpe at once contrived  
To set his marionettes a-going.  
He made them talk and dance and sing  
And caper so extremely funny,  
It made the house with laughter ring,  
And all were glad they gave their money.

The wooden players, large as life,  
Came forth and talk'd like human creatures,  
And Mister Punch and good old wife  
Were certainly the leading features.  
But presently a man came out  
Who made the people roar with laughter,  
He was as big and fat and stout  
As Grover C. or Gen'ral Shafter.

"My name is Peter Honse," said he,  
In deep, bass tones, and shook his fist,  
Thus showing most conclusively  
The skill of the ventriloquist.  
"A lobster in the lobster pot,"  
'Twas thus his favorite song began,  
And then he told how much he thought  
Of his old darling, Mary Ann.

He also sang another song  
In allegretto, quite sonorous,  
And captivated all the throng  
With this superb and catchy chorus:  
"When I go out to promenade  
I look so fine and gay,  
I have to take the dogs along  
To keep the girls away."

The audience was aw'd and thrill'd—  
Old men and women were delight'd,  
And when poor Mrs. Punch was kill'd  
The little folks were much excited.  
Ab Reynolds clapp'd his hands and roar'd—  
Len Smith and Sid, Sam Jones and Ben,  
They all vociferously encored  
'Till Punch broke Judy's head again!

'Though I was then a little boy,  
In red-topp'd boots and home-made breeches,  
I've never felt such perfect joy  
Since "Peter Honse" quit making speeches.  
And never have I seen or heard—  
And upon this statement I insist,  
A Thespian hero I preferr'd  
To Sharpe, the Great Ventriloquist.

*A Way They Have.....Chicago Times-Herald*

"The sun was setting in the West,  
Just at the close of day"—  
So runs the song, no doubt it's true,  
Because nobody ever knew  
The orb to let  
Itself get set  
In any other way.

"The stars were shining overhead  
And night her sable wings had spread,"  
According to the song.  
Why should we doubt the singer, say?  
For isn't that, in fact, the way  
They do it right along?

"The gentle breezes softly blew,  
The autumn day was fair";  
Ah, well, indeed, the singer knew,  
For, on such days what else is there  
The gentle breeze can do?

*The Brown Bat.....Laura Garland Carr.....Boston Transcript*

When day is done and shadows grow,  
When swallows gather to their rest,  
When evening lights begin to glow  
And labor sounds no more molest,  
Then, in the dim, uncertain light  
We watch the brown bat's wayward flight.

Chatter of children at their play  
With shout and laugh is blended well;  
Musical strains from far away—  
Sweetly uncertain—sink and swell;  
And ever, on satanic wings,  
Athwart the gloom the brown bat swings.

The ring of footsteps now and then  
Will lightly come and lightly go;  
And there's a swirl of gravel when  
The speeding wheels glide to and fro;  
But not a rustle, not a sound  
Betrays the brown bat's deadly round.

Of something dim there is a hint—  
Now here, now there, with turn and curve,  
Of fitting wings there is a glint  
That upward point and downward swerve;  
And for an instant we descry  
A ghostly shape against the sky.

Illusive as the happy thought  
That once we had and would regain,  
Delusive as the doctrines wrought  
By subtle workings of the brain—  
O brown bat of the summer night,  
You pique and lure, but shun the sight!

We know you seek the common game  
That many flying creatures share;  
Swallows and night birds do the same,  
Yet we may watch their course in air.  
Why must you move in mystery?  
O let us once those bat wings see!



*Miss Nancy and the Mouse.....S. M. Parker.....N. O. Picayune*

A cunning mouse peeped from a crack  
And spied some cheese upon a table;  
"Ah, ha!" said he, "I need a snack,  
So I'll get that if I am able."

Miss Nancy there beside the stand  
Was busy with her knitting,  
And little dreamed a robber planned  
So near where she was sitting.

He crept as slyly as a cat,  
And climbed her "Mother Hubbard";  
It was the same old acrobat  
That did gymnastics in the cupboard.

Plotting now to leap and seize,  
And growing somewhat bolder,  
To aim exactly at the cheese,  
He braced himself upon her shoulder.

Glancing a moment from her lace,  
Miss Nancy saw the creature;  
And horror leaped into her face  
And twisted every feature.

She nimbly jumped upon her chair,  
And held her skirts close to her;  
And loudly screamed in wild despair,  
While shocks of fear ran through her.

The mouse, amazed, made for his hole,  
Much wondering at the clatter,  
And soon a cautious look he stole,  
To see what was the matter.

The neighbors, kind, on rescue bent,  
Rushed in with brooms and pokers,  
To work the direst detriment  
To burglars, ghosts or jokers.

Finding no trace of man or spook,  
They said Miss Nancy must be daft;  
The mouse, safe hidden in his nook,  
Just held his sides and laughed.

*The Horseless Carriage.....Chicago Times-Herald*

It doesn't shy at papers  
As they blow along the street;  
It cuts no silly capers  
On the dashboard with its feet;

It doesn't paw the sod up all around the hitching post,  
It doesn't scare at shadows as a man would at a ghost;  
It doesn't gnaw the manger,  
It doesn't waste the hay,  
Nor put you into danger  
When the brass bands play.

It makes no wild endeavor  
To switch away the flies;  
It sheds no hair that ever  
Gets in your mouth and eyes;

It speeds along the highway and never looks around  
For things that it may scare at and spill you on the ground!  
It doesn't mind the circus,  
It's not at all afraid;  
And it doesn't overwork us  
When the elephants parade.

It doesn't rear and quiver  
When the train goes rushing by;  
It doesn't stand and shiver  
When the little snowflakes fly;

It doesn't mind the thunder nor the lightning's blinding  
flash;

It doesn't keep you chirping and connecting with the lash;  
It never minds the banners  
They display on holidays,  
It's a thing of proper manners,  
Which it shows in many ways.

When you chance to pass its stable  
You do not have to care;  
Or cluck for all you're able  
To keep from stopping there!

It will work all through the daytime and still be fresh at  
night;

There is no one to arrest you if you do not treat it right!  
Its wheezings ne'er distress you  
As it moves along the way—  
Farewell, old Dobbin, bless you!  
You were all right in your day.

*Papa's Day Dream.....S. E. Kiser.....Chicago Times-Herald*

She has gone, with twenty trunks, down to the sea,  
She has gone and left the hired girl and me—  
Gone and taken Sue and May  
Seven hundred miles away,  
Where the salty breeze is blowing fresh and free.

She is happy where the bounding billows play,  
Flinging money I have had to earn away.  
She is choosing other's sons  
For my darling little ones—  
Ah, the younger of them's twenty-six to-day!

She has gone, with twenty trunks, down to the sea,  
To try to find two sons-in-law for me,  
And while I labor here  
I am pestered with a fear  
From which I vainly struggle to be free.

She is far away beside the ocean blue,  
With the darlings that we live for, May and Sue—  
O when they quit the shore  
Shall I have to toil for four  
Instead of merely working on for two?

*Epigrams.....Joel Benton.....Harper's Bazar*

(From the Chinese.)

Some hunts are vain—no earthly gain has he  
Who searches for his needle in the sea.

As the long string will let the kite go high,  
So a long purse a world of things will buy.

Although the drum you carry be beaten in,  
Stick to your standard—do not yield to sin.

An honest beggar is by far more fair  
Than the high-headed, tricky millionaire.

*Editor's Appeal.....Baltimore Sun*

(A mountain editor thus happily and alphabetically  
tells what will purchase the privilege of reading his bright  
paper):

For subscription bring to us  
Apples and asparagus,  
Baled hay, butter, bottled beer,  
Cabbage, chicks, green corn in ear,  
Ducks and doughnuts (former dressed),  
Eggs plucked freshly from the nest,  
Fish to stimulate our brain,  
Geese of age not on the wane,  
Hams and honey (golden flakes),  
Injun meal for griddle cakes,  
Jellies, jars of juicy jam,  
Kraut to boil with bone of ham,  
Liniment—with gout we're vexed  
(To be continued in our next).

## MODERN MEDICINE, SURGERY AND SANITATION

*The Ethics of Vivisection.....Edinburgh Review*

It is impossible to deny that both in England and on the Continent much that can only be described as reckless disregard of pain has been shown by some physiologists. No one can read the descriptions of Majendie's operations and very many others without recognizing, though we do not know precisely how to compare suffering in the lower members of the animal world with what we know to be pain in our own more developed nervous systems, that suffering there doubtless was, and that it was often inflicted in a cruel and reckless spirit. The practical points to consider are, however, not what has been done in the past and by individuals, but whether, looking at the search for physiological truth as a whole, under existing conditions and as aided by anæsthetics, the experimental method can now be followed without cruelty, or whether it should be absolutely condemned. Certain elementary facts of physiology must be accepted as proved before this question can be settled. In the first place, it is certain that pain is an impression conveyed to the brain by the nerves. It is not a property of the nerves themselves, or even of the brain apart from the nerves. Even the brain feels only what is brought to it by the nerves. If the brain be destroyed, or the connection between the sensory nerves and the brain be interrupted, pain is impossible. There is no such thing as pain to an animal or man after cutting off the head or cutting through the upper part of the spinal cord, or crushing it, as when a criminal is hanged. Then, again, it is certain that even in the higher animals, and to a greater extent in the lower ones, many actions can be, and are, performed after the head is removed, without consciousness, and, therefore, without feeling. An impression made upon sensory nerves is conveyed toward the brain, but when its upward progress is stopped by the spinal cord having been severed, or the brain destroyed, the sensory impression is conveyed or "reflected" through the cord to the motor nerves, and movements result which seem to the onlooker to indicate pain, though they are really entirely automatic and apart from consciousness. So that "signs of pain" in an animal are absolutely misleading when its brain is away, or when it is benumbed by an anæsthetic, or when its spinal cord is severed. Then, again, it is certain that the sensation of pain is far smaller in the less intelligent animals than in the more intelligent, and that in all animals it is less than in man. Horses, for instance, are, relatively to their size, stupid animals. A horse with a compound fracture of the leg, while waiting for the knacker to kill it, will often be found standing on its three legs quietly grazing and even moving about. To a human being the smallest movement of a broken bone produces pain of such an agonizing character that voluntary motion and eating a meal would be quite impossible. A thoroughbred horse, again, feels pain far more than does a horse with no breeding. The perception of pain both in humans and animals differs, probably, almost as much as does the perception of sound.

What we call "an ear for music" is almost an added sense in some people as compared with others. Even in animals of relatively high intelligence, such as dogs and monkeys, there seems to be reason to think their perception of pain is much less acute than in humans. After serious operations under chloroform they are often frisking about a few minutes after recovering consciousness, and even jumping from the floor on to the operating-table in a way which forbids the notion that they are then suffering. In all animals the skin is probably less sensitive than the human skin is. It is covered with insensitive hair, and though, no doubt, more sensitive than any other part of the body, it is presumably on a quite different plane of sensitiveness to the human skin. In human beings the sensitiveness of the internal organs is very small as compared with that of the skin. Examples of this are familiar to every one. While in health no one knows anything of his "inside"; he has no sensations from it. Even disease of a very serious kind can, and often does, go on for years in the internal organs without causing any sensation. The nerves of the internal organs are much more concerned with regulating functions and controlling the size of the blood-vessels than with the conveyance of sensory impressions to the brain. Life would, in fact, be unbearable if the functions of animal life in a normal condition caused sensation, and they would cause it if the organs were richly supplied with sensory nerves. Every surgeon knows, for example, that the human intestine is, when its muscular coat is at rest, almost as insensitive as the hair or nails. In the operation of opening the intestine, often required in the presence of malignant disease, the cut in the skin and the business of fixing the gut to the skin would be very painful, and deep anæsthesia is required. Two days later, when the gut in its new position has to be opened, the patient is told to shut his eyes and he feels nothing—he does not even wince—while a wound nearly two inches long is made in the intestinal wall with either knife or hot iron. This has been proved by many hundreds of cases, and certainly it is not to be explained as due to stoicism on the part of the patient. Other important operations have been done without anæsthesia except for the skin cut, and without giving rise to suffering of at all a severe kind. It is most improbable that even the highest of the lower animals would feel pain where man feels none. On the contrary, from their smaller brain development, they probably always are less sensitive than man.

Then, as regards the pain of the healing of wounds, it should be remembered that this varies immensely with the skill of the surgeon and with the perfection of his methods for keeping the wound aseptic. When he succeeds in this there is very little pain, even in human beings; after operations, which involve a large skin incision, one dose of morphia will usually tide the patient over the first few hours, and later on there is no pain worth mentioning. When pain is great the day after an operation, the wound is almost certainly not aseptic.

Animals, too, are spared in great part the suffering human beings get from their imaginations. Surgeons are very often told by patients how much less terrible an operation has been than they had thought it would be. They have said, "Pray do tell other people not to be afraid; it is so easy to think it much worse than it really is." "I had no idea there would be so little pain; I tortured myself much more in thinking about it than I need have done had I known the truth."

From all these considerations it seems to result that physiological research on living animals is possible without anything that can fairly be called torture. If the operator sets himself to minimize suffering, he can reduce it, in almost all cases, to a point which is not out of proportion to the advantage to be gained. If he does not seriously and honestly do his utmost to avoid pain, he is cruel. It should be borne in mind that to no one is the absence of pain on the animal's part more advantageous than to the operator.

*Geology of a Water Supply.....San Francisco Chronicle*

The relation between the geology of the sources of water supply and disease is now commanding serious attention. In California Dr. Marsden Manson, C. E., has made this the subject of special study and investigation. His mode of procedure was simple. In each locality he made an examination of the water supply and its sources, and questioned local physicians. It soon became apparent that there was a marked recurrence of certain types of disease in widely separated districts, and that similarity in the water caused this recurrence. Diseases recognized as water-borne were first noted. These are mostly from organic contamination. Sewage influences dwarf all other sources of corruption, but the cumulative effects of mineral impurities cannot be ignored. The geology of the source determines the character of these impurities, and therefore becomes an important factor in water supply.

The marked difference between the geology of the Sierra and that of the Coast range influences the waters from each. The Sierra are principally granites, syenites, the harder slates, siliceous rocks and insoluble lavas. The Coast range is composed of much softer rocks and contains more soluble minerals, particularly salts of magnesia, soda, lime, alumina, etc. These differences are further intensified by the greater precipitation upon the Sierra, the leaching out of soluble salts and the cutting down of the streams into harder materials. The waters having their source in the Sierra frequently contain as low as five or six grains of mineral matter to the gallon, while those from the Coast range often carry from ten to forty times this amount. Apart from organic contamination the latter waters, when highly charged with mineral salts, produce, after long use, certain types of malnutrition and indigestion, inflammation of the kidneys and bladder, and if deficient in lime, as is sometimes the case, young people and even children lose their teeth. This latter trouble was particularly noticed in Owen's valley, where on one side water fairly abundant in lime occurs, and on the other its place is taken by soda, magnesia and alumina. The dentist practicing in

this region gave it as the result of years of observation that his practice was principally confined to middle-aged and elderly people on the side of the valley in which salts of lime occurred, but embraced children, some of whom were losing their teeth at the age of thirteen, on the side where lime was deficient. Near Vacaville, where there is marked exemption from malarial diseases, serious cases of bladder and kidney disease occur, only to be accounted for by continued use of water containing an excess of these salts. In many foothill towns the purest and best of water is taken from streams arising in the high Sierra, conducted along slow-flowing surface ditches and stored in shallow service reservoirs in surface soils, and hence favorable to organic contamination. The result is persistent cases of low gastric fevers and bowel complaints, directly chargeable to organic contamination, but augmented by favorable conditions in the geological formations traversed and utilized. Chico furnishes a remarkable object lesson of a district in which a radical change in the health of an entire community has followed a change in the intake of a water supply. The town is near the base of the foothills, and its site slopes gently to the west. The soil is a sandy loam, with gravelly sub-stratum carrying an excellent quality of water. The water supply of the place was formerly obtained by tapping this stratum at the western or lower edge of the town and pumping it into elevated tanks, from which it was distributed by pipes. There was no sewer system and the ground was everywhere contaminated, literally poisoning the water running beneath the porous soil. Although the death rate was not abnormally high, the occurrence of insidious forms of gastric diseases was excessive. One physician stated that for years his cash receipts amounted to \$1,800 monthly, aside from standing accounts. The intake of the water works was shifted to a new well on the eastern or upper side of the town, and these diseases disappeared as if by magic. The physician whose receipts have been quoted, with no shrinkage of his circle of practice, now has a total income of \$1,800 annually. It is estimated that the number of patients requiring attention has been reduced by eleven out of every twelve, by the simple expedient of changing the intake to a point above the underground contamination. From a study of borings made in the great valley of California Dr. Manson finds that when platted these show a semblance of stratification, and that the strata alternate in clays, sands, gravel and even cobblestones. This great depression in the earth's crust is in places filled to a depth of over half a mile with these alternating layers. The waters taken from near the surface are generally dangerous from organic contaminations. Those from a few hundred feet beneath the surface are ordinarily good. From great depths they are charged with mineral matter to such an extent as to render them unfit not only for domestic purposes but even for irrigation.

*The Physical Development of Japanese Wrestlers.....Medical Record*

Although the American is willing to concede to the Japanese the possession of a mental capacity almost if not quite equaling that of the majority of white races, he is apt to form a somewhat slighting



opinion of him as viewed from a physical standpoint. The specimens met with in this country do not tend to convey a favorable impression of their athletic powers. After, however, reading an account of the physical measurements of some of the most prominent Japanese wrestlers, a more respectful attitude regarding the muscular development of these little men will probably be taken. The Jiji Shimpo has recently published a table giving the measurements of six of the foremost Japanese fighters. From this table it is gathered that the most bulky of these modern gladiators weighs at the age of twenty-two years about 300 pounds; height, 5½ feet; girth of chest, 58 inches; lung capacity, 4,450 cubic centimetres; upper arm, 18 inches. Another one weighs over 280 pounds; height, 6 feet 5 inches; girth of chest, 48 inches; lung capacity, 6,000 cubic centimetres; upper arm, 16 inches. The smallest of these fighting men weighs more than 200 pounds, measures in height 5 feet 7 inches, while in lung capacity he exceeds them all. There are few wrestlers or pugilists in this or any country who attain to these dimensions, and those who have seen some of the best exponents of Japanese wrestling are willing to back them when pitted against the pick of the European or American experts, as it is said that they are as skillful as they are powerful.

*An Electrical Gymnasium.....Philadelphia Times*

Mechanical gymnastics are almost unknown in America, though they are in common use in Baden-Baden and other continental health resorts. They are so expensive to equip that in European countries they are owned or subsidized by the governments. The only one in America is in New York City, and this contains alone some \$50,000 worth of apparatus. The gymnasium, which looks down on Central Park, has apparently a different machine for exercising every muscle in the body. There are rows of curious contrivances which massage the body with deft, rapidly moving rubber fingers, ingenious affairs which rub any part of the body with the skill of an expert masseur, and scores of other movements. The theory of all these complicated machines is exceedingly simple. They aim merely to give the muscles of the body the movement they would have were regular exercise taken without the patient's making the least effort. This curious, passive sort of exercise is usually accompanied with the mechanical vibration and massage machines, which serve to set the blood in motion and stir up the entire body. Any one who has experienced the exhilarating effects of massage will perhaps understand the stimulus of having these rubber fingers pat him on the back at the rate of 900 vibrations per minute.

The rubber fingers move very much like the fingers of a pianist, only very much faster. These little blows make the blood flow very much more rapidly, and the congested feeling soon disappears. The blows are arranged to strike so lightly that the sensation is very pleasant and exhilarating. There are several machines especially adapted for rubbing, which can be adjusted to work upon any part of the body. A stiff joint or limb can be limbered up in this very often in less time than it takes to tell

it. There are several forms of machines for treating the ankle alone. A stiffened ankle, for instance, is placed on a pedal, and after being carefully adjusted is moved through a certain fixed distance at any speed up to 1,000 vibrations per minute.

One of the most valuable devices in the institute is a complicated machine fitted with a cushioned chair, with padded seat and back, in which the patient sits very comfortably. After being carefully adjusted, the attendant pushes a button and the chair suddenly becomes alive. The arms of the chair move upward until they reach the armpit and then gradually expand the chest, while the back moves forward, forcing the body and holding it in a perfectly upright position. An instant later it gradually relaxes. The lungs are thus expanded to their full capacity, and are filled with pure air without the least effort. It will readily be seen how the lungs are enlarged in this way, all the muscles being more or less brought into play.

*Sanitary Aspects of Electric Lighting...G. D. Sweetman...London Electricity*

It is impossible to look forward to the general adoption of electric lighting for houses without foreseeing the great and beneficial effect that it will have on this and on future generations. Great as the advantages of gas and oil are over earlier methods of lighting, they leave much to be desired. Gas is, doubtless, more healthy than oil, provided due care be taken to prevent escapes and such like accidents; although precautions of a similar nature must be taken in the case of oil. Nevertheless, the effects of open combustion, practically without ventilation, in a room, cannot but be deleterious to the purity of the air, and hence to the health of the occupants. It is true that some illuminants can compare favorably with the electric light in the matter of luminosity, for the reason that it is too dazzling for many persons' eyes, and has, therefore, to be toned down by a globe; but this again applies to acetylene and incandescent lamps generally.

On the question of air-pollution, however, electricity stands without a rival. In order to better appreciate its advantages, the effects of combustion must be clearly understood. The volumetric composition of air is four parts of nitrogen combined with one part of oxygen. The nitrogen may be said to modify the too active powers of oxygen, which, if undiluted, would impart such an excess of energy to all bodies inhaling it that life would be impossible. When combustion takes place oxygen is absorbed, and carbon dioxide (a poisonous gas) is given off. The action of breathing produces a like effect, and is thus precisely similar to the burning of a lamp or candle. This deoxidizing action is neutralized by the action of vegetable life, which acts in exactly the reverse way, inhaling carbon dioxide, and, after absorbing the carbon as food, exhaling the oxygen to be utilized again by the animal world. Dr. Angus Smith found that air containing three per cent. of carbon dioxide produced difficulty of breathing, and when we consider that a medium gas burner produces as much of this gas as eight or nine men (about six feet per hour), it is easy to see that air in a room so lighted soon becomes dangerous. Besides carbon dioxide there

are other gaseous impurities present in the gas, such as sulphurous acid, ammonia, sulphuretted hydrogen, etc., which vary in quantity according to the purity of the gas. Each has its own deleterious effect on the air and surroundings, and the majority of them cause a decrease in the luminosity of the flame. With an electric incandescent lamp no combustion takes place; the filament merely becomes incandescent by reason of its resistance to the passage of the current, and compels the latter to exert a certain amount of energy in traveling through it. This energy is in turn given back by the filament in the form of light, but the whole being hermetically sealed in vacuo has no effect on the outside air. The glowing of the mantle of an incandescent gas or oil lamp is somewhat similar. In this case the energy exerted on the mantle, which causes the "incandescence," is the heat of the burning gas or oil; but the absorption of the oxygen and the carbon dioxide evolved by the combustion pollute the air and gradually make it unfit to breathe. The heat evolved by the several methods can usually be regulated to personal taste and requirements. In some cases it is advantageous in warming the room, while in others it would be better done without. The comparatively great heating power of burning gas or oil is due to the propagation of the heated gaseous impurities in the air rather than to the warming of the air by the flame itself; hence, although the electric spark is the greatest of all heating powers, in a sealed electric lamp the heat, being localized, is very trifling and its effects are hardly perceptible.

*Photography of the Stomach.....Scientific American*

Dr. Max Einhorn, of New York City, made a communication to a medical journal some seven years ago regarding "gastrodiaphany," in which a miniature Edison lamp in a special mounting attached to a soft rubber tube containing a wire was introduced into the stomach so that an examination can be made of it. This method was called "gastrodiaphany," as the stomach became translucent. The object of this device was to show the size and situation of the stomach to the eye and also to recognize tumors or other gross anatomical changes of the anterior wall of the stomach. This was, of course, a different apparatus than the "poly-scope," which is used for looking into the stomach, and was not intended to replace any such device. It has been found to be of value to surgeons.

In the same paper Dr. Einhorn described a camera for photographing the interior of the stomach, but owing to technical difficulties, the camera was not constructed by Dr. Einhorn. Such a camera has, however, been perfected by Dr. Fritz Lange, of Munich, Germany, on almost the identical lines given by Dr. Einhorn. The camera is a marvel of compactness, and is constructed on exactly the same principles as all cameras for taking moving photographs, although, of course, there is no attempt made to combine them so as to project the actual operations of the stomach. The camera itself is swallowed by the patient, and it contains a small electric lamp for illuminating the walls of the stomach. A photographic film twenty inches long and a quarter of an inch wide is wound at the bottom of the camera. One end of the film is fastened

to the cord, which runs freely in the tube. When the cord is pulled, the film is drawn slowly past the lens. The cord and the conducting wires must, of course, be swallowed with the camera itself. When the camera reaches the bottom of the stomach the surgeon begins to pull the cord which runs the film past the lens. The electric light is then turned on, and, after the sensitive film has been impressed with the image, the current is turned off and another section of film is brought into play until the requisite number of pictures have been obtained, then the entire apparatus is withdrawn from the stomach of the patient and the films are carefully developed and enlarged.

*Squinting Eyes.....London Standard*

In a learned paper on the subject of convergent strabismus by Professor Priestly Smith, it is stated that the onset of strabismus is often attributed to a fit, a fright, a fall or other such occurrence, and still more often to an illness, such as whooping cough or measles. Making allowance for the frequency of such events among children and for a certain disregard of time and sequence in their elders, it seems to me, says Professor Smith, highly probable that these supposed causes are very often real causes. Some such explanation of the onset was given, with show of reason, in more than two-fifths of my cases, and the proportion would no doubt have been higher had not many of the patients been brought by persons who knew nothing of their antecedents. In many cases the history was definite and not to be upset by cross-examination. For example, a child who had never been seen to squint before came from school squinting badly, having that morning been put into the corner with a cloth over her head. Another did the same immediately after having his head pushed into a bucket of water by his brother; another after sitting in scalding water; another after being terrified by a monkey which jumped on to her shoulder. No less clear in many cases was the history of onset during measles, whooping cough or other constitutional disorders. All these are conditions which may gravely disturb the nervous system. Shock, anger or apprehension impair the control of muscular action. They cause the knees to shake, the voice to tremble and even the hand of the ophthalmic surgeon to become unsteady. Febrile disorders cause delirium, convulsions and sometimes transient strabismus and leave the nervous system exhausted. Is it not highly probable that such disorders occurring in young children may interrupt the action of these higher centres which control the movements of the eyes, and this not only where control is already difficult by reason of amblyopia or error of refraction, but even in children whose visual apparatus is normal for their time of life, but not yet fully developed? The old idea that the squinting child needs a little skillful surgery and nothing more is dying out. Most people know that glasses are often necessary but that the child may require teaching, at some trouble, to use the squinting eye is a new idea to many. It is easily grasped, however, and must be grasped if our efforts are to be effective. As a help in that direction I use with my patients the word educative.



## UNUSUAL, GHOSTLY, SUPERSTITIOUS, QUEER

*Sacrifice to the Engine God.....The Chicago Record*

India is a country where the gross superstitions prevailing among the natives frequently produce the most horrible and inconceivable tragedies. Many of these are done in secret, but now and then they come to light, and give a startling reminder to the Englishmen in India that "East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet." In the up-country town of Hingoli, in the Deccan, is a cotton-ginning mill owned by natives. One of the proprietors, a Parsee named Nowrojee, looks after the engines and machinery of the mill. Lately the machinery has not been working well, and the engine in particular has given considerable trouble. The native engineers seem to have got it into their heads that the engine was really driven by a god which took the form of steam. When it went wrong they thought the god was angry and needed propitiating by the sacrifice of a human being. One night a Hindoo laborer named Govindah was passing the mill. Some workmen, sitting in the yard smoking, called out to him to join them. The gang had just been discussing the vagaries of the engine and the necessity for offering a sacrifice to it. The whole party walked toward the boiler, and some of the men seized Govindah. Others swung open the furnace door and the unfortunate man was crammed inside, head first. They had to loose their hold of his body in order to shut the furnace door, whereupon Govindah, who was a very powerful man, managed to get out and free himself. He was frenzied with pain and fear, and had sustained ghastly injuries. The engineers did not make a second attempt to thrust him in the furnace, and he crawled away to his hut.

*Tibetan Death-Dances.....Open Court*

Very strange performances are the death-dances of the Tibetan mystery-plays, one of which is performed on the last three days of the year and is called "the ceremony of the sacrificial body of the dead year." The effigy of a man made out of dough as lifelike as possible and having inside a distinct heart and all the entrails filled with a red fluid, is placed by four cemetery ghouls in sight of the numerous spectators in the centre of the yard, and at once bands of skeleton-ghosts rush upon the corpse to attack it. This is the time to display the necromantic power of Lamaism over the evil spirits. Monks and lamas come forth and go through a series of ceremonies, the magic effect of which keeps the fiends away. But a more formidable devil with great horns and possessed of superior powers makes his appearance and takes the field. Whereupon a saint or an incarnation of Buddha himself comes to the rescue, sprays flour on the enemy, makes mystic signs and utters incantations. The skeleton-ghosts and the big fiend grovel before him and implore mercy. He graciously yields to their supplications, and allows them to partake of a sacramental meal. While they kneel before him he gives to each one of them a little flour to eat and a drink out of a vessel of holy water.

This concludes the day's performance.

The corpse, however, is not destined to be preserved. On the next day the fight is renewed, and after a cannonade with blessed mustard-seed and other exorcisms, an awful demon appears whose title is "the holy king of religion." He wears the head of a bull, a dagger in the right and the effigy of a human heart in the left hand. This strange figure seems to represent the main deity of the ancient Tibetans, when they were still in the habit of offering human sacrifices, not in effigy but in reality. The demon god has been converted by Buddha and become a protector of Buddhism. He is now satisfied with human sacrifices in effigy, and the man made of dough, being supposed to be an enemy of Tibet, is surrendered to him. He dances round the figure of the man on the ground, stabs him, binds his feet in a snare, and at last cuts off his limbs, slits open his breast, takes out his bleeding heart, lungs and other intestines. At this moment a horde of monsters falls upon the remnants of the dismembered dough-man and scatters them in all directions. The pieces are collected again in a silver basin and the Holy King of Religion, eating a morsel, throws them up in the air. This is the signal for the finale; the pieces are caught and fought for by the demons, and at last the crowd of spectators joins the general scramble for pieces of dough, representing human flesh, which they either eat or treasure up as talismans.

*Pet Superstitions.....T. H. P.....Rochester Post Express*

In proportion as we love our own superstitions we despise those of our neighbors. This is only human nature, and we may hope that the march of science (which is very much of the nature of a raid), will spare each of us his own special bit of the dark ages. The poetry of life will suffer when our pet superstitions are all destroyed, for superstition is only imagination swallowed the wrong way. It is the one touch of nature that makes the whole world kin. Dr. Samuel Johnson would never enter a room left foot foremost; the brave Marshal Saxe screamed in terror at the sight of a cat; Peter the Great was not equal to crossing a bridge when he came to it, unless to do so was absolutely necessary; Byron shared with less famous people than he the dislike to having the salt at table spilled between him and his neighbor. A sneeze is with half the nations of the world nothing to be sneezed at. To exclaim "God bless you" when any one sneezes in your presence is a relic of what the Roman did before us, and before him the Greek. Mohammed gives directions of the same kind to his followers, and the Hindu of to-day utters his pious ejaculation after the sneeze by way of prayer or good wish on behalf of the victim.

How many people will avoid going under a ladder if they can get around it. The belief that if you put on your sock the wrong side out it is lucky is very general, or was until the schoolmaster returned from abroad; and I myself remember an old woman who was convinced that turning her



stocking inside out saved her from being lost when the fairies, one pitch-dark night, had misled her on a trackless English moor.

What is to take the place of a lucky horseshoe when we all ride in automobiles? There is no room for the imagination in them. Some new mascot will have to be discovered. Charms of one kind or another are carried by people who have a pious contempt for heathen superstitions. A small potato, for example, to avert rheumatism, or a chestnut. The late journalist, George Augustus Sala, never traveled without carrying with him, as a lucky card, an ace of spades. Somehow it failed to save him from his creditors. But creditors are notoriously deficient in imagination. If Shylock had remembered this when he drew up his bond "The Merchant of Venice" would never have been written.

Samuel Pepys is never more entertaining than when he is confessing to his little superstitions. On the same day, being the twentieth of January, 1665, he purchased from his bookseller "Hook's Book of Microscopy—a most excellent piece"—and a hare's foot for a charm, thus combining science and imagination. He writes: "Homeward, on the way buying a hare and taking it home, which arose upon my discourse to-day with Br. Batten in Westminster Hall, who showed me my mistake that my hare's foot hath not the joint to it, and assures me he never had his colic since he carried it about him; and it is a strange thing how fancy works, for I no sooner handled his foot but I became very well, and so continue." The remedy continues to work, for the next day, after an irritating committee meeting, he is able to add: "Now mighty well, and truly I can but impute it to my fresh hare's foot."

One objection—not of course the most serious—to the modern growth of cities is that the territory of superstition is thereby curtailed. The country is its natural haunt. A farmer prefers a witch doctor to a veterinary surgeon. One good man describes how the charm was given to him for the modest sum of five shillings, when his bullock had put its shoulder out. The charmer, who had been summoned from a distance, came with a piece of paper in his hand. After passing this document mystically over the bullock's shoulders, he read certain words—probably gibberish, inasmuch as the farmer could not comprehend a syllable. Then he said, "Now, don't you follow me. I've got to bury this yere paper somewheres unbeknown to nobody, else the charm won't act." The charm failed to work, but that must have been because the farmer in an excess of incredulity took a regularly qualified veterinary doctor into his confidence.

The raw morning, not yet washed in the dew or dried in the sun, is no time for the imagination. But at the other end of the day, things are very different. Mrs. W. K. Clifford, the novelist, gives us an amusing illustration of this in the case of a man of purely scientific tastes, Professor Huxley. She says that it is her practice to sit up after everybody else has gone to bed to write, but that she is no sooner left alone than she begins to feel the alarms of nocturnal solitude and gets little done. "It is foolish," she once said to Huxley, "but I always hear

burglars moving about." "So do I," Huxley replied. "When I am working at night I not only hear burglars moving about, I actually see them looking through the crack of the door at me." So much for the "pleasures of imagination."

*A Story of Indian Magic.....Longmans' Magazine*

The following story of Indian magic was told me by the person to whom it was told by the late Lord Lytton. I give it in my own words, for the excellent though humiliating reason that I have mislaid the MS. When in India Lord Lytton often sought out conjurers, but never saw any but the usual feats, such as the mango-tree trick and the basket trick. The method in each case is known, or, at all events, plausible explanations have been given by Mr. Maskelyne and other experts. On one occasion Lord Lytton liked something in the looks of the conjurer who was performing in an open space before his house. After the ordinary exhibition his Lordship asked the magician if he could not do something more out of the common way. The man said he would try, and asked for a ring, which Lord Lytton gave him. He then requested an officer to take in either hand a handful of seeds; one sort was sesame; the name of the other sort my informant did not know. Holding these seeds, and having the ring between his finger and thumb, the officer was to go to a well in the corner of the compound. He was to dispose of the seeds in a certain way—I think on the low wall round the well, into the depths of which he was to throw the ring. All this was done, and then the mage asked Lord Lytton where he would like the ring to reappear? He answered, "in his despatch-box," of which the key was attached to his watch-chain, or, at all events, he had it with him on the spot. The despatch-box was brought out; Lord Lytton opened it, and there was the ring. This trick would be easy if the British officer was a confederate of the juggler's, and if he possessed a duplicate key to the despatch-box. In that case he would not throw the ring into the well, but would take it into the house, open the box, and insert the ring. But this explanation involves enormous improbabilities, while it is unlikely, again, that the conjurer managed to insert a duplicate ring into the despatch-box beforehand. Lord Lytton then asked the juggler if he could repeat the trick. He answered in the affirmative, and a lady lent another ring. Another officer took it, with the seeds, as before, and dropped the ring into the well. The countenance of the juggler altered in the pause which followed. Something, he said, had gone wrong; and he seemed agitated. Turning to the second officer, he asked: "Did you arrange the seeds as I bade you?" "No," said the officer, "I thought that was all nonsense, and I threw them away." The juggler seemed horrified. "Do you think I do this by myself?" he said; and, packing up he departed.

The well was carefully dragged, and at last the lady's ring was brought to the surface. That ring, at least, had certainly been in the water. But had the first ring been as faithfully consigned to the depths? Experts will be of various opinions as to that; yet the hypothesis of confederacy and of a duplicate key to the despatch-box is difficult.

## TABLE TALK: CONCERNING EATING AND DRINKING

*Maté Drinkers.....New York Tribune*

An effort was successfully made in Russia a few years ago to introduce as a fashionable drink the "yerba maté," a South American product of the nature of tea. Russians, being inveterate tea drinkers, were not averse to trying a new decoction, and "maté" became a favorite beverage, although it was eventually served in the same way that tea was, the samovar being found equally useful for it. The fancy for this drink is said to be spreading, owing to its decidedly soothing properties. While not so much of a narcotic as coffee, it is equally stimulating and possesses a nutritive quality that is not found in either tea or coffee. To the Jesuits who established in Paraguay the first South American missions is owing the preservation and spread of the custom of taking "maté." Before the arrival of the Jesuits the Indians had been "maté" drinkers, but had not cultivated the herb. The Spaniards at first believed the drinking of it to be a pernicious habit, and forbade it, but when analysis had showed its medicinal properties, its use was sanctioned. Since then it is seldom that a foreigner lives six months in the country without becoming a "maté" lover.

"Maté" is properly the name of the bowl or cup in which the tea is taken, "yerba" being the name of the herb. The ordinary bowls used are dried gourds, polished, with an opening made in one end. But they are of differing shapes. One of them is bound around the mouth with silver; the tube used is of silver with a perforated bulb at one end. This end is inserted in the cup after the "yerba" has been put in. Three teaspoonfuls would be the allowance for these cups, which are the size of a good big orange, and hold perhaps half a pint of liquid. A little cold water "sets" the "yerba," and then boiling water is added, just as tea is made. The first few draws at the tube cannot be swallowed, as the "yerba" comes up; after that only the liquid will rise.

In serving "maté" the servant, or whoever prepares it, must take the first few draws. The cup is then presented to the guest, and in a party of people each person is expected to partake from the same cup and tube. This practice is extremely unpleasant to foreigners, and sometimes debars them from learning to take "maté," for he who is a "maté" drinker and refuses the "bombilla"—the tube—because others have used it, will give mortal offence.

This drink and a dry biscuit constitute the entire breakfast of the Spanish-speaking world of Chili, Paraguay, Uruguay, the Argentine Republic and a great part of Brazil. Taken by the peons or laborers at early dawn when they start out, it is the only food they get or care for until the midday meal. Some idea of its nutritive and sustaining qualities can thus be obtained.

*Methods of Refection.....Jno. Glimmer Speed.....Criterion*

Eating is a very important feature of life. There is no health without appetite, and without health life is an unendurable weariness. To eat with a

man or a woman is to have disclosed to your inspection many characteristics not otherwise readily revealed. I have a friend who maintains that you can never know a man till you have sat in a game of poker with him. This rule may be very good, so far as poker-players are concerned, but it cannot be universally applied. Many men do not play poker, and comparatively few women are addicted to that fascinating form of gambling. But, all men and women eat. If they don't they won't last long, and no one need worry as to whether they count for much or not. But good eaters are usually very depend-on-able. By good eaters I do not mean large eaters or greedy eaters, though I may include some of both; but I mean the men and women who enjoy what they eat and show no disposition, either from dyspepsia or other form of indigestion, to quarrel with their food. No one would bet on a horse in a race who was off his feed. Then why depend on a man or a woman who does not feed well? Better a glutton than one who cannot eat.

Gluttons, however, are not very lovely. I sat at table once with a woman at a summer resort who, every day for dinner, ate twelve ears of corn from the cob. That is more than the regulation mid-day feed for a horse. And in the operation she greased her hands, and her cheeks; and every now and again her nose was decorated with the well-buttered grains. She was a sight, and at her end of the table she bred a famine that it took two waiters to relieve. And she was in repose not by any means a bad looking woman; but in action—in action at the table she was a kind of human cyclone, leaving desolation in her path. This woman was not a type of the glutton. There are in this world few others like her. She has had three husbands, and is a widow again. What became of the poor men I never knew. Maybe she ate them out of house and home. I know lots and lots of men who are very gluttons. And I don't much mind them. It seems natural in a man, and probably always did, for there is no older saying in the English language than "The way to man's heart is through his stomach." Indeed, in one form or another this saying may be found among the aphorisms of every language. If a man must work he must eat; if he must work much he must eat much. And so let him enjoy his food so long as he does something in the world to justify and make respectable his appetite. A man who is merely a gourmand, a man who lives but to eat, is indeed a poor creature. I know one such. He has an inherited fortune, and he spends the income of it in food. At table there is a fierce light in his eye—the same light that we see in a menagerie when the lions are about to be fed.

I have recently had two experiences that may be worth recording here. I was dining with a worthy farmer who had married a school teacher. He was very proud of his wife's learning and her elegancies. She wore a black silk dress at dinner, and a very comely sight she made at her end of the table. The farmer was in his shirt sleeves, and I



had debated in my mind before dinner whether it would not be better taste for me to go into the dining-room coatless. When I saw the elegance of the mistress I was glad that I had on a coat. While the husband was carving, his wife busied herself with the cups and saucers before her. When she was ready to begin operations she said, with a bow, to me:

"Coffee, sir?"

"If you please, madam."

"Trimmings?"

Here I was completely flabbergasted. But I gathered myself together and said that I would have trimmings. And so the good woman put sugar and cream in my coffee, which, by the way, was most excellent, trimmings and all. Another experience had directly to do with going to dinner in the shirt sleeves. This custom, reported by Charles Dickens to be almost universal forty-five years ago in America, is dying out, and I am told that in circles of high fashion, even when the family is quite alone, the men wear coats though it is mid-summer. Still, however, there are very respectable folk who dine in their shirt sleeves. I went to see a man on business. He had started life as a mechanic, and had made and saved a very comfortable fortune. My business kept me talking until it was dinner time—mid-day dinner. I was pressed with much warmth to stay, and as the business had not been concluded I accepted. The family came into the sitting-room where we were engaged. There were two beautiful daughters. They were stunning. Elegant they were also in dress and bearing. As we rose to go into the dining-room the father took off his coat. Turning to me he said: "Take off your coat, just as you do at home. Be at home, be at home—take off your coat." What was I to do? I could see that the young ladies were embarrassed nearly as much as I was. Instant decision was needed. And I took off my coat. Whether I did properly or not I have never been able to decide.

*Wine and Its Manufacture.....Hygiene*

Wine is commonly described as "the fermented juice of the grape," yet it is not always so, for consider how much stuff is sold as wine which is perfectly innocent of any acquaintance with the produce of the vineyard. Some time ago the Municipal Laboratory of Paris, whose function is to detect adulteration, caused 15,000 casks of so-called wine to be seized by the authorities. The official analysis could not find in the whole lot a single drop of grape juice; but what they did discover were as follows: Water, alcohol (none of the best, the reader may be certain), glycerine, sulphate of gypsum, salts of potash, etc., and berries for coloring. Could any compound be more villainous, or more remote from the generous properties of sound, honest wine? Speaking of coloring reminds us that the juice of every grape is white; there being only one solitary exception to this rule, viz., the Pontac grape. The color of red wine is derived not from the juice, but from the skin of the grape. Three-fourths, or even a larger proportion, of champagne is made from red grapes, which, if allowed to ferment with the skins in the vinous fermentation,

would give red wine as the result, similarly to the produce of other red grapes; the "œil de perdrix" (partridge-eye) color noticeable in champagne, commonly associated with good vintages, is imparted to it unintentionally, in consequence of the grapes being ripe to bursting when gathered, so that the color from the skin slightly tints the pulp. A marked instance of this occurred in the famous vintage of 1874. Every wine-growing country puts forward some claim in favor of its own production, and among critics, where so many different tastes are concerned, the old Latin proverb, "Tot homines, quot sententiæ"—So many men, so many opinions—holds good. One will talk enthusiastically of champagne, another will be rapturous about Chianti, a third will boast the virtues of Burgundy, and so on; but Mr. Webber, a high authority on these matters, asserts that port is the finest of all red wines, and that sherry is the finest of all white wines, basing his opinion on the fact that these two engender naturally, in the process of fermentation, a larger proportion of alcohol than other wines, thereby denoting greater power to develop quality, ethers, etc.

It is to the volatile ethers which age develops in wine, particularly when in bottle, that the flavor and the highly prized aroma, technically termed "bouquet," are due; and their formation is the result of the action of the alcohol generated during fermentation upon the bitartrate of potash, contained in the grape juice. "Sweetness in the wine may be compared to charity in human nature—it covers a multitude of sins." Yet how many persons insist on giving the preference to sweet, rich wines, with the result that, owing to the circumstance that saccharine matter is more difficult to digest in combination with wine than in any other form, acidity, and indigestion are sure to be produced, and these, sooner or later, make way for rheumatism and gout. Saccharine articles of food, if used to excess, will have a similar effect, though not to a corresponding extent. Taking 100 degrees to represent proof spirit, the following figures will represent the percentage of alcohol contained in different wines, or, in other words, their relative strength: Port, 36 degrees of strength; sherry and Madeira, 34; Burgundy, 19 to 20; champagne and claret, 15 to 18 per cent. The five principal spirits—brandy, whisky, gin, rum and hollands—are generally sold by merchants at from 10 to 20 degrees under proof (licensed victuallers being allowed to sell them at as low a standard as 33 degrees under proof); consequently, one glass of good brandy mixed with one and a half glass of water would be equal in strength to two and a half glasses of port, or rather more. The keeping property of wine is due to tannin, which is obtained from the skin of the grape during fermentation. The greater astringent properties of red wines as compared with white wines are owing to the circumstance that the skin of red grapes contains a larger proportion of tannin.

*Second-Hand Food in Paris.....New York Sun*

The Paris market stalls where the hotel and restaurant food scraps are sold are really rather appetizing. The merchant who owns the stalls has an arrangement with certain hotels and restaurants,



and each day calls for their refuse food. He pays little for it, and naturally the management cannot afford to have the food of different kinds collected separately. All of the fragments are put together, but they are saved in a careful and clean way.

The merchant separates the food, putting all the pieces of fish in one dish, the meat in another, the potatoes in another. Then comes the test of his genius. It isn't easy to make a plateful of those leavings look savory and appetizing, but the thing may be done more often than one would think possible, and the amount of art lavished upon the arrangement of those viands would make a man famous in America. The proprietor of the stall and madame, his wife, work culinary miracles with those despised leavings, which over here would probably go to the garbage carts and be of use to no one. Madame selects all the potatoes, arranges a pile of them on a paper or wooden plate, or sometimes upon porcelain. Beside them she lays a small piece of beef, adds a spoonful of peas, garnishes the dish with parsley, lays a slice of lemon on the meat, and, "le voila!" It is infinitely more appetizing than the food at the American cheap restaurant.

Rows and rows of plates are arranged along the stall. Some hold two or three kinds of food that go well together. Some contain only one kind. A plateful of rich salad has been rescued from mussiness, picked out scrap by scrap from the general melange, regarnished, topped by fresh slices of the egg that was its comrade in earlier and better days, and there the gourmet of the Place Maubert has a Bignon salad for four sous. Perhaps some gamin's taste is for filet with mushrooms. It comes high at the Café Anglais, but at the market one can have it for a very modest sum. To be sure, it needs warming, and the mushrooms have come together from many sources and have never before met the filet. Perhaps the filet itself is oddly cut, but a slight dose of melted butter and artistic taste can make the dish exceedingly presentable.

There are customers who are not satisfied to make a meal of one or two things—who demand a course dinner. M. le Propriétaire is ready for them. On a large plate he has put a small supply of each thing that goes to make up a dinner "comme il faut." It grieves him that he must omit soup. The sociable character of that item of a menu bars it from a society where each member must preserve its individuality while deigning to come to close quarters with strangers not in its set. The menu must begin with fish—say, a bit of sole, that originally reposed in "vin blanc" and still retains the flavor of good society. Then comes a slice of roast, garnished with tiny potatoes and Brussels sprouts and carrots. Next is a spoonful of beet salad, and following it a sweet and a morsel of cheese. A few coals, a stewpan and no prejudices against the method by which the menu has been prepared, and one has a dinner fit for a nabob.

The sweets or desserts and the green salads are the things that most sturdily refuse to assume their pristine charm under the skillful manipulation of the venders of second-hand food. Pastry will crumble and lettuce and chicory will wilt, but even with them much may be accomplished, and they are not so much in demand as meats and vegetables, so the

supply of them need not be so large. Fastidious persons may object to the hit-and-miss character of these food supplies, and mankind in general has an aversion to "leavings," but evidently the prejudice isn't universal in Paris, for the stalls have a thriving trade.

#### *Gigantic Cakes, Puddings and Pies.....Tilt-Bits*

Last Christmas, in North End Road, Fulham, there was on view an enormous cake that towered almost to the ceiling of the confectioner's shop. It was made to represent a fortress, and weighed over 4,000 pounds. In its composition had been used 600 pounds of flour, 400 pounds of butter, 400 pounds of sugar, 600 pounds of icing sugar, 900 pounds of currants, 450 pounds of sultanas, 300 pounds of candied peel, 200 pounds of almonds and 5,000 eggs.

Gigantic, however, as was this cake, it cannot be compared with that which in June, 1730, Frederick William I. regaled his army. After a huge repast of beef, wine and beer had been partaken of, the guests, to the number of 30,000, saw approaching an immense car drawn by eight horses, on which reposed a monster cake 18 yards long, 8 yards broad and over one-half yard thick. It contained, among other ingredients, 36 bushels of flour, 200 gallons of milk, 1 ton of butter, 1 ton of yeast and 5,000 eggs. The soldiers, who had already eaten a hearty meal, were able to devour only a portion of this extraordinary cake, so to their aid were summoned the people from the towns and villages in the neighborhood, among whom it was distributed till not a morsel remained. Last August the town of Paignton revived an old custom of making a plum pudding for the benefit of the local poor. After being drawn in procession round the town, it was cut up and sold. Its weight—250 pounds—compares, however, but poorly with Paignton's former efforts. In 1819 a pudding weighing 900 pounds was made, with unfortunately but indifferent success, for after boiling three days and nights in a brewer's copper, it was pronounced too "doughy" to be eaten. However, in 1858 the inhabitants recovered their prestige and beat the record with a pudding a ton and a half in weight, and costing £45. In its composition were employed 573 pounds of flour, 191 of bread, 382 pounds of raisins, 191 pounds of currants, 382 pounds of suet, 320 lemons, 360 quarts of milk, 144 nutmegs, 95 pounds of sugar, besides a quantity of eggs. It was cooked in sections, which were afterward built together. In 1896 Denby Dale, near Huddersfield, celebrated the jubilee of the Repeal of the Corn Laws by making a Brobdingnagian pie, which was served out to the thousands that flocked into the village from the country round. The dish employed in baking was 10 feet long, 6 feet 6 inches wide and 1 foot deep, weighing, with its contents, 35 cwt. The pie itself contained 1,120 pounds of beef, 180 pounds of veal, 112 pounds of mutton and 60 pounds of lamb. In the composition of the crust 1,120 pounds of flour and 160 pounds of lard were used. This is the sixth huge pie that has been made at Denby Dale, the first having been manufactured so long ago as 1788, to commemorate the recovery of George III.

## MATTERS MUSICAL, ARTISTIC AND DRAMATIC

*Worthless Art Exhibitions.....E. R. Pennell.....North American Review*

At the close of the century, we have, in the two great art centres of Europe, the large exhibitions of the year justly, as well as universally, admitted to be, with one exception, the poorest held for years. The older men—it must be understood that I am speaking generally; again, there are exceptions—have exhausted not only themselves, but apparently all possibilities for the younger men. There are no younger men—as yet, no material from which the art of the next generation is to spring. It is no wonder that this unexpected conclusion to a hundred years of effort, of supervision, of deliberate culture, leaves the honest critic saddened and amazed; no wonder that he seeks here, there and everywhere for the reason of it.

In England the active supremacy of the Academy is thought at fault, in France the root of the evil is found in the indolence of the Académie. Artists whose faith is not yet shaken in the galleries blame the dealer, who buys for his profit where the patron bought for his pleasure. But I have heard the dealers say that all would once more be well with the world, if the patron or collector, who knows nothing, still relied upon him—the dealer—who knows everything; as it is, the artist can sell any trash he chooses to paint, and exhibit it into the bargain, and the tone of the exhibitions is inevitably lowered. Reinstall the dealer, and the miracle is worked; the reign of the ugly is at an end.

I have no particular sympathy with the extremists, the anarchists. A modern exhibition has been, and can be, as delightful in its way as the National Gallery and the Louvre are in theirs; but not if it is managed by people who are just as willing to accept bad work as good, and quite unwilling to hang work that is better than their own. I think a clue to the evil is to be had in a fact pointed out in an essay by Mr. Naegely, the very latest of the Academy's critics. "The British School of Painting," he writes, "is represented at present in the National Gallery by the works of fifty-three deceased masters (?). It covers a period of about two centuries and a half—from Dobson to Pickersgill. How many of these fifty-three artists have an incontestable claim to eminence?" But no one questions the possibility of the Academy's finding seventy contemporary artists, whom, by their election, it proclaims masters of painting, sculpture and engraving. The century's colossal blunder has been to believe that art and artists could be manufactured. Commercial at heart, it thought all that had to be done was to create the demand, and the supply would follow, as a matter of course; and, for a while, the army of students in the Academy and South Kensington schools, and in the studios of Paris, the countless canvases in the galleries were accepted as unanswerable proofs of this truth. Some twenty or thirty years ago, faith in the exhibitions was so complete that a picture had only to hang on the line in the Academy, or to be medaled in the Salon, to be considered a masterpiece. Those were the happy days when palaces went up by the dozen in the art purlieu of Kensington, and

the youths of all nations rushed to Paris to try their luck in the Klondyke of art; the deplorable days when the exhibitions began to set the standard for the artist. The modern necessity of working up or down to the exhibition level has been regretted too often already for me to insist upon it now.

But the good times could not last. The patrons of art who had made, in the Academy, those wonderful collections, like the Tate now saddled on a long-suffering nation, began to find that the masterpieces, for which they had paid thousands, would not in the open market fetch as many hundreds, and the pictures on the line ceased to sell as readily. The sensations in the Salon began to pall; when every one painted big machines size was no distinction; and the whole medal system was so abused that it was really the cause of the split in 1889. In a word, the Exhibition Bubble burst, though it has taken some few years for artists and public alike to realize the fact. But how remain blind to it after last spring, when, just before the shows, we were promised, as the supreme achievement of the Academy, a painting by a policeman—which, at the last moment, did not get hung; as the "clou" of the Salons, a picture with a frame opening by a spring, which may have enjoyed its success, for all I know! The worst of it is that, as the struggle has become harder, the artist, instead of understanding the real cause, has gone on giving more and more exhibitions; while, on the other hand, the public, puzzled, confused, convicted of ignorance, is now simply bored by the whole business. You have only to consult the press to learn how widespread is the new indifference. Only two of the London literary weeklies continue to publish a regular article on art. Popular sheets lengthen their columns of dramatic and literary notes; art notes are gradually disappearing. There is no doubt that the people have had enough of art. And it is at this moment of stagnation and dejection that American artists, who have heard rumors that London is rapidly replacing Paris as the world's great art centre, are coming to London in shoals! If they could but be made to realize that, if a few American artists, so few they could be counted on the fingers of one hand, have climbed to the top of the English ladder, it is only after an average, among the leading four or five, of thirty years of hard struggle and striving!

*Bogus Antiques.....Chambers's Journal*

There are plenty of old curiosity shops where it would be difficult to find an article which is what it pretends to be. The persistent credulity of their customers must be a sore temptation even to honest dealers. Of old curiosity shops in general it may be fairly estimated that forty-five per cent. of the objects offered are spurious; expressly manufactured for sale, or "faked" in some way. The ingenuity of the forger is unlimited. Furniture, prints, china, pictures, plate, armor, ivory, bronze, and tapestry—all are successfully imitated. "Antique" armor and metal-work of all kinds are made in Birmingham. Spurious antique china comes



from France, Holland and Germany. The spurious print is perhaps the commonest trap of all. "The craze of the colored print" is just now with us, and the demand for examples of the celebrated engravers of the eighteenth century exceeds the supply a hundred-fold. They are exceedingly scarce; consequently the market is flooded with reprints and reproductions. Several firms are engaged in producing them, and they cost the dealer in "objects of art" from seven and sixpence to a pound apiece. Usually the paper is manipulated to give it the appearance of age, or the print is put into an old frame. It is certain that countless numbers of them are sold as originals. A reprint has this excuse, that, though subsequently "touched" by a more modern hand, it is an impression taken from the original copper plate; but it cannot, of course, be compared with original prints from the graver of Bartolozzi, Ward, Schiavonetti, Valentine Green, Cipriani, or John Raphael Smith. A reprint, however, still contains some of the original lines. A reproduction is merely a copy, every line of which, aided by photography, has been traced by a modern hand.

Most of the imitations of the antique are clumsy enough; though this is not always the case. The experts of our national museums have more than once been successfully imposed upon. The British Museum bought a Palissy plate for fifty pounds. Whilst an attendant was handling it one of the seals fixed to the back of the plate—attesting its genuineness—became detached, disclosing the mark of a modern French potter. Two terra-cotta figures of Isis and Osiris, bought for the same institution, and which cost a thousand pounds, have been discovered to be composed of modern clay. Antique china, a leading attraction of the old curiosity shops, is a fruitful source of fraud. From the extreme fragility of the material, even where intricacy of design or ornamentation was not superadded, the majority of the works of the early potters were doomed to speedy destruction. The forger is, as a rule, fortunately unable to reproduce the marvels of glaze, coloring and decoration, of which in many cases the secret has been lost. Yet the windows of these shops are filled with spurious examples of Chelsea, Lowestoft, Dresden, Wedgwood, Worcester, Italian or Limoges. Imitations even of the coarse Staffordshire figures of the Georgian and early Victorian period find a ready sale. Quite two-thirds of them are spurious, and are turned out by the gross from certain modern potteries. They are allowed to remain on the shelves of the curiosity shop until they have accumulated sufficient dirt and dust, the bottoms are rubbed upon some hard substance so that they will show signs of wear, and they are then ready for the first gullible purchaser.

Some interesting details are given on the subject of forging antiquities in Italy in the twelfth chapter of a small work recently translated into English, *Memories of an Old Collector*. The author, Count Michael Tyskiewicz, a noted collector and judge of antiques, tells us that from earliest times men have been occupied in forging antiquities, and that no metal lends itself so easily to forgery as gold. Etruscan jewelry has been largely manufactured in

Italy; but in Syria the forgery of gold works of art is most extensive. Forgers have also attempted to manufacture ancient silver plate, but their efforts have been very unsuccessful. The Count tells an amusing story of "a great silver cup in Rome that purported to have come from some secret excavations in Sicily. It was ornamented with a circular bas-relief representing the frieze of the Parthenon! In the height of his innocence the forger had given the frieze in its present ruined condition!"

*The Pavement Artist.....J. Deane Hilton.....Good Words*

Pavement Art of to-day is decadent. It aims higher and achieves less than it did twenty years ago. The older artists restricted themselves almost exclusively to still life. The favorite subjects were the guttering tallow candle stuck in a ginger-beer bottle, the pork chop, the red, red rasher, the head and shoulders of a salmon, the plump herring on a willow pattern plate. These homely and familiar subjects were treated in an eminently realistic manner, executed with ruthless fidelity, and by constant practice a fair degree of skill was developed. The public could appreciate art of this kind without any mental strain, and expressed the degree of their admiration in bronze coin.

The artists now soar to loftier heights. We have glowing red-ochre sunsets, smiling landscapes, flooded with "the light that never was, on sea or land," gallant ships, riding out wild tempests, the jagged lightning playing with the masts, peaceful rustic cottages, surrounded by fields of yellow-ochre corn, and even figures—mostly military—of deplorable deformity.

The street artist is a hybrid creature, half-artist, half-mendicant. His best season is probably the winter, for many people will give from motives of pity, seeing him stand so patiently in the bitter weather. He is always thinly clad, and shivers dramatically. But "per contra" must be reckoned the frequent interruptions of rain and snow, and the cost of candles in the long dark evenings. I have seen one deft worker with a row of paraffin lamps arranged like footlights to illuminate his pictures.

It was told of the late George du Maurier that he was once so moved with compassion at the miserable appearance of one of these men that he told him to go and get some hot soup, promising to look after the "pitch" in the meantime. As soon as the man was gone du Maurier rubbed out the conventional landscape and the soldiers and sailors, and drew a set of society pictures in white chalk. The money came in at a great rate, and when the man returned he had nearly a hatful to receive. He was grateful, but his professional pride was touched. "It's all very well," he said, "but you don't call this kind of thing art, do you?" And with a rag he obliterated the masterly drawings.

One blazing August afternoon, I happened upon an elderly practitioner in the Euston Road. He had executed eight pictures, and surrounded his work with a complicated design in white chalk. He was bronzed, grizzled and very dirty, and his eyes had a weary, boiled look. He was quite approachable, however, and became cheerfully loquacious at once; but he was seated on the pavement, and I was standing up, and the noise of traffic being obtru-



sive, conversation was carried on under difficulties. How long did it take him to do these remarkably clever pictures?

"Hours," he said, aspirating the "h" strongly.

I thought there might be a professor of Pavement Art in London who took pupils, and if such a one existed, his academy would be well worth a visit; but experience, it appears, is the only school, the Art is not to be acquired under any master.

"No one taught me," said the artist proudly; "I learned myself; but it took time and patience. I've been at it over fifteen year."

"Could any one learn?—with patience of course."

He shook his head decisively.

"No, you must 'ave it in yer, or else yer never won't be no good at it. Must 'ave the 'ead for it."

"Natural talent, improved by practice."

"Ah, you've got it."

"Was it a good living?"

"Well, you see 'tis a bad time now—so many people out of town. 'Tain't much good now at any time; it's overdone like everything else. Many at it? I believe you. Why, taking London all over there must be three 'undred of 'em. It's a hard life at the best. Here you are tied, so to speak. Can't leave the place for a minute. 'Bliged to 'ave a mate and we relieve one another. My mate, mind you, can do 'em as well as I can. Turn your back for 'alf a minute, and these 'ere mischievous boys come and play old 'Arry with the pictures. No, I don't stop in one place; yesterday I was over at 'ammersmith. I don't do the same pictures over again, I do fresh ones—got any amount in my 'ead. People likes a variety, and I gives it to 'em. Yes, this dry weather's all right; but the public don't part quite so free when it's fine. You see the climate's rough on us; a shower of rain comes on, and there we are, queered; all the work wasted. And then at night, I tell you it fair goes to my 'eart to rub some of the pictures out."

"Why not do the drawings on boards and take them away with you?"

"No, no, it don't pay. I've tried it. The public likes to 'ave plenty of work for their money. A man with boards don't interest nobody. Who knows if he dror'd the pictures hisself? Besides I gets the best paying crowd while I'm at work."

"How much can you make in a day?"

That was a delicate question. It is not an easy matter to obtain accurate information as to income even from the occupiers of villa residences. The artist was but human, he was not ready with figures.

"Sometimes more, sometimes less," he said vaguely. "You'd be surprised at the number of people as will come and look, and then walk off without giving nothing. They think I do these drorings out of charity. Now, I'll tell you a joke. The other day a lady gave me—what do you think?—a farthing!" He paused as though expecting a strong expression of amazement or incredulity. "Oh, I took it," he said, with a laugh of tolerance, "but don't you think as she ought to be ashamed of 'erself?"

*Sand Art.....Thomas E. Curtis.....Strand Magazine*

It is worth a trip to America merely to see Mr. James Taylor model in sand. On the beach at Atlantic City he manipulates the dull and unadhe-

sive material, turning it into veritable gems of sculpture. Unhappily, however, the labor of this clever man is ephemeral. The waves of old ocean ruthlessly wash away the artist's handiwork. There is a touch of sentiment in it, and the many thousands who have watched the artist molding his fleeting figures within reach of the onward tide have not been less interested in the work because its life is short.

The tools with which the work is performed are two in number—a piece of wood and brains. In the centre of his circle of pleasure-seekers, the artist unassumingly collects a pile of damp sand, and, taking a small bit of wood from the beach, begins to carve his subject in the rough. If it is bas-relief, he first flattens the damp sand on one side, and then picks out his design with the sharp end of the stick. No matter what the subject, the touch of the artist is true, and the constant practice of years shows itself in the skill and rapidity with which the designs are concluded. When one is finished, no time is lost in beginning another, and thus between the tides we are likely to have made for us half a dozen sculptures, each successful, and each the cynosure of the passing throng.

One of the most interesting things about our Atlantic City artist is that he has never had training of any sort. Like many of the pavement artists in London, he fell into occupation by chance, guided to good results by an artistic instinct. But what a difference between this man and the pavement artist. The one is up to date, versatile, and always moving forward with the times. The other, with just enough ingenuity to bring him a few daily pennies, rests content with the same pictures in colored chalk from day to day until the passer-by gets weary of lighthouses, ships and moons.

*The Norwegian National Theatre.....Literature*

After many delays and difficulties, the Norwegians have at last finished and opened their National Theatre at Christiania. Seeing that the project was first mooted twenty-two years ago, and that the foundation-stone was laid twelve years ago, a warm tribute of admiration is due to their tenacity of purpose, and to the intensity of their patriotism in a branch of activity in which patriotism is usually the mark of the cultivated few. We gather that the great project has excited hardly less enthusiasm among the fishermen of the remote fiords than among the intellectual "élite" of the capital; and, indeed—seeing what a little country Norway is, and how small a capital is Christiania—it is clear that the execution of the scheme, at all events, on the present splendid scale, would hardly have been possible if the interest in it had been less widely diffused. To imagine something of a parallel case, one may try to picture the lumbermen of Maine stirred to the depths of their being by a proposal to establish a National Theatre in this country.

It is understood that the theatre is to be regarded as the outward visible sign of the final emancipation of Norwegian literature from Swedish and Danish influences. As a fact, of course, that emancipation has long been complete, and the literary leaders of Norway at the present day do not follow fashions, but set them.

## OVER THE WINE AND WALNUTS\*

**Not Old Age.**—"Weel, John, how are you to-day?" said a Scotch minister to one of his parishioners on meeting him on the road. "Gey weel, sir—gey weel," replied John, cautiously, "gin it wasna for the rheumatism in my richt leg." "Ah, weel, John, be thankful; for there is no mistake, you are getting old like the rest of us, and old age doesn't come alone." "Auld age, sir!" returned John; "I won'er to hear ye! Auld age has naething to do w't. Here's my ither leg jist as auld an' it's quite sound and soople yet."

**Friendship Insurance.**—That there may be such a thing as carrying insurance too far is indicated by the case of Mr. Mulcahy and Mr. Mulhooly, two Irish gentlemen. Though they were known to be great friends, they were one day observed to pass each other in the street without a greeting. "Why, Mulcahy," a friend asked, in astonishment, "have you and Mulhooly quarreled?" "That we have not!" said Mr. Mulcahy, with earnestness. "There seemed to be a coolness between you when you passed just now." "That's the insurance of our friendship." "I don't understand." "Whoy, thin, it's this way. Mulhooly and I are that devoted to wan another that we can't bear the idea of a quarrel, an' as we are both mighty quick-tempered, we've resolved not to sphake to wan another at all."

**The Black Children Subscribed.**—At a recent church dedication the invited preacher followed his sermon by taking subscriptions for the balance needed to pay for the building. As the subscriptions proceeded one of the collectors announced: "The five Black children, \$1.00!" This the courteous money-raiser amended by saying: "Five little colored people, \$1.00!" Amid an outburst of laughter the pastor hastily explained that the donors were white children by the name of Black.

**A Denominational Question.**—A prominent clergyman of the Episcopal Church, while traveling down in the backwoods of Maine, was obliged to spend the night at a farmhouse. In conversation with the farmer's wife, he asked: "Are there many Episcopalians about here?" She replied: "Wal, really, I dun know; the hired man killed some sort of a critter the other day out back of the barn, but I think he 'lowed 'twas a woodchuck."

**The Dunce Was Surprised.**—A good story is told of Sir Walter Scott. It seems that he was far from being a brilliant scholar, and at school he was usually at the foot of his class. After he became famous he one day dropped into the old school to pay a visit to the scene of his former woes. The teacher was anxious to make a good impression on the writer, and put the pupils through their lessons so as to show them to the best advantage. After awhile Scott said: "But which is the dunce? You have one, surely? Show him to me." The teacher

called up a poor fellow, who looked the picture of woe as he bashfully came toward the distinguished visitor. "Are you the dunce?" asked Scott. "Yes, sir," said the boy. "Well, my good fellow, here is a crown for you for keeping my place warm."

**A Painter's Jest.**—To Jan Steen, the Dutch painter, a brilliant practical joke is ascribed. Having accepted a commission from a notable burgher of Leyden to paint a mural picture representing "The Children of Israel Crossing the Red Sea," Steen, as usual, requested a considerable advance, and, as usual, disappeared to have a joyous time, his patron having also gone on a pleasure trip. Steen's return took place a day before the patron's, and the wall of the staircase had not as much as been touched. Steen simply painted it a dark red "all over." "What is this?" asked the astonished and irate merchant. "That," replied Steen, "is 'The Children of Israel Crossing the Red Sea.'" "Where are the Israelites?" was the next question. "They are over," was the answer. "Where are the Egyptians?" "They are under."

**Complimentary.**—A political candidate, on paying a second visit to the house of a doubtful voter of the peasant class, was well pleased but somewhat surprised on hearing from the elector that he would support him. "Glad to hear it," said the candidate. "I thought you were against me." "Sure, I was at first," rejoined the peasant. "When the other day ye called here and stood by that pigsty and talked for half an hour ye didn't budge me an inch. But after ye had gone away, sor, I got to thinkin' how ye'd reached yer hand over the rail and scratched the pig's back till he lay down wid the pleasure of it. I made up me mind thin that whin a man was so sociable as that wid a poor fellow-creature, I wasn't the bhoy to vote agin him."

**They Hung Him.**—One morning shortly after the trial of Rev. Prof. S— for heresy, the subject was being discussed at the breakfast table of one of his clerical friends. One of the boys asked: "Papa, what did they do with Prof. S—?" "They hung him," promptly replied the six-year-old brother. "Hung him?" said the astonished parent. "Why, Edwin, what do you mean? They did not do anything of the kind." "Well, then, papa, what did they do?" "They suspended him." "Well, that's what I said," replied the little fellow. "Doesn't suspend mean to hang?"

**A Needy Negro.**—Some time ago a relief committee was organized in a Southern city to care for a large number of colored people who were in need. An old negro who had formerly been employed by a member of the committee saw a great opportunity confronting him, and sought to take advantage of it by writing this letter to his friend: "Marse Bill—Deer Fren: I is tol' dat dey gwine 'roun' striblittin' goods ter de po'. Marse Bill, you well knows dat I de po'es' cullerd pusson dis side er Freedom. So fur, so good. Now, I wants you ter use you 'fluence

\*Compiled from Anecdote Department, Short Stories Magazine.



ter git me some what dey sribilitin'. I wants one bar'l self-risin' flour; two hams, an' a side er meat; one bar'l er pearl grits (get de right bran', Marse Bill); two gallons er maple surrup; one sack er salt; six poun's er coffee; a dollar's wuth er sugar, en, Marse Bill—ef it don't go 'gi'in dey conscience—erbout a quart er co'n licker, so's de ol' man kin git his dram!"

Shrewd Gallifet.—A good story is told in Paris of General Gallifet. The first appearance of the Waldeck-Rousseau Ministry before the Chamber of Deputies, as is well known, was the occasion of an unusually stormy session. Most of the attacks were made against the War Minister. Gallifet, who was not to speak, sat quietly on the Ministerial bench. Every now and then he inquired of a colleague the names of the most violent speakers, which he at once jotted down. "What are you doing?" one of the Ministers asked him. Just what you see," answered Gallifet; "taking these fellows' names down." "What for? To have them shot, I suppose." "No; to invite them to supper!" was Gallifet's quick reply.

Economical.—An Irishman once went into a hardware store to buy a stove. The clerk showed him some, but the Irishman was not satisfied with any of them. Then, coming to a high-priced stove, the clerk said: "Now, sir, there is a stove that will save one-half of your coal." The Irishman promptly said: "I'll take two."

Surprising.—Pat came to the dentist's with his jaw very much swollen from a tooth he desired to have pulled. But when the suffering son of Erin got into the dentist's chair and saw the gleaming pair of forceps approaching his face, he positively refused to open his mouth. The dentist quietly told his page boy to prick his patient with a pin, and when Pat opened his mouth to yell the dentist seized the tooth, and out it came. "It didn't hurt as much as you expected it would, did it?" the dentist asked, smilingly. "Well, no," replied Pat hesitatingly, as if doubting the truthfulness of his admission. "But," he added, placing his hand on the spot where the boy pricked him with the pin, "begorra, little did I think the roots would reach down like that."

Answered.—C. S. Batterman, one of the best-known mining men in the Rocky Mountain States, was on the stand as an expert in an important mining case in Nevada, and was under cross-examination by a rather young and "smart" attorney. The question related to the form that the ore was found in, generally described as "kidney lumps." "Now, Mr. Batterman," said the attorney, "how large are these lumps—you say they are oblong—are they as long as my head?" "Yes," replied Mr. Batterman, "but not as thick."

Brought in Pa's Prayers.—Once upon a time sickness came to the family of a poorly paid pastor of a rural church. It was winter, and the pastor was in financial straits. A number of his flock de-

cided to meet at his house and offer prayers for the speedy recovery of the sick ones, and for material blessings upon the pastor's family. While one of the deacons was offering a fervent prayer for blessings upon the pastor's household there was a loud knock at the door. When the door was open a stout farmer boy was seen, wrapped up comfortably. "What do you want, boy?" asked one of the elders. "I've brought pa's prayers," replied the boy. "Brought pa's prayers? What do you mean?" "Yep, brought pa's prayers; an' they're out in the wagon. Just help me, an' we'll get 'em in." Investigation disclosed the fact that "pa's prayers" consisted of potatoes, flour, bacon, corn meal, turnips, apples, warm clothing, and a lot of jellies for the sick ones. The prayer meeting adjourned in short order.

A Bismarck Anecdote.—One day a young Swede, a student at the University of Berlin, received a letter from his uncle saying that his daughter, the young man's cousin, would stop in Berlin for a few days on her way to Ems, and would he kindly meet her and show her the city. The mail coach arrived, and with it the young lady, who found a fine looking young fellow with a vivid boutonniere awaiting her arrival. He accompanied her to the hotel. The following morning he called and took her driving in an elegant brougham. These attentions continued during the three days of her visit. The lady appeared overjoyed at the gallantry of this cousin, whom she had never met before. On the day of her departure, while assisting her into the mail coach, the young man said: "I cannot let you depart without making a confession." The lady blushed and dropped her eyes. "I must tell you that I am not your cousin. Your cousin is a friend of mine. He had no time to accompany you, having to cram for his examinations, so he bade me take his place." "In Heaven's name who are you then?" cried the lady. The young man handed her his card. The postilion blew his trumpet, the mail coach rolled away, as the young lady read this name on the card, "Otto von Bismarck."

Misinterpretation of Motive.—Justice Hawkins was on one occasion presiding over a case in which the plaintiff was giving evidence against a man who had stolen a pair of trousers from his shop. "How much were the trousers?" queried Hawkins. "Well," replied the plaintiff, "it depends who wants to buy them. I sell them to one man for thirty shillings, to another for twenty-five, but you can have them for twenty-three and six." "Sir!" cried Hawkins, angrily; "I want you to tell me how much those trousers are worth." "Well," replied the plaintiff, "shall we say twenty-two shillings for you?" "Look here," thundered Hawkins, "if you do not instantly tell me what those trousers are worth I'll send you to jail for fourteen days for contempt of court." "Well, well," replied the frightened plaintiff, conciliatingly, "you may have them for a guinea. I'm giving them away; still, you may have them at that price." Even the stern aspect of Justice Hawkins could not stop the roar of laughter which broke out on hearing the reply, a roar in which Hawkins joined himself.



## IN DIALECT: SELECTIONS OF CHARACTER VERSE

*The Off Side of the Cow* ..... *Lewiston Journal*

Old Wendell Hopkins' hired man is an absent-minded chap;

He'll start for a chair and like as not set down in some one's lap.

I happened along where he stopped to bait his hosses the other day—

He'd given the hosses his luncheon pail and was trying to eat their hay.

A kind of a blame fool sort of a trick for even a hired man, But he tackled a different kind of a snag when he fooled with Matilda Ann.

When he fooled with Matilda Ann, by jinks, he got it square in the neck,

And the doctors say, though live he may, he's a total human wreck.

He's wrapped in batting and thinking now  
Of the grief in insulting a brindle cow.

Matilda Ann gives down her milk and she doesn't switch her tail,

She gives ten quarts—week in, week out, and she never kicks the pail.

She doesn't hook and she doesn't jump, but even Matilda Ann

Ain't called to stand all sorts of grief from a dern fool hired man.

And when he stubbed to the milking shed in sort of a dream and tried

To make Matilda "So" and "Whoa" while he milked on the wrong off side;

She giv' him a look to wilt his soul and pugged him once with her hoof

And I guess that at last his wits were jogged as he slammed through the lintel roof.

He's got a poultice on his brow  
Of the size of the foot of a brindle cow.

Now, study the ways of the world, my son; oh, study the ways of life!

It's the hustling chap who gets the cash or the girl he wants for a wife;

It's the feller that spots the place to grab when Chance goes swinging by,

Who gets his dab in the juiciest place and the biggest plum in the pie.

There's always a chance to milk the world; there's a teat, a pail and a stool;

There's a place for the chap with sense and grit, but a dangerous holt for a fool.

For while the feller that's up to snuff drums a merry tune in his pail

The fool sneaks up on the left-hand side and lands in the grave or in jail.

It's an awkward place, as you'll allow,  
The off-hand side of the world or a cow.

'Ceptin' Ike ..... *G. S. Langan* ..... *Overland Monthly*

Thar wuz Si, thar wuz Hi, thar wuz Alick and Dan;  
Martha, Samantha, Matildy and Fan,

Eliza, Mirandy, an' Flora, an' Belle,

An' they all got along most uncommonly well,  
'Ceptin' Ike.

Somehow or 'nother Ike never could work,

Didn't cotton to nothin' exceptin' to shirk.

All of Sprague's boys an' his gals had some spunk.

An' he bragged that none on 'em nobody could skunk,  
'Ceptin' Ike.

Thar wuz Si could split rails, an' Dan he could mow,  
Thar wuz Alick could harvest, an' Hi he could hoe;

Martha, Matildy, an' Fan, could spin yarn,  
An' every one on 'em could work round the barn,  
'Ceptin' Ike.

So old Sprague allowed how as Ike was no good,  
He couldn't fetch water, he couldn't split wood;  
He'd hide in the barn an' be readin' a book,—  
You could find all the others whenever you'd look,  
'Ceptin' Ike.

Mother Sprague she would scold, an' old Sprague he would cuss,

An' swear Ike must work, or must go an' do wuss,  
Fur he warn't goin' to harbor a book-readin' drone,  
An' to keep up the place they all had to bone,  
'Ceptin' Ike.

So Ike packed his budget an' bid 'em good-by!  
An' he started for town with a tear in his eye,—  
An' old Sprague allowed of the city he'd tire,  
As all of the family sot 'round the fire,  
'Ceptin' Ike.

Wal 't was more'n five years after Ike had lit out,  
No one ever hearn of what he wuz about.  
Some 'lowed he wuz dead, some believed him in jail;  
An' no one once doubted in all things he'd fail,  
'Ceptin' Ike.

The girls, they all married; the boys settled down,—  
Some on 'em kept farmin', an' some moved to town.  
Old Sprague an' his wife, they wuz left all alone,—  
And all of their children had homes of their own,  
'Ceptin' Ike.

One day Sprague wuz readin' about a big ball  
To welcome a Senator at the town hall;  
His name it wuz Sprague—S-P-R-A-G-U-E;  
An' he thought of all men of that name that could be,  
'Ceptin' Ike.

But he made up his mind, if it cost him a leg,  
That he'd see that great man that the papers called  
Sprague.

So he harnessed old Bess, into town he wuz whirled,  
A-thinking of all the Spragues in the world,  
'Ceptin' Ike.

An' when he meandered into the hall,  
An' saw all the big bugs dressed up for the ball,  
He crowded along this great statesman to see,—  
Old Sprague like to fainted, fur who should it be,—  
'Ceptin' Ike.

"My boy! My poor Ike!" old Sprague hollered out loud.

The Senator elbowed his way through the crowd,  
An' he hugged the old man just the minit he spoke,  
An' all the fine folks thought the thing was a joke,  
'Ceptin' Ike.

That night Ike told his old mother an' dad  
Of all the ups and downs that he'd had.  
How he worked an' bought books, how he'd study  
an' read,

An' no one once thought he would ever succeed,  
'Ceptin' Ike.

Ike's got most as fur as he ever can climb,  
He sits up in the Senate, an' draws his per diem.  
All the rest of Sprague's boys an' girls jog along,  
But none of 'em's mentioned in story or song,  
'Ceptin' Ike.

*A Ranchman's Disgust.....Denver Evening Post*

I never take the paper now, jest quit it in disgust,  
An' so swelled up with righteous rage I honest thought  
I'd bust!

I writ the editor to stop a sendin' it, or I  
Would grab a hefty club an' call to know the reason why!  
Fur nearly twenty years I've took the Jayville Serpent's  
Tooth,

An' helt it next the Bible fur a tellin' gospel truth,  
But now I'll never let my eyes rest on the thing agin,  
Fur givin' it encouragement 'd be a mortal sin!

I sot with eyes a bulgin' out a readin' of a band  
O' men in tropic jungles facin' death on every hand,  
Whar' serpents was a hiss'n' 'round, an' lions laid in wait  
To leave their bones a gleamin' in a ghastly naked state!  
An' how they fought with cannibals that hankered fur  
their meat,

Regardin' it a luxury almighty hard to beat,  
They had the thrillin' story end with information that  
They was a huntin' roots fur Dr. Skinny's Anti-Fat.

I read one orful story of a gay an' gallant knight  
That battled with a dragon in a rough-an'-tumble fight,  
The picter o' the monster with its baker's dozen heads  
Enough to skeer the sleepers of the graveyards from their  
beds.

I felt like yellin' "Glory!" when the gallant feller stood  
One foot upon the monster an' his spear all splashed with  
blood,

An' then I larnt the dragon was the fever an' the chills;  
The knight ol' Dr. Knockem's Pink Completed Quinine  
Pills.

Once I sot my wife to cryin' till I thought her heart  
would break,

An' got my own eyes leakin', an' my lips begun to shake,  
Readin' 'bout a lovely maiden tellin' all her folks good-  
bye,

An' sayin' she must leave 'em fur a mansion in the sky.  
Then a angel neighbor woman come a runnin' in an told  
Of a heavenly decoction that was wuth its weight in gold,  
An' the gal was soon as chipper as a jaybird on the wing,  
An' was singin' grateful praises of Duflicker's Liver King.

But the one that capped the climax was a sermon that I  
read

From a famous Eastern preacher, at the close of which  
he said

He was goin' to quit discoursin' of the glories up on high,  
Fur there now was no occasion fur his followers to die.  
If they'd foller the direction of O'Whacker's Anti-Death  
They would never quit a livin' from a scarcity of breath;  
Then I tore the sheet in fragments an' I stomped it on the  
floor,

An' my wife hain't yit recovered from the awful way I  
swore!

*Billy Miller's Circus-Show.....James Whitcomb Riley.....The Interior*

At Billy Miller's Circus-Show—

In their old stable where it's at—

The boys pays twenty pins to go,

An' gits their money's-worth at that!—

'Cause Billy he can climb an' chalk

His stockin'-feet an' purt'-nigh walk

A tightrope—yes, an' ef he fall

He'll ketch, an' "skin a cat"—'at's all!

He ain't afeard to swing an' hang

Ist by his legs!—an' mayby stop

An' yell "Look out!" an' nen—k-spang!—

He'll let loose, upside-down, an' drop

Wite on his hands! An' nen he'll do  
"Contortion-act"—ist limber through  
As "Injarubber Mens" 'at goes  
With shore-fer-certain circus-shows!

At Billy Miller's Circus-Show

He's got a circus-ring—an' they's

A dressin'-room,—so's he can go

An' dress an' paint up when he plays

He's somepin' else;—'cause sometimes he's

"Ringmaster"—bossin' like he please—

An' sometimes "Ephalunt"—er—"Bare

Back Rider," prancin' out o' there!

An' sometimes—an' the best of all!—

He's "The Old Clown," an' got on clo'es

All stripud,—an' white hat, all tall

An' peakud—like in shore-'nuff shows,—

An' got three-cornered red-marks, too,

On his white cheeks—ist like they do!—

An' you'd ist die, the way he sings

An' dances an' says funny things!

*The Sailor-Man.....Moir O'Neill.....Blackwood's*

Sure a terrible time I was out o' the way,

Over the sea, over the sea,

Till I come back to Ireland one sunny day,

Better for me, better for me!

The first time me foot got the feel o' the ground,

I was sthrollin' along in an Irish city

That hasn't its aquil the world around

For the air that is sweet, an' the girls that are pretty.

Light on their feet now they passed me an' sped,

Give you me word, give you me word!

Every girl had a turn o' the head

Just like a bird, just like a bird.

An' the lashes so thick round their beautiful eyes,

Shinin' to tel ye 'twas fair time o' day wi' them;

Back in me heart wit' a kind o' surprise,

I think how the Irish girls has the way wi' them!

Och, man alive; but it's little ye know

That never was there, never was there—

Look where ye like for them, long may ye go,—

What do I care? what do I care?

Plenty as blackberries where will ye find

Rare pretty girls, not by two nor by three o' them?

Only just there where they grod, d'ye mind,

Still like the blackberries, more than ye see o' them.

Long, long away, an' no matther how far

'Tis the girls that I miss, girls that I miss.

Women are roun' ye wherever ye are,

Not worth a kiss, not worth a kiss.

Over in Ireland many's the one—

Well do I know that has nothin' to say wi' them,—

Sweeter than anythin' under the sun,

Och, but the Irish girls has the way wi' them!

*No Interest in His.....Atlanta Constitution*

Thank God, I've got no riches! Jest heard a feller say

He wuz payin' thirty dollars in interest ever' day!

Now, ain't that talk amazin'? Jest think of it, to pay

That much in that ere awful uninterestin' way!

Thank God, I've got no riches; I'm of the ploddin' kind;

The patch is on my britches, but the peace is in my mind!

I'm satisfied in winter time, I has the chills in May,

But I don't pay thirty dollars out in interest ever' day!

Thank God, I'm poor and humble, an' in the lowly rank;

Ain't never scraped acquaintance with the man that runs  
the bank!

The other chap, I reckon, think's he's happy on the way;

But he's payin' thirty dollars out in interest ever' day!

## THE SKETCH BOOK: CHARACTER IN OUTLINE

*Maud*.....*Westminster Gazette*

I did not ask her to come into the garden, or even bid her see the black bat night had flown. She was not that sort of Maud. She was Maud for all that, from the basement to the attics, and for six jumpy days, during a painting and a papering, it was my nervous lot to be waited upon by her. I think if I had had occasion to speak to her of a garden at all (or there had been any garden to speak of) I should have said Go, and not Come. I can hear myself saying it: "Go into the garden, Maud, and stop there till I call you." For I own to nerves frankly, and Maud had a light heart and a heavy footfall.

Maud sang over her work, but, lowly as she was, she did not exactly sing folk-songs. She alternated "Ower lodger's such a nice young man" with "I had a good home and I left—I left, last night," and sometimes gave us "Algy." For sheer wear and tear to the nerves commend me to "Algy"! There was a fourth song, but as Maud only sang this on the day she "cleaned down" the staircase and landings, but one line of it remains to me, and as this line ran "Don't it tanta-tanta-tanta-tantalize you?" I have a suspicion that the song itself would have run "Algy" very close indeed.

Maud was very willing. She was never so happy as when there was an errand to run for somebody, and would knock at your patient door, when you had not rung, to know if there was anything she could do for you. When you did ring it was different. She was sure she had not heard you; and only fancy that! She could offer no explanation—unless (with the "inspired" look of one who had guessed a riddle)—unless she had been singing! That, of course, must have been it. She was, as she said, such a one to 'um.

I could have forgiven her 'umming.

Maud was never a bad workman. That (with my lady) I would say for Maud; for not once in those six frenzied days did I hear her complain of her tools or even approach to a quarrel with them. This, I think, must have been because Maud's tools suited Maud so exactly. Her implements, the simple domestic implements of ordinary housework, were the most resonant it had ever before been my unhappy lot to come across. The broom was all wood, and, to meet it, a room when she swept it became nothing but wainscot or skirting-board. Wood smote on wood, and, heavens, how Maud could sweep! I have said she was willing, and Maud loved her broom as she loved the state of life to which it had pleased Providence to call her. Maud's dustpan, I think, after her broom and the handles of her pails (you can get a good many cubic feet of solid sound out of the handle of a pail if you know how to set about it!) responded most readily to her appeal for resonance. Fireirons, to be sure, ran them close, as the tantalizing song ran "Algy," but the pail-handles had it, perhaps because she gave fireirons less attention. She hadn't much time of a morning, she said, to black grates. She had her breakfasts to see to.

For six hideous days I watched Maud lay a table.

Thereto the tray had to be conveyed from the door as if another step or moment would see it dropped of the sheer weight of it! Upon the table, once there, it had to be let down to safety with a crash that set all it held dancing, to say nothing of you in your chair. Then did the loud timbrels sound! Then did the fun begin. Then did Maud whisk right and left. I grow dizzy to think of it, faint and turn pale. One thing more disintegrating I can think of, and that is Maud "washing up." But I had the rooms known as "drawing-rooms," and was spared the sounds of the scullery.

Maud was one of Nature's Gentlewomen.

Maud was so rough that I am sure she must have been a diamond.

I am glad to have known Maud.

*A Home Coming*.....*Kennedy King*.....*London Speaker*

It was gloaming when Janet Goudie crept to the white gate leading to her father's farm. On the ridge between her and the west she saw the two long shafts of a tilted roller standing up dark, gaunt. The sight made her suddenly afraid. She thought of her father. Was it he who had been working with the roller—who had left it there an hour since? She paused with a beating heart.

After a little she opened the gate and slipped quietly through, holding it carefully in her hand as she turned to fasten it. She remembered how it always swung to the post with a clap, and, though she was far from the house, she shrank from making a noise. Then she turned and walked up the long hilly road.

When she came out upon the bare uplands they were flooded with uncanny light. It dazzled Janet so that she could scarcely see the house lying straight before her. Her whole body felt how visible to the farm-folk it must be, coming on illumined in the yellow glare. She cowered so closely to the stunted hedge that the straggling brambles tugged at her. A burst of terrible splendor came athwart the world, an awful dying gloom. Far and wide flamed the red and silent moors like altars lighted for the end of time. Janet crept on, feeling mean and little in the great desolation.

At last she stood within the long shadow that was cast toward her by the house. So dark and silent were the buildings that her heart stopped beating with a sudden dread. But presently a familiar sound fell on her ear, and she breathed with relief on looking round. Over in the little croft the ducks were waddling home, late as usual, and clattering away to themselves. When the drake stood up and flapped his wings the white round of his breast shone vividly.

The farm road led to the square close at the back of the dwelling house—the front was to the sunset. Janet stole to the corner of the barn and peered down through the shadows to the kitchen door. She was shaking with fear. Her father had threatened that if ever she came back he would hound the dog at her. She hoped it would not be a new dog. Bauldy, she knew, would not bite her. The tall white wooden pump glimmered like a ghost in



the gloom. She remembered every feature of the place as if it was yesterday she went away. Yet she felt she was looking at it athwart an Eternity. The double feeling of familiarity and strangeness made her conscious of her physical abasement; everything at home was the same—it was she who was different, different.

A stall-tied cow lowed loudly in the empty byre, and the mournful sound was echoed by the gaunt buildings. Janet shivered and drew her poor shawl about her shoulders. At last she ventured out, creeping down the close on her tip-toes, tremblingly. When she reached the step of the back door, she stood and listened for a sound within. The house was silent as death.

Twice she raised her hand to knock, and twice she let it fall in cowardice. Then self-pity came over her with a burst in the throat, and her lips whispered in dull repetition: "Oh, it's a pity o' me; it's a pity o' me! My God! ay; it's a geyan pity o' me!" She knocked faintly. There was no response. As she craned to listen she heard the old-fashioned kitchen clock tick with a dreary loudness.

She knocked again. The scrunt of a chair being pushed backward on the stone floor made the blood prick her veins suddenly. A silence followed, and then the shuffle of slippered feet, coming slowly. Would it be her father? And would he curse her? Her tongue was dry in her mouth and her limbs shook.

A bolt clanked to the wall; the door creaked on its hinges; and somebody peered out at her, hand over eyebrows.

"It's you!" said her mother at last.

The woman stared at her daughter for a while, and then turned away without a word, leaving the door open behind her. Janet followed to the kitchen with a timorous foot that was ready to start backward. But she saw that her father was not in the kitchen.

There was a strange stillness. The rich light came streaming through the bare window and fell full upon the dresser. The dishes shone weirdly against it. There, on its old hook, Janet's mug was still hanging, her name on it in bright gilt lettering. With a sudden stab of memory she thought of the night her father had brought it home to her from the winter fair at Carbie, coming in from the wonderful darkness, with snowflakes on his coat, to his little girl by the great fire—how blithe had been his dark eye, how cheery and red the middle of his cheek. She could still feel his finger rough and cold beneath her chin, and the benediction of his eyes looking down at her. But now—ah, Christ!

Mrs. Goudie had put away in the window-sill her great Bible, and her heavy white-rimmed spectacles a-top of it. Janet was still standing.

"Sit down," said her mother carelessly.

Janet sat down on the edge of a chair close to the door. Rab, the cat she had reared, was sitting near her in a blank band of sunshine lying athwart the flags, his legs propped in front of him like two furry little pillars, his gray-golden slits of eyes fixed on the window. Janet, feeling the constraint of the silence, put out her hand; and, not daring to speak aloud, said, "Rab!" in a choking whisper. Rab turned and looked at her carelessly through

his half-shut eyes; then he rose and walked, with lazy stretchings of the hind legs, away over to the hearth. There he sat down and stared up at a blue wisp of flame blinking in the grate. The monotonous tick of the clock was the only sound in the wide kitchen.

Mrs. Goudie stood with her hand on the back of a chair. At first her eyes gazed before her with the wide look of a proud anger; and her mouth was hard. The glow fell upon her withered face and revealed its dark and stern nobility. Presently her eyes narrowed and went far away, and she seemed to be musing. Then a strange smile, that was not pleasant to look at, appeared about the corners of her mouth. But she did not speak.

The light became more unearthly.

"I declare," said Mrs. Goudie suddenly, with a false shrillness of voice that made Janet wince; "I declare, it's like the Day o' Judgment, this." The smile never left her lip.

Again was appalling silence. The clock seemed to be ticking more and more loudly. As Janet listened to its slow metallic beat her heart sank lower in her breast. Where could her father be? He was so seldom out of the kitchen at the gloaming. She turned her head to see what o'clock it was. The old yellow dial was shining with eerie vividness.

All this time her mother had given no sign either of pity or resentment. But:

"Well!" she said at last—always with that ironic edge on her voice; "well! we had better gang butt the hoose, d'ye no' think?"

Janet rose passively, without speaking. Now that her ordeal had come she was too feeble to be sharply afraid; she felt herself borne onward like a creature in the clutch of fate. She was going to meet her father! A bare lobby with whitewashed walls ran from the front door between the kitchen and the parlor. A shaft of yellow light struck in through an oblong slit of glass above the door, falling straight upon a row of pegs. On one of these was the farmer's everyday hat, a square hard felt, green-gilt at the sides with age. The level rays revealed a thick coating of dust on it.

The mother opened the room door, which fell to the right; and then stopped, speaking over her shoulder:

"We've made changes here," she said, shrilly, as if showing alterations to a stranger. She pointed to a bed the curtained head of which was close to the door on the left. Janet had begun to tremble violently.

She followed her mother into the room. At first she could see nothing because of the invading glory.

"There's your fether!" said Mrs. Goudie.

Janet turned her eyes from the light, and there lay her father in his shroud beneath the full glow of sunset.

The clock ticked loudly in the kitchen.

A fringe of sandy whisker stuck out from the tight jaw-bandage. There were vivid hairs in it, redly gleaming.

Janet's knees were water below her. She sank by the bed.

"Fether!" she panted with open mouth and un-

strung lips, "Fether!"—and then with a shrill scream of anguish, "Oh, God! my fether! my fether! my fether!"

"A-hey," said her mother, "that's what ye brocht your fether till!" On an April morning three-and-twenty years ago this woman had felt a thousand pulses leap and throb within her when a feeble little cry told that from her body a living soul had come into the world—oh, mystic wonder!—a new-born soul, and from her body, and the child of the man she loved! But that child had broken the heart of the man she loved—and she was merciless.

Suddenly a blatant low from the great empty byre echoed through the silence, hollowly. And again there was silence.

The sombre radiance deepened in the room. The brass knobs at the head of the bed gleamed mournfully.

"Speak to me, fether," whispered Janet; "speak to me, fether; speak to me!"

But he lay with closed eyes in the lonely light, and it seemed to Janet that his shut lips smiled—smiled with the quiet irony of the dead, who know the secrets of all things, and will tell us nothing.

*The Lesson of the Laundry.....Barry Pain.....Black and White*

Visiting Teacher—To-day we are going to talk a little about laundries. Now, if you were going to start a laundry, what do you think you would require, Lionel?

Child—I suppose soap, starch, water, a piece of string to hang the clothes out to dry on, and some baskets and a donkey cart for their collection and delivery.

Teacher—I see that, like most children, you mention only what is simple and concrete. But in the case of the laundryman it is far more necessary that he should have a sense of humor, a practical monopoly in the neighborhood, an arrangement with the linen manufacturers, and a certain moral obtuseness, besides one or two other things which I shall mention. Soap, which you named first, is the least essential. Its place can be taken by chemicals which save time and labor, and by rotting fabrics add to the laundryman's commission from the manufacturer.

Child—I do not see how a sense of humor is of use in a laundry.

Teacher—I will explain. You know what soft-fronted shirts are?

Child—Yes, my eldest brother, Reginald, wears them.

Teacher—And are they really soft fronted?

Child—Only when they are quite new. Then he pins a piece of paper to the front and writes on it: "Don't starch this."

Teacher—And when it returns from the laundry is it soft?

Child—It is as hard as a brick.

Teacher—And does that always happen?

Child—Always. But sometimes only that part of the front is starched where the buttons and button-holes come.

Teacher—What is the effect of that?

Child—It is very difficult to button the shirt, and frequently the buttons come off. If it is put on and buttoned, owing to the starched central ridge, the

general appearance is rather that of a rock bound coast than of a soft-fronted shirt. And Reginald says he'll be—

Teacher—Never mind what he says. Does he change his laundry?

Child—He cannot, because there is only one convenient in the neighborhood.

Teacher—Now, you see two things—why the laundryman should have a sense of humor, and why he should have a monopoly. It may be said, rightly, that the humor is attenuated, or otherwise the joke would not be so frequently repeated at your brother's expense; but it must exist, or the joke would never have been made. I must also add that the monopoly, though desirable, is not absolutely essential. For in a neighborhood where there are two laundries—A and B—what A loses by a transfer of custom from himself to B he will probably regain by a similar transfer from B to A. Now, with regard to the arrangement with linen manufacturers, and I might have added button manufacturers, this is carried out by a fringer.

Child—What is a fringer?

Teacher—A machine, worked by steam power, essential to the laundryman. It is provided with sharp steel claws, and is used to produce an irregular fringe on the anterior edge of shirt cuffs, and also on the ventral and dorsal edges of the front.

Child—But do people want a fringe there?

Teacher—By no means; neither do they want their soft-fronted shirts spoiled, nor their buttons broken by a steam stamper, nor their handkerchiefs starched. But it is the art of the laundryman to make people pay for what they want and accept in return what they most desire to avoid.

Child—Now I think I understand what you meant when you said that the laundryman should possess a certain amount of moral obtuseness. But I have frequently heard it said that cleanliness is next to godliness.

Teacher—If so, in the case of the laundry, it is an extremely poor second. But, then, cleanliness is a vague term. The laundryman may consider that a dress shirt has been properly washed, when your brother Reginald or your father would think differently.

Child—Yes; that often happens. Papa says it's a damfunny thing he never gets more than one shirt in six fit to—

Teacher—Quite so. But with reference to moral obtuseness all has not been said. The amount of articles which the laundryman will lose, denying your accuracy and the receipt of those articles, varies in proportion to his moral obtuseness rather than to his negligence.

Child—It seems to me that, on the whole, this laundryman is a very fine fellow. He is a god, making a mark of mankind, fooling the men in every way, and growing fat upon their offerings. But what would happen if I went into the laundry business, with my childlike honesty and innocence still unstained with a full knowledge of the practical side, and with a hatred of anything in the nature of a joke?

Teacher—You would soon acquire a large business and a large fortune. Having acquired the fortune you would turn yourself into a limited com-

pany, and afterward your laundry would live on its reputation until the reputation was gone.

Child—Shall I, then, become a laundryman?

Teacher—That, my dear Lionel, must be a matter for consideration; you are still young, and your papa may have other views for you. And now I must say good-by.

*A Bone of Contention.....L. C. P. Scribner.....New York Evening Post*

My attention was attracted by sounds of a fierce altercation going on in the kitchen. I heard Harriet say, in a tone that I knew from personal experience meant total loss of temper, "Naw, naw, man; dat old soupbone don't belongs in dis here house; en my ladies ain't bin near no market dis day. Gawd knows you ain't know what ladies is, I reckon. We-all's ladies is old time ladies; en dey has folks ter 'tend ter de marketin'!"

The reply was inaudible. Harriet's voice rose again in sharp and angry tones. "Nigger, ain't you gwine teck dat bone away fum here, en hish a sayen we-all's done ordereit it? You say my ladies done bin ter yo' little old sto', en fuss kase you ain't binn en sont dat 'ar old piece er nothin' up befo' now? What we want wid dat bone? Answer me dat ef you kin! What dat you say? Ax de lady? Huc-come I gwine ax de lady? Don't I know what's got ter git cooked in dis kitchen? Ef I don't know, den 'taint nobody what does."

Again the truth of the saying "Even a worm will turn" was exemplified. A violent thump on the table; and the owner of the voice that had hitherto been inaudible, shouted: "Lawd, old 'ooman, I reckon you is kinder cracked en ain't got good sense. I ain't got time to argiefy wid you no longer. Dar's de soup-bone on de table, en I done brung it whar dey told me!"

The door was slammed, but was evidently opened again by Harriet, determined to snatch the precious last word from what seemed a total defeat. "Trash what totes marketin' ain't never had no sense nor manners" (sententiously and with conviction). Then in a lusty shout—"Aw, nigger! Sto' nigger what brings dat bone, ef you don't come here en git dat bone, I gwine fling it ter de dorg!"

The door was closed, and presently Harriet's voice rose in a crooning song. Evidently the matter had come to a termination, and judging by Harriet's singing, she was at peace with the world:

"Done work all day in de br'iling sun;  
Lord Jesus call me home.  
De sun gone down, my work am done;  
Lord Jesus call me home."

That night at dinner my eyes were greeted by the sight of soup, something for which I was quite certain I had made no arrangements.

After dinner I sent for Harriet. Her face was beaming with satisfaction, and her very plump figure shaking with laughter to such an extent that I feared her purple and red calico waist would hardly be able to stand much more.

"Miss Sally, honey, you is gwine ax me 'bout dat soup, ain't you? I knowed it! Well, dat idiotic nigger what totes marketin' fer Mr. Banks done bring it here; en I just 'suade en 'suade, en beg en 'plore him ter teck it back. But he was 'jes es sassy ter me, en say he ain't gwine ter do it. So I tole

him ef he persist, en left de bones, I's bound I gwine fling um ter de dorg. I know ed dey warn't fer here; en in a little while here he come back a-sniggling en a giggling, en say he reckon de gentiman at de sto' done made de mistake. But, Miss Sally, he ain't took offen his hat en 'pollygize ter me; so I jes' tole him ter go 'long, de dorg, done et dem bones too long ago! De soup, Miss Sally? I done tole you 'bout de soup. You knows I tries my bes' ter do my bes'. 'Cose I ain't gwine give dem good soup bones back ter dat impident en scandalouvious nigger; but same time I ain't agwine to wastful trow um to de dorg."

*Uncle Eben's Fable.....Washington Star*

"Is you still gwine to school, sonny?" asked Uncle Eben of the tall, lank, yellow boy with spectacles.

"Yes, indeed."

"I s'pose you knows mo' now dan yo' uncle does."

"About seven or eight times as much."

The reply nettled the old man.

"Go on, sonny," said he. "Git all de learnin' you can. But you wants ter be kyahful 'bout one t'ing. You doesn't want er git mo' knowledge dan you has intelligence ter manage. You wants ter 'member 'bout de educated rag-a-tag."

"What's that?"

"Da's a monkey."

"You mean 'orang-outang.'"

"Da's what I says—a rag-a-tag. He had hahd times after he done got educated an' went back ter live wif de res' o' de rag-a-tags."

"I don't know that I ever heard about him."

"Co'se you nebber. I was jes' gwineter tell yer. He lef' home an' went 'way up yon whah it's cold, to git educated. He had oatmeal mush foh breakfast an' pie and milk foh dinner, an' when he got back home he warn' used ter rag-a-tag ways, whatsoever. While he was learnin' one t'ing an' nuthuh, he come across a lesson 'bout nuts, an' de book say a nut is round, an' hahd on de inside an' sweet in de kernel. He learnt it by haht, an' laid it up in his mind. By an' by he went back home; an' his family moved into a part o' de country whah all der trees was diff'unt f'um what dey was used to. An' when dey all climb a tree to git supper he looked aroun' an' he says:

"'What we gwineter eat?' C'ase it were a Brazil nut tree, an' he never seen no Brazil nut befo'. De father rag-a-tag, he say, 'We gwineter eat some er dese nuts.' 'Dem ain' nuts,' says de young man rag-a-tag. 'Nuts is round, an' hahd in de shell, an' sweet in de kernel. You better look out whut you go eatin'. I wouldn't touch 'em. Dese ain't round. Dese is triangular.' An' de yuthuh folks dey says dat anybody dat kin use big words sech as 'triangular' mus' be mighty smaht. So dey wouldn't eat 'em. An' dey went wifout breakfast an' dinner an' supper de nex' day an' de nex' day an' de nex', an' den dey was so hongry dey 'low dey was gwineter take chances an' eat 'em, triangular an' all. An' dem Brazil nuts was fine, an' aftuh dat dey didn't pay no 'tention whatebber ter de young man rag-a-tag, but made him carry water an' cut stove wood an' rock de baby."



## SOCIOLOGIC QUESTIONS OF THE TIMES

*The Criminal Appearance.....London Speaker*

There are, as a fact, two main classes of physiognomy to be found amongst criminals, and, in the ordinary way, two only; to one or other of these orders every criminal belongs, conforming more or less closely to the standard type. Both of these classes are stamped with many of the same characteristics, both are cast in the same general mould, though in the subsequent finishing of detail they have been modeled on vastly different lines. So that whilst there is a general superficial resemblance of the one to the other, they are found on close examination to be, in detail, as far apart as the poles. Perhaps our meaning would be more accurately explained by reversing the metaphor and saying that the types of the two classes have been cast in exactly opposite kinds of moulds, but that the action of the criminal life has worn both down to a dead level of sameness, so that at first sight the great divergence between them is not readily apparent, though the real contrast between them is quite startling on a closer examination.

The criminal head is one of two extremes, either very large or very small, hardly ever normal. In the same way with his whole appearance, individually, he belongs to one or other of two extreme types; his neck is either very short and thick, or very long and thin; his forehead very low, narrow, and receding, or very square and protruding; his lips very thin and compressed, or very thick and flabby; his hands very small and delicate, or very large and coarse; his nose very high and narrow, or very squat and broad; his eyes very small, sunk and beady, or very aggressive and staring. In fact, his every feature is abnormally exaggerated in one direction or minimized in the other. Of either class all the members are extraordinarily alike, whilst in both classes one finds something which is not exactly the expression, is not a definable characteristic, but rather a general air or appearance which at once marks out the convict as not as other men are. The expression in the one order may be servile and cringing, in the other bold and aggressive; the characteristic of the one may be brutality and of the other cowardice, but in both and in every member of both is the same forbidding aspect, which causes the child to cry or the dog to snarl at the sight of the law-breaker, whilst the grown man, his finer susceptibilities and instincts blunted by the stress of life amongst his fellow men, feels a sense of distrust and repulsion.

The explanation of these two classes of convict appearances is not far to seek. All kinds of crime may be divided into two orders, the crime of brutality and the crime of meanness, the offence against the person and the offence against property; the murder, assault, rape on the one hand; the theft and swindle on the other. Hence it is that the face of the criminal, his expression, his whole bearing denote either fierce brutality—the savage in his nature rising uppermost—or else sneaking cowardice—the animal cunning in him triumphing over all other instincts.

Some criminals, of course, belong in part to both classes, form, as it were, the connecting links be-

tween them. Such are the robbers with violence, or the homicidal housebreakers.

When one comes to examine the two classes, one finds, to treat of some of the features in detail, that the mouth and chin, the eyes and forehead, show the greatest distinction. The murderer, for instance, is frequently underhung, as was Charles Peace. In criminals of the brutal order the jaw is generally massive; the mouth thick lipped and protruding; the eyes are bold and passionate, frequently of a reddish tinge with bloodshot whites; the eyebrows are heavy, overhanging and straight, usually meeting to form one line; the forehead is square and lumpy. Other signs of the brutality class of crime are the flat, square-shaped head, the small projecting and frequently hairy ears, the short bull-neck, the coarse gnarled hands, the squab nose; convicts of this kind will often be found to have some deformity physically, and to be a hairy, much-blemished race. In the thief, on the other hand, one finds small shifty eyes, shaded by light-colored lashes and sparse irregular eye-brows, usually tending upwards at the outer corners or else very arched and afflicted with a nervous twitch; the lips as a rule are thin and bloodless, the chin receding, the forehead smooth and sloping. The head of this class is generally high and pointed, the ears flat to the head and badly modeled. The hands are soft and small, the nose very frequently straight and regular, though often it rises to a high ridge just below the bridge, and is so constricted as to give the appearance—so favorite with lady novelists—of the eyes being close together. The breadth across the frontal bone is, in fact, usually less than normal.

To quote Hepworth Dixon: "A handsome face is a thing rarely seen in a prison." "Beautiful faces," says another expert, "are rarely found in criminals." If one thinks of those who have been convicted during the last ten years one can recall few instances of notorious prisoners with any claim to good looks. Mrs. Maybrick and Mrs. Osborne form exceptions, but no others rise to the mind. The fact is that to respectable members of society there is something repulsive about the appearance of those capable of real crime, an instinctive antipathy to those signs of baseness which are unfailingly written on the countenance. How truly this aversion is instinctive is clearly shown by the fact already alluded to, that it is most readily experienced by young children and the more intelligent section of the animal world. Hundreds of instances are recorded of experiments in which children on being shown a number of photographs, amongst which is one of a criminal, have expressed their horror and dislike of "The Naughty Man," whilst they have been amused or attracted by the other portraits. One curious fact about this criminal aspect is worthy of record—the morbid fascination it appears to exercise on some women. Almost every notorious criminal has, in his own walk of life, been a most successful lady-killer; bigamy is a constant companion of the more brutal forms of crime; and there are scores of instances of criminals, with no particular claim to good looks or pleasing manners, who have been able, by a strange power of fascina-

tion, to enslave the affections and imaginations of large numbers of perfectly innocent and healthy-minded girls with good prospects in life. The explanation of this indisputable fact involves a consideration of more than one complex psychological problem quite unconnected from the criminal appearance; but it is interesting to notice, none the less. The criminal appearance is, beyond a doubt, a well-defined reality, easily recognizable by the experienced eye and rarely pleasing to the healthy mind.

*Some Economic Aspects of the Liquor Problem....H. W. Farnam....Atlantic*

All employers of labor have a direct concern in the soberness of their employees; and in certain enterprises, in which the disasters due to negligence may be great, such as railroad and steamboat transportation and many manufactures, this interest has already led them to exercise a strong pressure in favor of sobriety among those who work for them. The investigation made by the Department of Labor into this matter is most suggestive. Circulars were addressed by it to large employers of labor throughout the country. Many circulars, as usually happens, were unanswered; but over 7,000 establishments, employing 1,700,000 persons, took the trouble to reply. In transportation lines alone 713 employers replied, representing 458,000 employees. Of those who answered the specific inquiry regarding liquor, 5,363 reported that means were taken to ascertain the habits of employees, and 1,794 stated that they prohibited, either in whole or in part, the use of intoxicating drinks by their employees. In very few of these cases did the motive of philanthropy or public spirit seem to count for much. Sobriety was insisted upon from motives of pure self-interest. Of those who restricted their employees, only 28 gave as their reason, "to make good example for their employees"; 2, "to guard against temptation"; and 2, "for the good of employees." In the large majority of cases, the object was either to prevent accident, or to secure better work, closer economy, or stricter accountability in positions of trust. The increasing refinement and precision of machinery, the higher speed at which it is run, the greater intensity with which people work, the immense responsibility often placed upon a single man, render a clear head and steady nerves an absolute necessity in many trades, and their number is constantly increasing. In the employers of labor, therefore, the advocates of temperance find another powerful economic interest which can be enlisted on their side.

*Millionaire Socialists.....Arthur Henry.....Ainslee's Magazine*

Some months ago a banquet of the "Get Together Club" was held in Brooklyn. This club is composed of many of the prominent manufacturers, merchants and professional men of Greater New York. The evening was spent in the discussion of the relations which should exist between employer and employee, and the socialism preached in those four hours, and the actual conditions revealed would have appalled Herr Most. It is no longer necessary to insist on a more equal division of the profits of labor. While the agitator is still gesticulating on his street corner, and the sage of the library is contemplating the downfall of another Rome, the prac-

tical, successful men of affairs, busy with the problems of great industries, are converting their ideals into living realities, and preparing the way for yet a mightier change. There were no theories advanced at this banquet of the "Get Together Club," but existing facts were revealed. Mr. Lever, many times a millionaire, president of the Sunlight Soap Company, of Port Sunlight, England, was the guest of honor.

Port Sunlight has been made by the company of which Mr. Lever is the head, into a great park, in which the most picturesque and beautiful homes are built and rented to the employees, at ordinary tenement house rates. Mr. Lever explained briefly that the company had originally given the employees an addition to their wages during seasons of increased prosperity, but, finding that this only operated to make them discontented when, through times of depression, the increase was withheld, it was evident some other method must be found of recognizing worthy labor.

"We found," said he, "that when the dull times came, the factory people had nothing to show for the bonus prosperity had brought them, but larger requirements which, when the means for meeting them were shut off, became the cause of discontent. Our desire to be liberal and just to them proved, therefore, a hardship as frequently as a blessing. And I think they had some cause for complaint, for it was through no fault of theirs that business was less profitable at times. How were they to know but that they were suffering loss through the bad management of their employers? We abandoned the old illogical and haphazard method, therefore, and when good times smiled upon us, we took a portion of our profits and put it into beautiful grounds and comfortable homes for our people. Now, the benefits of fortune remain with us through good and bad times alike, and there is no complaining."

Mr. Lever was followed in the discussion by Horace Fletcher, who, in the absence of John H. Patterson, described the system in operation at the factory of the National Cash Register Company in Dayton, Ohio.

John H. Patterson is not a theorist. He has converted a hideous and grimy factory into a house beautiful. He has made it the centre and source of a happy and progressive life, because he found that every dollar expended for the lasting benefit of his employees paid from a practical business standpoint. The company of which he is president employs 1,600 people, and pays \$1,000,000 a year in wages. Two and one-half per cent. of the payroll, or \$25,000 spent in common under the direction of the organizations formed by the employees, and in the development of ideas and suggestions of their own, has, through good business management, converted the site of the factory into an ideal community. It has furnished the best manual training and cooking schools, kindergartens, comforts and even luxuries for the factory, turned the neighborhood into a great garden and provided a thousand means of pleasure, education and social improvement.

One of the best-known manufacturers in this country is N. O. Nelson, of St. Louis, Missouri. There is no more successful or better-credited man



in business than he, and yet he is a most pronounced socialist. Mr. Nelson said: "After having had profit-sharing in use for four years, I concluded that decent and co-operative home surroundings were even more important than increased income. I secured a tract of 125 acres of well-situated land about eighteen miles from St. Louis, adjoining the well-to-do county town of Edwardsville, Ill. Here we built a number of factories and removed the main portion of our machinery and force from St. Louis. We platted a portion of the land park-fashion, set out trees, made sidewalks and streets, built homes and public conveniences. The homes are intended for private ownership to be paid for in installments about equal to city rents. A number are already paid for. We built a greenhouse to supply flowers, we have a gardener for the public grounds and for instruction. There is a kindergarten and primary school, a library, a billiard room and bowling alley, and a baseball campus. Every house has water and electric lights supplied by our own works. In the winter we have lectures once or twice a month, and literary, musical and social gatherings, in a hall with seating capacity of 450. From our library we send out book-boxes to reading clubs in different states. No charge is made for any of these public utilities—it comes out of the common earnings. We have aimed at a working community possessing the freedom and roominess of the country with all reasonable city conveniences. We have no municipal organization, no boss and no saloon. We aim at industrial education on the plan of Hampton and Tuskegee."

Sam Jones, Mayor of Toledo, now running on an Independent ticket for Governor of Ohio, became a socialist after he had made a fortune. We give his conception of a government: "My conception of a scientific form of government, or rather ideal government, I find in the well-regulated, loving family, where the strongest is always ready to help the weakest. The first steps toward its attainment were taken centuries ago. That man has made great progress in that direction, is shown by the fact that we have passed from savagery to slavery, from slavery to competition, and we are now going from competition to co-operation; the next step will be from co-operation to the realization of brotherhood in government."

"In reply to the question, 'Why don't you sell all you have and give to the poor?' I answer because I am not Christian as Jesus was. I am only apologetically Christian. I can see there would be no difficulty in practicing the Golden Rule, or living according to the Sermon on the Mount, if I were ready to do it entirely. The command of Jesus to the young man was very direct: 'Go sell and give,' but, like all worshippers of Mammon, I soothe my conscience with honeyed words, and try to believe that I can 'do so much good' with private property, that I know, in reality, is the fruit of other people's toil. Right or wrong, it seems to me that the best way that I, as an employer, can serve in bringing about industrial freedom and in developing the new right, the right to work, is to employ men under the very best conditions that I can provide; break down the hollow and foolish social distinctions that exist, in many cases, between employer and employed, pay

a little better wages, have shorter hours, and thus raise the standard a little, and gradually lead to a larger recognition of social obligation."

Although there are many who doubt his sincerity, I believe, after three years of intimate acquaintance with Mayor Jones, that the rapidity with which his wealth increases, and his inability to use it for the real benefit of either himself or mankind, is a constant and deep distress to him.

He said to me one day: "My bookkeeper has explained the difficulty. A friend of mine has one reply to make to me whenever I mention the injustice in the system that gives me a fortune when others who are willing to work have nothing. 'If you don't want your money,' he says, 'why don't you give it away?' He was in my office to-day when I opened a letter from Mr. Nelson. Nelson wrote among other things that the conviction was rapidly growing among men of large fortunes that it was not so desirable to have more than your neighbors, and that the real joy in effort, after all, comes not in what you get, but in what you accomplish, and the respect accorded you by your fellows. I read this to my friend, and he said, 'If he don't want his money why don't he give it away?' I was dumb as usual after this very sensible remark, but my bookkeeper said, dryly, 'He don't give it away, because if he did, Hanna would get it.' Now that is the real reason why a man who don't believe in accumulating private fortunes is obliged to remain a millionaire in case he gets the million. If he were to give it away while the system under which he is able to secure it remains in operation, it will only eventually go to some other individual who is a little shrewder than his fellows."

*The Tread-Wheel.....George Griffith.....Pearson's Magazine*

That form of punishment known as the tread-wheel is still in vogue at many English prisons, among them Her Majesty's Prison, Kingston, near Portsmouth. Within the walls is a little building, built of blue-gray Devon stone, standing somewhat apart from the main structure in a corner of the exercise-ground and prison garden. On the chocolate-colored door are painted in white letters the two words "Wheel House." As the door opens, the dull, grinding sound that we heard outside grows a little louder and clearer. The door closes behind us with the inevitable clash and click of the returning bolt. The house is an apartment some thirty feet long and fifteen wide. On the left-hand side are the wheels, four of them, in two tiers divided by a galley running the whole length of the house and communicating with the floor by a staircase at the opposite end. On the left-hand side there is another lower and shorter gallery, on which stands the warder in charge. The wheels are separated by a section of brick wall.

Each wheel is divided into compartments cutting off each prisoner from the other. The object of this is to prevent the prisoners from seeing and hearing each other, although I have heard, from casual acquaintances who have "been there," that conversation in a low voice, pitched in a different key to that of "the music of the wheel," is perfectly easy and intelligible, and that new-comers who understand the trick can in a very short time send the latest



news of the outside world all through the prison while climbing up "the endless staircase."

At the farther end of the house from the door there is a gong fixed against the wall, and near this is a brass disk swung like the pendulum of a clock. Every fifteen minutes this swings back and strikes the bell. Then you hear the officer in charge sing out something like this: "A4, B3, C2, D1." And as each letter and number is called out, a prisoner steps from the wheel on to the stilt-like steps behind his compartment and goes thankfully to take his place on the seat which at the same moment is vacated by another man whose turn to take another climb has come. The regulations prescribe fifteen minutes on the wheel and five minutes off.

Not the least interesting feature of this depressing house of the everlasting stairs is the difference between the way in which the work is tackled by the old hands and the new ones. Just opposite to the gallery on which we were standing was a compartment occupied by a cleanly built young fellow of about twenty-two. Saving for the monotony of the exercise, the wheel apparently troubled him very little. As each step of the staircase came under the edge of the wooden partition on which the hand-bars are fixed, his foot slipped up on to it and rested there with no apparent effort till it was time to move it up again. On either side of him were men pretty nearly twice his weight and half as big again, who were laboring at the same work in a style that made one's knees and thighs ache to look at them. They were making the mistake of putting their feet on too late. The result was that they were no sooner on than they had to be off again, for the tread-wheel has a way of its own with laggards. If the foot remains an instant too long on the step it moves away from under it; so it slips off, and the next step scrapes the ankle and instep in no gentle fashion. The resulting attitude is undignified even for a felon, added to which the officer in charge would probably have something exceedingly unpleasant to say on the subject.

The difference in the amount of labor done in the same time was very noticeable when the periods of rest came round. The young old-hand stepped down cool and calm and looked about him with a smiling air of superiority, with the air, in short, of a man who knows his work and can do it with the least possible effort. The new hands, possessing twice his strength, climbed bunglingly down, limped toward the seats of rest, and sat gasping and sweating, elbows on knees, and head hanging forward between their hands—from which it follows that even on the tread-wheel there is scope for practiced skill and natural aptitude.

The energy spent in the forced labor of the tread-wheel—tread-mill, by the way, is quite incorrect—is not wasted at Kingston. The wheel is geared on to mill-stones which grind corn into flour supplied to several prisons. With its full complement the wheel accommodates forty men, but as there are often a less number on it the difficulty of turning it is regulated by increasing or diminishing the supply of grain. The thin stream of flour falling from the hopper into the sack struck me, after what I had just seen in the wheel house, as the ground-out quintessence of crime and misery, well fitted to be

made into the "Bread of Sorrow" mingled, of course, with the "Waters of Affliction."

*Hull-House, Chicago.....A. P. Stevens.....Self-Culture*

The growth of the Hull-House settlement has been as quiet as was its birth. Nothing is undertaken before the need of it arises; nothing is made permanently a part of the work until its usefulness has been tested. The first residents made friends with the children, and through them with the mothers. A story-hour for the little ones, a few afternoon teas, an evening class or two, a widening circle of acquaintances, the making of a few friends, would have been the record of the first few weeks.

There are now forty-seven evening classes meeting at the House weekly, twenty-five evening clubs for adults, seventeen afternoon clubs for children, the Hull-House Music School, a choral society for adults, a children's chorus, a children's sewing school, a training school for kindergartners, a trades union for young women.

In daily use are the nursery, the kindergarten, the playground, the penny provident bank, an employment bureau, a sub-station of the Chicago post-office. A trained nurse reports to the house every morning and noon, to take charge of the sick-calls for the neighborhood; a kindergartner visits daily sick and crippled children. The coffeehouse serves an average of 250 meals daily, and furnishes noon-day lunches to a number of women's clubs; soups and broths and wholesome food are bought by neighbors from its kitchen, and bread from its bakery, adorned with the label of the bakers' unions, goes out to the Lewis Institute, to grocery stores, to neighbors' tables.

Sunday afternoon concerts and Sunday evening lectures are given in the gymnasium from September to June. The holiday season has its own round of festivities; receptions, mothers' meetings, neighborhood parties, make glad the winter evenings, and excursions on the lake, to parks and to woods, temper the summer days.

From the beginning of its work Hull-House has been fortunate in its friends. Many of these teach in evening classes and at the summer school; others are directors of clubs, assist at receptions and other entertainments, lecture, or take part in concerts. The financial part of the work is contributed by friends, some of whom give regular sums at stated intervals, others when special needs arise. The rent of the old house and of the ground on which the new buildings stand is paid by Miss Culver, the representative of the Hull estate; and Hull-House Association, incorporated in 1894, holds on these terms a lease of house and grounds which does not expire until 1920. The playground, a lot 310x215 feet, was cleared of tenement houses for its present use six years ago. The restoration of the old house and its furnishing was done by Miss Jane Addams, at the time when the entire building came into settlement use. The teaching and other work of the settlement is without charge; and the residents, of whom there are now twenty-four, pay their own living expenses, as they would if living elsewhere. The coffeehouse is self-supporting, and returns a good rental to the general fund. No public appeal for funds has ever been made.

## ANIMAL LIFE: STORIES, STUDIES AND SKETCHES

*The Rights of Animals.....Herbert Maxwell.....Blackwood's*

The doctrine of Aristotle that "animals have no rights" has been reaffirmed lately under authority of the Church of Rome, and applied in a manner which makes every humane heart burn with indignation. The Pope, if he is correctly interpreted, has lent his official sanction to the abominable maxim that it is contrary to the principles of true religion to legislate for the well-being of animals, and an infringement of the rights of Christians. This might be reasonable if mercy were a fixed quantity in the world, and if the measure to be bestowed on human beings were stinted in proportion to the quantity filched from the store for the behoof of beast and bird. It is more agreeable and more in accord with the nature of things to regard mercy as boundless—not to be served out in carefully weighed rations, but drawn from an immeasurable store. The remarkable and perplexing fact, however, remains that neither the chosen people nor Christians are bound by their religion to pay the slightest regard to the feelings of animals. The well-known exception to the discouraging silence upon this subject in Mosaic legislation is quoted by St. Paul, only to be rather contemptuously explained away, the apostle informing us that what might be understood as a solitary precept of mercy is no more than the prescription of a symbolic observance:

"It is written in the law of Moses, Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn. Doth God take care for oxen? Or saith he it altogether for our sakes? For our sakes, no doubt, this is written; that he that ploweth should plow in hope; and that he that thresheth in hope should be partaker of his hope," or as the Revised Version has it, "he that thresheth ought to thresh in hope of partaking." (1 Cor. ix. 9).

The rest of Scripture, old and new, may be searched in vain for any exhortation to mercy toward beasts, for Solomon's observation about "the righteous man regarding the life of his beast" seems to be little more than the "obiter dictum" of an intellect more refined than its fellows. There is not a word about mercy toward dumb animals in the Sermon on the Mount; not a word in all the writings of the Fathers (so far as known to me); not a word, apparently, from all the teachers of Christianity until we reach the dawn of rationalism in the eighteenth century, when an English country clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Grainger, scandalized his congregation and jeopardized his reputation for orthodoxy by preaching the duty of humane treatment of beasts and birds. The more strange all this, because humane treatment of animals is sedulously inculcated in the Koran. Mohammed's consideration for animals, if we may believe tradition, was carried beyond what is reasonable. His cat having fallen asleep one sultry noon on the prophet's wide sleeve, he would not have it disturbed when he had occasion to rise, but cut the sleeve off. Courts of justice in Morocco are scenes at this day of unspeakable barbarity toward culprits. Persons accused of trivial theft or other misdoing are summarily sentenced to lose hand or foot, or both,

and the sentence is incontinently carried out on the spot; but no needless pain is inflicted on horses or cattle. You shall not witness in that Mohammedan land any parallel to the heartlessness of Neapolitan cabmen or the brutality of the drivers in the quarries of Carrara. Yet as Christians, the highest ascription we can pay to the Being we worship is that "His property is always to have mercy," and our consciences revolt from the limitation which confines it to ourselves alone among all His creatures. Let theologians expound and dogmatize as they may, we know that a man cruel to animals cannot be a good one.

*The Horses at Bull's Head.....New York Tribune*

Bull's Head is located at Third avenue and Twenty-fourth street, and has been the centre of trade in horses for upward of sixty years. The prices of the various grades of horses sold at the Bull's Head establish values all over the civilized world. The coach horse holds the leading place among the horses that are to be seen there every day. Coach horses range in value from \$500 to \$5,000 a pair, but it is not easy to secure work horses. High action does not make a coach horse unless the action is uniform and the pair are gaited alike. Moreover, coach horses are in demand, and there are agents from England, France, Germany and even Russia always on the watch to secure the best in the market. These men are experts and know what they want, and are willing to pay for them at any and all times; therefore coach horses are easily sold, and handsome profits are made in many instances. The next horse in the list is the "busser," a cheap grade of horse that is used on the omnibuses in England and Continental cities. This class of horse realizes about \$120 each for the dealer, and as they are quickly turned over to the foreigners they aid materially in the prosperity of Bull's Head. There is a type of horse similar to the departed "streeter" of this country that is much in demand in England and Scotland, known as the "trammer," and is used on the tramways, or surface lines, in many of the cities in those countries. Perchance the best average horse sold at Bull's Head is the "trooper," or cavalry horse, selected by the foreign buyers to mount the officers and the crack cavalry regiments of the European armies. It delights and amuses the American horse dealer to listen to the fulsome praise given to the magnificent horses ridden by the officers of Kaiser Wilhelm's army and the derisive comparisons made with the American horse, yet sixty per cent. of the Kaiser's officers have American mounts. The grade of horse averages \$200 to the dealer. Another type of horse is known as the "Cuban," and is especially adapted for Cuba. He is compact, weighs not less than 1,000 pounds, and is a fair road horse, capable of going over a fair road at the rate of seven miles an hour. The express horse of to-day is, as a rule, a splendid animal. He weighs between 1,200 and 1,400 pounds, is quick and active, and able to trot along and pull a heavy load at a rapid pace, as everybody who has witnessed the express horses at



their work knows. Express horses are worth on an average \$450 a pair.

The heavy draught horses of America excel all others, for they weigh anywhere from 1,600 up to 2,000 pounds, and, notwithstanding their enormous weight, they must be fast walkers and brisk trotters to satisfy the brewers, icemen, truckmen and others who have uses for these leviathans. This class ranges from \$500 to \$1,000 a pair, yet any horse dealer will tell you that the profits derived from draught horses is extremely small, as it is far more expensive to get them to market than any other class of horse. Finally, there is the trotter that has no established value, but that sells for what he can show on the road or on the track. The miscellaneous class that may be safely termed the "bargain counter" goods at Bull's Head is composed of horses from all the foregoing classes. There are many high-priced horses in the miscellaneous class, but, as a rule, the shrewd buyer generally secures a bargain. Horses that are exchanged, odd horses that have been taken from pairs and, to use a street expression, the "skeesicks," or convalescent horses of all grades, may be found at the "bargain counters" of the leading firms at Bull's Head.

*A "Farm" for Butterflies.....Carrie D. McComber.....The New Voice*

In the garden of Mr. Jacob Doll, in Brooklyn, there is no ruthless rout of caterpillars, nor are they considered unwelcome guests. On the contrary, their differing and exacting appetites have been carefully considered, and everything is grown with reference to them. "Caterpillars' Paradise" it has been well called. There is no other place of the kind in this country.

Mr. Doll said to me during a recent visit to his home: "I never could understand why people feel disgust for a caterpillar. They are the neatest animal in the world, and they have the daintiest of habits. The cages in which they are confined must be brushed out every day, and scrubbed with soap and water, and fumigated with sulphur at least twice a week. Some require that it shall be done daily. To neglect them is to allow every insect in the cage to die."

While he was talking he picked from the under side of a leaf a great green worm from which half the population would turn with a shudder, and laid it on his open palm, regarding it with much the air that a farmer would exhibit for a thoroughbred. "This fellow, for instance, wants the sassafras," he continued, "and if it is not forthcoming he dies. He is protected from greedy enemies by the scent organs in the back of his head, from which, when startled, he ejects an unpleasant odor, which makes him undesirable as a morsel of food. Each species has its own habits and tastes, which render its life-history different from that of all others. This caterpillar," he said, as he placed it on a leaf, "conceals himself among the foliage by drawing together the edges of the leaf upon which he rests and feeds. His butterfly is the spice-bush swallow-tail, which is black, with large, bluish-green spots on the hind wings."

Mr. Doll is assistant curator of the entomological department of the Brooklyn Institute, and has raised more butterflies and moths from the egg, chrysalis,

cocoon and caterpillar than any other man in the United States. To his garden several of the large collections of butterflies and moths owe their best and rarest North American specimens. Trees, shrubs, vines and herbs are in sufficient variety in Mr. Doll's garden to provide food for nearly all the species of this latitude. In one year in its limited area he has raised 141 different species of butterflies and moths, from the sale of which he has netted nearly \$800. The apparatus required for the work is simple. Large wire-covered frames shut in the occupants of whole bushes, protecting them from birds and reptiles and deadly enemies. There are large bottles, jars, bell glasses and wire-covered boxes, and in all, kept fresh in bottles of water, are branches upon which caterpillars in all stages of growth are feeding.

"These creatures are very hard to raise," said Mr. Doll. "Caterpillars are subject to epidemics. If one member of a cage dies, you may look for all to follow in a day or two, no matter how vigilant you may be. Then there are the ichneumon-flies, some of which resemble wasps and other giant houseflies. They are the caterpillar's greatest foes and all species are in danger from them. Years when there are quantities of one there are corresponding numbers of the other. Some of them have no architectural genius of their own, and can be propagated only through the chrysalises of caterpillars, upon whom they depend for material and labor, and upon the completion of the chrysalis they ruthlessly devour the builder. The fly lays its eggs upon the body of the caterpillar, and when the almost microscopic worm is hatched it bores its way into the caterpillar's body, but with seeming intelligence avoids the organs which are necessary to the caterpillar's life until the chrysalis is completed. Then he falls to and consumes the pupa completely, and thus becomes proprietor and sole occupant. Many a time I have watched a chrysalis for the appearance of some valuable specimen, only to see a very common fly walk out. I once sent home from Arizona to a person who had ordered them 300 chrysalises which had cost me great labor. Not long after I received a letter from the gentleman, saying: 'What did you send me? I have 300 ichneumon-flies, and nothing else.'"

*An Insect That Can Count.....DeLauney.....La Nature\**

I was walking in my garden at Noumea, when my attention was attracted by the singular movements executed by a small insect on a banana leaf; it was turning about its own head as a pivot, describing rapid circles; every now and then it made a sudden stop and then went on again; it seemed, in short, to be a sort of "skipper," which was executing its gyrations on a leaf instead of on the surface of the water. All of a sudden the insect came to a full stop, and I waited patiently a good quarter of an hour to see what it would do. I resolved to observe and note the number of circles that it should describe in either direction, and when it began to move again, I put down the following data successively: Six turns in the direction of the hands of a watch, then a stop; six turns in the opposite direction, a stop;

\*Translated for the Literary Digest.



five in the first direction, a stop; five in the opposite, a stop; four in the first direction, a stop; four in the second, a stop; three in the first, a stop; three in the second, a stop; two in the first, a stop; two in the second, a stop; one in the first, a stop; one in the second, a full stop. I waited for the insect to begin to move again, but I waited in vain; an hour was passed uselessly in this occupation; the creature was immovable and seemed to be asleep. I then decided to put it into my poison bottle, and some time afterward I examined its corpse at my leisure. It belonged to the order of Hemiptera. Its length was about 3 millimetres ( $\frac{3}{8}$  inch) and its form was in general that of a "water boatman," with its large head and powerful legs, although it was flatter than this coleopter. . . . Its color was a light tan. I made a note of what I had observed, and placing the insect in a little paper box I packed it in cotton and sent it with a letter to M. Stanislas Meunier, at the Museum. Alas! Three months later this scientist sent word that he had received both my letter and the box, but that there was no insect in the latter. Owing to its smallness and lightness the hemipter had slipped out. Six months afterward I was fortunate enough to find one of the same kind of insects again. I hastened to capture it and placed it in a large box with a glass cover. I then promised myself a very interesting series of observations. But on the morrow there was no insect in the box; it had disappeared. My servant had evidently involuntarily aided it to escape by displacing the glass cover of the box while setting my table to rights. During more than a year's stay in the colony I never met with the creature again. However this may be, in reporting the observation of September 20, 1892, I may be permitted to think that I have seen an insect that knows how to count at least up to six, since it made movements numbering successively from six down to one.

*Extermination of the Wild Horse.....San Francisco Chronicle*

Gradually, but surely, the great herds of range horses on the interior plains of Washington, Idaho and Montana are being driven to the wall. In the last two years at least 65,000 head of horses have been removed from the ranges of Eastern Washington alone. Their disposition has been approximately as follows: Shipped to Chicago and other Eastern markets, 20,000; sent to Alaska during Klondyke rush, 8,000; canned into horse meat at Linton, Oregon, for shipment to France, 9,000; driven to Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, Colorado and Utah, largely for pack and saddle horses, 10,000; broken for use by new settlers in Washington, 10,000; died in the last two winters, 8,000. Loss from State in two years, 65,000. This loss has been double the natural increase, reducing the number of wild horses in this State from about 125,000 to 80,000 or 90,000. At this rate of decrease they would last for some years, but the fact is that the horses are being confined to a smaller area each successive year, thereby increasing their chances of destruction. At least 5,000 horses died of starvation last winter in the districts north and south of the Snake River. Fifty to 80 per cent. of some bands vanished under the conditions of short grass and deep snow. The cattle and sheep, on the other hand,

are rounded in the lower valleys during the fall and fed during the winter. The range horses are now confined almost entirely to the thinly populated counties of Douglas, Lincoln, Adams and Franklin, and parts of Yakima and Klickitat, in Washington. These animals are worth \$3 to \$20, according to size and quality. A large number of them are cayuses; others are strong, large-boned horses. In June 5,000 head of Douglas county horses were sold for shipment East at \$2.50, \$3 and \$6 per head, according to size. The horse canning factory at Linton, Oregon, has converted about 9,000 head into meat for shipment to France and Germany in the last two years. A still larger number will be canned in the near future, for the industrial department of the Northern Pacific Railway has aided in the establishment of another horse canning factory at Medora, N. D. A home market for many thousand head has been caused by the boom in the wheat industry, owing to the good crops and good prices of the last two years. Thousands of wild horses, weighing 1,100 pounds and upward, have been broken to the plow by both old and new settlers. The indications are that this local absorption will continue in a limited way for several years in eastern Washington and Idaho.

*Curious Instincts of Fishes.....M. Dunn.....Contemporary Review*

Consider the habits of fishes in their migrating and homing activities. Mackerel, herring and pilchards swim without error to their desired spawning beds, sheltered homes and pleasant feeding grounds. Now, these fishes cannot, like man, have objects to guide them to their desired haven, in the shape of high lands, lights and seamarks; nor can they be aided by telescopic sight in going these long distances, for in the obscure sea this is impossible; hence we conclude that some magnetic principle must assist in guiding them. Thus pilchards, when migrating to their winter home in the English Channel, move as certainly by night as by day, keeping up the necessary course throughout. I have sailed for miles across their track at such times, with the compass before me, and observed that all were moving on the same point. Surmullet also have their summer and winter homes. In the sunshine they live near the shore, their arbor being under some projecting ledge or rock near an expanse of sand; the first is their spawning bed, the second their feeding ground. With the autumn they depart for their winter home—a trackless journey, from twenty to fifty miles out, across the great plain at the bottom of the English Channel. It would be a most difficult passage for a human being to undertake without chart or compass; we might well think it impossible when it is considered that the expanse is without cape or promontory to serve as a guide for the voyage, or any means of external intimation when going either inward or outward, east or west. But not only is the journey comfortably accomplished by the mullet every year, but in the following spring, when, going back into the sunlight, a seemingly greater difficulty is undertaken; all that dark and misty groveling on the sea bottom associated with their outward migration is given up, and, rising to the surface in the night, they boldly stretch out for the shore. Often

this story is unwittingly told by the surmullet in their night journey by meshing in our fishermen's mackerel nets. Then we have the turbot, brill, sole and many other fishes, which will rush out into the depths of the English Channel and take up winter quarters there; but with the spring, on their return visit to the shore, they, too, will leave the mists and shades of the bottom and mount to the upper regions of the sea, and move away toward the land and its summer pleasures.

I think it is clear that magnetism, to a high degree, is a fixed principle, and plays an important part in the life and history of most of our fishes. But whether the magnetism reaches them on primary or secondary lines at this moment it is difficult to say; I lean rather to the secondary expression, or that shown to be stretching from the shores only. Mr. Thomas Clark, of Truro, a Cornish magnetist, states that all basic rocks are highly magnetic. They are found at the Manacles, Cape Cornwall, Padstow, and many other places in and out of the county; and further, that the magnetic power of such rocks is intensified by friction. Thus the basic beaches brought into motion by storms increase their magnetic power to an almost incalculable degree, of which he gives ample proof. Hence, he infers, it often affects the compass of passing ships, and in fogs leads them on to destruction. No doubt the intricacies of the compass are too much for the comprehension of these fishes; but they have a magnetic indication suitable to their apprehension, on the lines of sight or smell, which may impress them as to the whereabouts of the headlands, and consequently of the vicinity of the sea shore. I can understand the possibility of the idea being objected to because the creatures have no metals from which such a talisman could be built up, but the same kind of objection can be raised respecting the formation of an electric battery in the back of the electric ray.

And in this instance may not the brain itself, assisted by the dermal magnetic tube, be a substitute for the loadstone? For this organ is to a great extent constructed on the same lines as Lord Kelvin's latest compass invention—viz., a magnet floating in liquid. I have opened the skulls of several fishes at death, and have found the brain in the cranium floating in a fine, clear, tasteless fluid, of about the consistency of water, which, with the brain, in many instances completely fills the brainpan.

*Insect Fishermen.....A. Hyatt Verrill.....Popular Science*

Perchance during some summer's stroll your steps may lead you by a sparkling, woodland brook. Here pause a moment and placing your face close to the surface of a dark and quiet pool, look closely at the bottom. Among the sand and pebbles you will see a number of small bundles of sticks and little cylinders of tiny stones, moving about as though endowed with life. If you take them out, however, they are apparently dead and entirely devoid of motive power. But break them open and you will find each one to be a little tube lined with soft and shining silk, and containing a whitish caterpillar-like larva. This, then, is the solution of the puzzle—when the grub wishes to move about, he projects the forward portion of his body from the tube and crawls around, dragging his house behind

him. But the moment he is disturbed or frightened he draws back into his safe retreat, wherein he remains hidden as long as danger threatens.

You will find the little tubes of various kinds, shapes and sizes. Some are cylindrical, made of sticks placed lengthwise, while others are like little log-houses of straw, the pieces being fastened crosswise. These miniature log-cabins are often decorated with tiny snail shells fastened to the walls, and moreover, the shells are not always empty. Quite often you may find living snails securely attached and thus compelled to move about at the will of their landlord. Other tubes are built entirely of bits of moss and leaves. The commonest forms are those composed of little pebbles or grains of sand. These are usually very regular and smooth cylinders, in which the grains are all of nearly equal size, but among them you may frequently find some with several larger stones fastened to either side in a very curious manner. By far the prettiest houses of all are shaped like little spiral shells and are composed entirely of almost microscopical stones.

The little larvæ residing in these dainty subaqueous houses are known as Caddice-worms. Not only are the Caddice-worms carpenters and masons, but many species are expert fishermen as well, and between the stones, where the brook runs swiftest, may be found their silken fish-nets. These nets are funnel-shaped, with the larger opening toward the current, while stretched across the inside are fine threads crossing each other at right angles, the whole forming a fish-trap as ingenious and effective as any constructed by human fishermen. This is the common form of net found in brooks and small streams, but on the edges of falls and cataracts you can find large numbers of nets of quite another sort. These consist of little semi-oval cups fastened to the sides and surface of the rocks and are kept open by the force of the current. These nets catch all manner of small insects and animals on which the Caddice-worms feed. They also catch great quantities of dirt and scum, and it is this rubbish, firmly held in the little silken meshes, that gives to these rocks and stones their coating of dirt in summer.

When the Caddice-worm has attained his full size he draws himself into his little home and builds a silken door across the open end, always leaving a tiny opening through which the water may pass and thus bring him fresh oxygen. Here, safe from harm or molestation, the little fisherman changes to a pupa. In due time the door is broken open and a little insect, whose middle legs are very long and slender, comes forth. Using these long central legs for oars, the newly-hatched creature swims rapidly to the nearest rock or stick, where it crawls out of the water. As soon as it reaches the air, a pair of little pads upon its back expand, as if by magic, into four delicate, hairy, brown wings, with which the insect flies away, showing not the slightest difficulty in using this new means of locomotion. This instantaneous unfolding of the wings is a very wise provision of nature, for should the wings take as long to develop as do those of most insects, the Caddice-fly would almost certainly be swept away by the current ere it could seek safety in flight.



## FACTS AND FIGURES: THE LITTLE ENCYCLOPEDIA\*

—It is an old idea that a husband whose wife at her marriage was clothed only in a sheet, or in the most elementary linen garment, was not in any way liable for the debts previously contracted by her. Ancient parish registers and local traditions give ample illustrations of this quaint idea. At Chiltern All Saints', Wiltshire, is the following entry: "John Bridmore and Anne Selwood were married October 17, 1714; the aforesaid Anne Selwood was married in her smock, without any clothes or headgear on." Similar cases occurred at Gorton Green in 1738, at Ashton-under-Lyne in 1771, and at Otley in 1808. Avis' Birmingham Gazette for 1797 vouches for an extraordinary story, according to which a bride disrobed in the vestry and appeared at the altar without even the amount of clothing worn by the ladies in the above cases. The register of Gedney has this commonplace entry: "December 2, 1842, David Wilkinson, full age, bachelor, laborer, of Gedney," to "Susan Farran, full age, widow, of Gedney." Local tradition supplements this brief account by relating that the bride was dressed in a sheet, stitched about her, with holes cut for the passage of her bare arms.

—A Calcutta paper contains an account of the workhouse or asylum for infirm beasts and birds that was established some thirteen years ago by a society of influential Hindus. It is near the Sodepur station, about ten miles from Calcutta, and is under the control of a manager, with a staff of eighty servants, and an experienced veterinary surgeon. In the place at present there are 973 paupers—129 bulls, 307 cows, 171 calves, 72 horses, 13 water buffaloes, 69 sheep, 15 goats, 141 pigeons, 44 cocks and hens, 4 cats, 3 monkeys, and 5 dogs. This remarkable asylum is described as being most systematically and mercifully managed. The cow paupers have especially a good time of it, inasmuch as, on the occasion of the "mela," natives go from far and near to decorate and worship them.

—In the table of the armed strength of various countries it is customary to put Russia first among the nations of the world, with an active army of 1,125,000 soldiers, a first reserve of 2,500,000 and a second reserve of 1,375,000, bringing up the total number of available soldiers on a war footing to about 5,100,000, as against 5,000,000 in Germany, 4,800,000 in France, 2,500,000 in Italy, 1,600,000 in Austria-Hungary, and 1,100,000 in Turkey. But a recognized authority among military men, the France Militaire, of Paris, in a recent issue disputes the correctness of the popular belief that Russia can put in the field the largest army of the world in time of war, and says: "The United States are not a great military power from the point of view of these effective foot forces in peace, but in time of war their permanent contingent would form the nucleus of the vastest army of the world."

—The scent of man has been the subject of experiments by Dr. A. Bethe. In one particular, he

extends the Jager theory even further than its original projector ventured to do, and affirms that every human individual has his or her own peculiar scent. Not only a dog, says he, but a man gifted with an exceptional nasal sensibility, can detect a man by his distinct and individual smell. The doctor made an experiment with a person thus exceptionally gifted. He brought this wonderful "smeller," with bandaged eyes, into a room where more than twenty persons of his acquaintance had been collected, and the "smeller" detected and named every one of them correctly by deliberately putting his nose to each in turn. The "human scent," according to Dr. Bethe, is not born with us, but is acquired. Professor Jager's theory, as many will be aware, is that the personal scent of a man has an ethical value, and he takes certain texts of the Old Testament to be actually, as well as figuratively, true. Dr. Bethe is not inclined to carry his operations beyond the scientific into the moral province. He believes that there is a characteristic "family smell," of which each member of a family more or less partakes, and which they do not quite lose even when they are separated from one another "by continent or oceans."

—A rare find in the shape of a moa's egg has been made in a mining district in Central Otago, New Zealand. There was a fall of earth in a dredging claim, and presently the huge egg was seen floating uninjured in the water. The discovery is the more interesting from the fact that it is the second perfect moa's egg that has ever been found. The only other perfect specimen was unearthed by a man while digging in the alluvial soil at the Kai-koura Mountains in the early sixties. This egg, which was nine inches in length and seven inches in breadth, was taken to England and sold for five hundred dollars. Some idea of the size of these eggs may be gleaned from the fact that a man's hat makes an excellent egg-cup for them.

—The penny-in-the-slot system is becoming immensely popular in Germany. The very latest extension of the kind takes the form of automatic telephone machines, of which no fewer than fifty have been fixed up in Berlin post offices, while nearly fifty more have been erected in the leading shops and restaurants of that city. The charge for a three-minute conversation within the metropolis is one penny, and an extra penny enables one to converse with friends in the suburbs for the same space of time. It was proposed further to attach specimens of these telephones to the principal stations in the capital, but, unfortunately for the general public, the railway companies have not yet made up their minds whether such an arrangement would be to their own advantage or not, and until they have signified their approval of the proposed plan, the postal officials can do nothing.

—Mr. Fessenden, the Professor of Electrical Engineering at the Western University of Pennsylvania, has submitted to the War Department for examination a telescope which he has invented, and which he claims will disclose the locality of smokeless powder explosions.

\*Compiled from Contemporaries.



## SAYINGS OF THE CHILDREN \*

—A little flaxen-haired girl asked her mamma the other day if she could take her best doll to heaven with her when she died. "No, child, of course not," replied the fond mamma. "Then can I take my next best doll to heaven?" continued the child. "No; they don't have any dolls in heaven," answered the mother. "Then I'll just take my old black doll Susan and go to hell," said the little one with a most determined air.

—He was playing poker and winning, until drawing two cards in a jackpot, his smiling youngster perched herself on his knee. Two of the players had dropped out, and the third was wavering whether to call or not, when the tot cried: "Oh, papa! you have two mammas and a papa!"

—A teacher was instructing a class of small children in mineralogy, endeavoring to make clear to their youthful minds what a mineral really is. "Now, can any one of you tell me the names of three minerals?" There was no response, and she continued: "Have not some of you been out and seen minerals on exhibition?" One little girl raised her hand. "I thought so. Mary will name three minerals." Mary arose, and putting her hands behind her, lisped: "Apollinaris, vichy and seltzer!"

—Little five-year-old Bobbie was overheard confiding the terrible news to a playmate that he was growing deaf. She was just as sorry and anxious as she could be, and she wanted to find out just how much he could hear. So she began by asking in a good, fine tone, "Is this loud enough?" "Yes, it is," was the answer. "Is this?" in a lower tone. "Yes," said Bobbie. Finally in a loud whisper, "Can you hear this?" "No, I can't," he said.

—It was at one of the west side schools the other day that the word "catch" came up in a lesson. The little girl who was reciting did not recognize the word, and another small damsel was asked to define it. "Catch?" she said. "Why, catch means just to ketch."

—"It's too bad," said little Bessie, "that there isn't another little Peters boy." "They have six," said her mother. "I should consider that about enough." "Well," said the little girl, "they can all take each other's clothes as they grow up, but there isn't any one to take little Johnnie's, and it seems kind of wasteful."

—Little Mittie lived on a farm, where she frequently heard of fattening and beefing cows which had become too old for profitable milkers. When an elderly and undesirable relative announced her intention of making her permanent home with them, and Mittie's mother was much worried over the prospect, the little girl said: "I'll tell you, mamma, let's feed her up and beef her when we get her here."

—For some reason all the members of one New York family are about to join a church, that is, all the grown-up members of the family. The little eight-year-old son has felt the influence, too,

and the other day told his father that he wanted to go with the rest of them. Thereupon the father submitted him to a course of questions to find out if he understood the solemnity of the occasion. The pastor of the church is a person of strangely lugubrious countenance, and so there was little wonder that with such an example before his mind the little fellow hesitated over the final question which was, "Would you be a minister if you felt it was your duty?" "Ye—es," he said, doubtfully, "I would be a minister, but" (emphatically) "not an undertaker."

—"Frances," said the little girl's mamma, who was entertaining callers in the parlor, "you came downstairs so noisily that you could be heard all over the house. You know how to do it better than that. Now go back and come down the stairs like a lady." Frances retired, and after the lapse of a few minutes re-entered the parlor. "Did you hear me come downstairs this time, mamma?" "No, dear. I am glad you came down quietly. Now, don't let me ever have to tell you again not to come down noisily, for I see that you can come quietly if you will. Now, tell these ladies how you managed to come down like a lady the second time, while the first time you made so much noise." "The last time I slid down the banisters," explained Frances.

—A certain Sunday-school teacher in town who has a class of boys of "assorted sizes," established the custom in her class of repeating each Sunday a Scripture passage in unison until it was firmly implanted in the "vagrant minds." The selection for the Sunday in question was, "'Tis I, be not afraid," and after the usual mental gymnastics had been gone through, after an expectant hush, one promising youth volunteered the information that he knew. "Well, what is it?" asked the teacher. "It's me, don't get skeered."

—"Sometimes I wish you were a better little girl, Mabel," her mother said to her. "Oh, well, don't blame me," she replied carelessly, "I'm just as God made me."

—A Baptist and a Methodist minister were by accident dining at the same house. As they took their seats there was an embarrassed pause, the hostess not knowing how to ask one minister to say grace without offending the other. The small son quickly grasped the situation, and half-rising in his chair, moved his finger rapidly around the table, reciting

"Eny mene miny mo,  
Catch a nigger by the toe."

He ended by pointing his finger at the Baptist minister and shouting, "You're it!" The reverend gentleman accepted the decision and said grace, but it lacked the usual solemnity.†

—A four-year-old girl, who had been taken into the country, noticed the hens scratching around in the grass for something to eat. "Mamma," she asked, "what makes them wipe their feet on the grass?"‡

\*Compiled from *Contemporaries*.

†Contributed to *Current Literature*.

## CHILD VERSE

*The Boy on the Farm.....Chicago Times-Herald*

Under a spreading apple tree  
 The boy with bare feet stands;  
 He has ten apples in him and  
 Some more are in his hands—  
 Beneath his waist of calico  
 His tummy-tum expands.

His hair was shingled by his ma,  
 Who cut it straight behind;  
 He has a lurid color that  
 Is due to sun and wind—  
 He's lost the teeth he had in front,  
 But doesn't seem to mind.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,  
 He tears around the place,  
 With briar scratches on his legs  
 And freckles on his face—  
 The neighbors candidly admit  
 That he's a hopeless case.

He wears his trousers at half-mast,  
 He rises with the sun;  
 The chores his busy father leaves  
 For him are seldom done,  
 And he is always gone when there  
 Are errands to be run.

He goes on Sunday to the church  
 And stays to Sabbath school,  
 And, by propounding questions, makes  
 His teacher seem a fool;  
 He pinches smaller boys than he,  
 And learns the golden rule.

His mother sits up every night  
 To patch the clothes he wears,  
 And every night he takes them off  
 With more emphatic tears—  
 He falls from trees and into wells,  
 And smokes and chews and swears.

The frightened chickens duck their heads  
 And cackle where he goes,  
 With ugly sties upon his eyes  
 And bruises on his toes—  
 He eats things with his knife, nor cares  
 For any wind that blows.

You gorge with undeveloped fruit,  
 Which is a foolish plan;  
 No poetry is in you, but  
 Know this, my little man;  
 It takes much more than genius  
 To stand the things you can.

*In Many Lands.....London Punch*

The bonny babe, tossed blithely to and fro,  
 Rests on Amanda's apron white as snow  
     In Lapland.

Full well he fares, no epicure is he,  
 Upon a diet that would frighten me  
     In Papland.

Anon he is an urchin, and must learn  
 "Globes" with "geography," and take his turn  
     In Mapland.

If he is idle, and his books will flout,  
 There is a ruler, and he'll have a bout  
     In Rapland.

Or, it may be, his fate is harder yet,  
 And he will spend a time he won't forget  
     In Strapland.

But, like the longest lane, the laggard day  
 Will end at last, and Tom will snore away  
     In Napland.

*The House of Too Much Trouble.....Albert Bigelow Paine.....The Juvenile*

In the House of Too Much Trouble  
 Lived a lonely little boy;  
 He was eager for a playmate  
 He was hungry for a toy.  
 But 'twas always too much bother,  
 Too much dirt and too much noise  
 For the House of Too Much Trouble  
 Wasn't meant for little boys.

And sometimes the little fellow  
 Left a book upon the floor,  
 Or forgot and laughed too loudly,  
 Or he failed to close the door.  
 In the House of Too Much Trouble  
 Things must be precise and trim—  
 In the House of Too Much Trouble  
 There was little room for him.

He must never scatter playthings,  
 He must never romp and play;  
 Every room must be in order  
 And kept quiet all the day.  
 He had never had companions,  
 He had never owned a pet—  
 In the House of Too Much Trouble  
 It is trim and quiet yet.

Every room is set in order—  
 Every book is in its place,  
 And the lonely little fellow  
 Wears a smile upon his face.  
 In the House of Too Much Trouble  
 He is silent and at rest—  
 In the House of Too Much Trouble  
 With a lily on his breast.

*The Small Boy's Troubles.....Answers*

Before they had arithmetic,  
 Or telescopes, or chalk,  
 Or blackboards, maps and copybooks—  
 When they could only talk;

Before Columbus came to show  
 The world geography,  
 What did they teach the little boys  
 Who went to school like me?

There wasn't any grammar then,  
 They couldn't read or spell,  
 For books were not invented yet—  
 I think 'twas just as well.

There were not any rows of dates,  
 Or laws, or wars, or kings,  
 Or Generals, or victories,  
 Or any of those things.

There couldn't be much to learn;  
 There wasn't much to know.  
 'Twas nice to be a boy  
 Ten thousand years ago.

For history had not begun,  
 The world was very new,  
 And in the schools I don't see what  
 The children had to do.

Now always there is more to learn—  
 How history does grow!  
 And every day they find new things  
 They think we ought to know.

And if it must go on like this,  
 I'm glad I live to-day,  
 For boys ten thousand years from now  
 Will not have time to play!

## WIT AND HUMOR OF THE PRESS\*

—A skeptical young man confronted an old Quaker with the statement that he did not believe in the Bible. The Quaker said: "Dost thou not believe in France?" "Yes, though I have not seen it I have seen others that have; besides, there is plenty of corroborative proof that such a country does exist." "Then thee will not believe anything thee or others have not seen?" "No; to be sure I won't." "Did thee ever seen thine own brains?" "No." "Ever see anybody that did?" "No." "Does thee believe thee has any?"

—An enthusiastic professor was advocating the advantages of athletic exercise. "The Roman youths," he cried, "used to swim three times across the Tiber before breakfast." A Scotch student smiled, at which the irate professor exclaimed: "Mr. McAllister, why do you smile? We shall be glad to share your amusement." The canny Scot replied, "I was just thinking, sir, that the Roman youths must have left their clothes on the wrong bank at the end of their swim."

—His Wife—Now don't fergit while ye're in the city to git some uv them 'lectric-light plants we heern so much about. We kin jis' ez well raise 'em ourselves, an' save kerosene."

—Mamma—What is Willie crying about?" Bridget—Shure, ma'am, he wanted to go across the street to Tommy Green's. Mamma—Well, why didn't you let him go? Bridget—They were havin' charades, he said, ma'am, and I wasn't shure as he'd had 'em yet.

—Sir John Millais, while engaged in painting a landscape one day, suddenly noticed a rustic standing by his side, gazing attentively at the canvas. Sir John took no notice of his rural critic, who presently inquired, "Did yer never try fertography, sir?" "No," replied Millais. "It's much quicker," remarked the rustic. "Yes, it is," rejoined the artist. A few seconds' profound silence followed, and then the son of the soil blurted out, "And it's more like the picture!"

—"Never was glad for this impediment in my speech but once," said the man from Dearborn, who was in to see the big parade. "When was that?" "Fe-fe-fel-low asked me h-h-how much I would take for a-a-horse, and while I-I-I was t-trying to tell him s-sixty dollars, he offered me a hundred."

—"I mighty glad," said the old colored inhabitant, "dat de worl' only turns round once in a day, kase ef ever hit turned in de night time hit would 'er koched me at many a henroos'!"

—"It is a constant wonder to me," said the student of human nature, "to see how quickly the minds of some men act. There are people who can decide in an instant what it would take others a long time to consider. I met a man the other evening who is that way." "Was he a lawyer?" "I don't know; but he had an intellectual grasp that was astounding. I met him in the hall just as he was reaching for an umbrella. 'Is that your umbrella?' he inquired. 'No,' replied I. 'In that case,' he answered, 'it's mine.'"

—Traveler (to an inhabitant of a sleepy little north country hamlet)—Are you a native of this place? Native—Am I what? Traveler—Are you a native? At this moment the native's wife, a tall, attenuated, and sallow-complexioned woman, appeared upon the scene, and turning to her spouse said scornfully: "Ain't ye got no sense, Jim? He means wuz ye livin' here when ye wuz born, or wuz ye born before ye begun livin' here. Now answer him."

—While you are hoping for better things it is just as well to keep those you have in good repair.

—My friend's colored maid came in one day after her regular weekly outing, looking as if she had enjoyed herself. "Well, Susan," said my friend, who is sympathetic, "I suppose you saw all the pretty things in the stores down town?" "No'm; not z'actly. I ben lookin' at de handiwork ob de Lawd." "Indeed? So you took a little trip to the country to see the fields and flowers?" "No'm; no, indeedy. I ben at de dime museum. They has a hairy boy there and a two-headed man."

—A tiresome caller who had spent the evening at the home of a friend, a young lady, and had devoted nearly all the time to a description of a trip to Europe, from which he had recently returned, said to her, as he rose to go: "I beg pardon for being so talkative. I fear my long story about my adventures abroad has entertained you but illy." "On the contrary," she replied politely, "it has entertained me quite welly."

—When Bismarck complained to the old Emperor about the woeful falling off in his physical powers, His Majesty broke in: "Tut! Look at me. I am much older than you are, Bismarck, and yet I am still able to ride." "Ah, yes," rejoined the iron chancellor, "but, then, Your Majesty must remember that a rider always lasts longer than his horse."

—She was a portly lady with a lot of bundles. She approached the ticket window. "Is the train for Jungleville gone yet?" she inquired. "No, ma'am," responded the clerk. "How far is it there?" "About seventy miles, I guess, ma'am," for he was new to that place and was not thoroughly conversant with details. "What's the price of a ticket?" "One ninety-eight, ma'am." "One ninety-eight?" she repeated. "How does that happen?" "I don't know, ma'am," he replied as he eyed her bundles. "I guess it must be marked down from \$2."

—"I's hyud white folks put in heaps o' time," said Uncle Eben, "ahgufyin' 'bout whethuh we's descended f'um monkeys. Dat ain't de question. It's whut direction is we gwine now."

—A Scotchman went to London for a holiday. Walking along one of the streets, he noticed a bald-headed chemist standing at his shop door, and inquired if he had any hair restorer. "Yes, sir," said the chemist; "step inside, please. There's an article I can recommend. Testimonials from great men who have used it. It makes the hair grow in twenty-four hours." "Aweel," said the Scot, "ye can gie the top o' yer heid a bit rub wi't, and I'll look back the morn and see if ye're tellin' the truth." The chemist returned the bottle to the shelf, and kicked the errand boy for laughing.

\*Compiled from Contemporaries.



## SPORT, RECREATION AND ADVENTURE

*Tobogganing Down a Volcano.....G. C. Cunningham.....Pearson's Magazine*

Popocatepetl, the great volcano of Mexico, which rears itself in gaunt majesty 17,816 feet above sea level, and which keeps watch and ward over Ixtaccihuatl, "The Sleeping Lady," who lies below draped in snow from head to foot, is a unique and worthy personality in many respects. But concerning its past glory and present majesty there is nothing that more forcibly appeals alike to those who have toiled up its rugged sides, and to those who haven't, than the fact that whereas a wearisome journey of six hours is occupied in the ascent, you may toboggan sheer from top to bottom in six minutes by the watch! Six hours up—six minutes down. Six hours, which seem like six days, over steep and slippery paths, rugged rocks, broken lava, through freezing cold, blistering winds and the overpowering fumes of sulphur, causing insufferable mental oppression and nauseating physical weariness—six minutes, which seem like six seconds, of a lifetime's sensation, rushing through air with only the sky above and the snow below, and a feeling as though the greater part of your body had been left at the top of the volcano.

The volcano is the private, personal property of Señor Ochoa, a Mexican general, who gained possession by making good use of his knowledge of the curious mining laws of the country. It is a mine of wealth, in the matter of ice and its great sulphur deposits; these, by the way, were first utilized by Cortes, whose men mixed the sulphur with saltpetre and charcoal, and so made up a powder that was evidently of good effect, judging by results, as far as the Aztecs were concerned.

The ascent of Popo commences from Amecameca, the exquisite, Swiss-looking town, about four hours' ride from the City of Mexico, where guides, horses and provisions may be found. Armed with a permit from Popo's owner, "El General," who holds the natives in immense awe, you start up an old, deep road running to the first hut through a beautiful valley, dotted with Indian hovels and gardens, and patches of grain and alfalfa. The real discomfort of the trip lies in the few hours spent at Tlamacas, the terminus of the horseback ride, and the general "all-night" place. It is miserably cold here—and the stench of sulphur is overpowering. You lie at night in a little wooden hut, before a blazing fire, with your back freezing; and gradually the cock-crowing and the howling of the pariah dogs from distant, far-down Indian villages, ceases; perfect quiet reigns, until it is time to start upward.

Straight up before you, apparently within a stone's throw, the great cone of seemingly melted snow and silver towers up majestically into the deep blackness of the sky, with stars twinkling brightly about it. The guides go before, cutting steps in the snow. Hitherto the altitude has not affected you seriously, provided that you have been careful in the matter of food—but now begins a perceptible difference in the heart's action, and every few seconds you must needs stop and rest. The air grows thinner and thinner; you can hardly

breathe; and the usual singing in the ears begins. You grow drowsy, and stumble awkwardly as you lift your feet, which seem weighted with heavy iron. The guides, who are extraordinarily strong men, are often forced to carry climbers, who have lost nerve and strength, bodily up the mountain.

Six hours climbing—hours which seem like months, or years, according to your condition—and then comes the joyful sound of the guide's voices, heard as in a dream, calling back encouragingly: "Hemos llegado, señores"—Here we are. There you are—and there you remain for the time being, lying flat on your back, and gasping, until the guides solicitously administer cognac and biscuits—after which you feel somewhat more alive.

No mere printed words could give an adequate description of the beauties of the views you gain from old Popocatepetl's hoary top, over which you will be lost in admiration. "Ya vamos, señores, ya vamos!" The cries of the guides recall you from the trance in which you have fallen in the face of all this grandeur; and you make your preparations for a descent which will furnish you with the sensation of a lifetime.

The Indian guides look complacently round, and puff unconcernedly at their eternal cigarettes, as they begin to unroll their "petates" on the snow. These "petates" are Indian mats of strong, tough fibre, which the guides have carried up on their backs. You realize now that they are also toboggans. Now the guides make this toboggan trip, the most remarkable one in the world, and the only one down the side of a great volcano, week in and week out whenever the sides of the volcano are not so frozen over as to prevent it. It is nothing to them. But for you it is a different matter—and the more you look at the frail "petates," and at the long, glittering descent, the less you like the idea of tobogganing down.

Nervously, you watch the preparations—the smoothing down of the "petates," when they will persist in curling up at the corners, and the testing of the heavy "palos," or alpenstocks, of which each guide carries two, with extra ones strapped on his back, in case of loss. One of these slips from a guide's hand and goes clanging down the side of the mountain, gathering force until it whirls along at a speed which makes you dizzy to contemplate. You put yourself in the place of the alpenstock, and it is not pleasant—and the complacency of the guide only adds to your irritation. You wish you had never come. Then you hear the fatal words: "Ya vamos, señores"—"We go, gentlemen"—and you have to "vamos." Quakingly, you seat yourselves on the rear ends of the mats. Complacently, the guides brace themselves firmly in front of you, push the ragged old sombreros over their eyes, light fresh cigarettes for the down trip, caution you to sit still and have care, take a steady grip on the alpenstocks, which serve them as steering poles—and you are off. Perhaps, on the way up, it had been your intention to race each other down—you have no jocular thoughts now, and as the mats slip over the snow, slowly at first,

then faster, gathering momentum at every inch, you grab desperately at the guide's waist, and hold on for dear life. The speed quickens, until you are going faster than express train rate. Clouds of soft snow fly up, at times almost blinding you, and calling forth much Indian profanity from the guides. The sensation, when you take it quietly, with closed eyes (supposing you can bring yourself to do this), is not unpleasant—there is a sense of extraordinary exhilaration, of mad recklessness. But if you dare to look up or about, the sense of seasickness becomes almost overpowering, mingled with that other, indescribable feeling which you may have experienced in a miniature way before, if you have ever dropped from a fifteenth floor in a rapidly moving elevator—about as nasty a sensation, by the way, as there is. By the time you have done half the trip the breath has completely left your body—your mouth and eyes are wide open, you can neither see nor hear. Then the end comes, with a bang and a shock, at the very edge of the snow, and you roll helter-skelter through the stiff zacaton grass—bruised wrecks. People take the end differently. Some sit up, rub their heads and laugh; others relieve their overstrung nerves with copious tears—for my part I lay still and gasped.

*Rabbit-Drives.....R. E. Johnston.....Elliott's Magazine*

Rabbit-drives on a large scale have never been seen outside of the San Joaquin Valley, in central California. There they originated, and there only, so far, they have been continued. These drives were inaugurated by the people of the valley as a means of self-defense against the jack-rabbits, which multiplied rapidly and threatened to destroy the farmers' crops. Hence the rabbit-drive was invented, and it has proved the best and cheapest means of extermination yet attempted. This method first came into notice in 1888, and soon spread all over the valley, which is fully 290 miles in length. The slaughter of rabbits that year and the next was phenomenal, for many drives were held and at some of them fully 10,000 to 20,000 of the long-eared nuisances were slain. The manner of conducting a drive is as follows: A circular corral or enclosure, sixty feet or more in diameter, is built of close wire-fence. On one side is a small opening. From this opening extends two long wings of wire-fence, like an immense letter "V," the sides being each a mile or more in length, and the open ends standing two or more miles apart. For a week or more the drive is widely advertised, and on the day appointed the hunters for miles around collect at some designated point. A general or marshal for the day is chosen, who names several deputies. A huge semi-circle of people is formed, all with their faces toward the corral, miles away. At a given signal the column moves forward, although sometimes one extremity is out of sight of the other. Soon rabbits appear quite frequently, and they are started in the direction of the corral. No firearms are allowed, and dogs are tabooed; there is danger in using the former, and the latter rush ahead and scare the rabbits through the ranks of the drivers.

Each one in the drive is expected to arm himself with a wooden club, and should a rabbit attempt to

double back and escape, to stop it as it attempts to rush past him. Gradually the drivers mass closer together and the rabbits become more numerous till, as the corral is neared, the whole surface of the ground enclosed seems alive with the hopping animals. The largest rabbit-drive seen was one in Fresno County, California, in 1892, which Governor Markham and many prominent persons attended, and at which 25,000 rabbits were killed. The next greatest drive was held near Fresno, March 21, 1896. The supervisors of Fresno County had donated \$300 of the county funds with which to purchase posts and movable wire-fence, to be used for rabbit-drives. With this wire a corral enclosing about three acres of ground was prepared and two diverging lines of fence, each four miles in length, were set up in an open part of the country, where seventy or eighty square miles of territory could be easily embraced in the drive. The weather was fine and, as the day had been set apart as a general picnic day and the event had been advertised for weeks, fully 8,000 people gathered from every direction and from a half-dozen counties, to participate in the drive. The great semi-circle of drivers, on foot and horseback, and in every imaginable form of vehicle, was fully eighteen miles in length, and by eight o'clock in the morning the column was moving toward the far-distant corral. Not till nearly two o'clock in the afternoon were the final scenes of the drive enacted. As the column neared the corral the vehicles and pedestrians drew closer together till several ranks had to be formed, one behind the other. Most of the men and boys were on foot by this time, leaving the teams in the care of the women. Thousands of rabbits—in attempting to double-back and escape through the thickening column of their enemies—were killed and left on the plain.

Closer and closer the frightened animals were driven toward the fatal enclosure. The ground was literally covered with them. Here and there the poor, bewildered brutes would pile up, one upon the other, against the fence in vain endeavors to escape, and many of them met death by being smothered beneath the heaps of struggling rabbits above them. In the corral, after the slaughter was over, two coyotes were found, smothered to death by masses of the very animals that constitute their chief food.

When the great mass had finally been driven into the enclosure and the two gates shut, word was given and the killing commenced. Men and boys clambered over the fence with alacrity—clubs in hand—and many seemed to vie with each other to see who could massacre the most. The pitiful cries of the injured rabbits fell upon stony hearts and dulled ears, for the farmers had suffered greatly from the ravages of these animals. In a half-hour the work of destruction was over and the drive had ended with the slaying of 20,000 rabbits. Many of the dead animals were utilized. Some of the farmers hauled wagon-loads home to feed to their hogs and chickens; others were taken away to be used for the purpose of enriching the soil, while a number of men picked out all they could haul away for shipment to San Francisco to supply the markets.



*A Professional Wolf-Hunter...G. C. Porter...Nebraska Country Gentleman*

Probably the only remaining wild beast hunter in Nebraska is Peter A. Watson, of Omaha, who recently distinguished himself by killing a great gray wolf in a hand-to-hand struggle with a small revolver as his only weapon. Watson is a professional wolf-hunter, and his prowess is recognized by the Nebraska Live Stock Association, which employs him annually on a salary to slay wolves on the range, and thus protect young cattle. For ten years Watson has been on the pay-roll of this association, and has killed an average of 400 big gray wolves annually. Of late, the catch has dropped down to less than 200, but for the first few years of his occupation as wolf hunter for the association, Watson killed as high as 500 wolves.

In this pursuit he has ridden his horse through the whole of northwestern Nebraska, and has enjoyed many stirring adventures. He is the only man in the State to-day who makes his living regularly by slaying wild beasts. This class of men has been gradually disappearing from this State, driven further west by the advance of civilization. Trapping used to furnish occupation for a large number on the streams of the western part of the State, but all of that numerous class of dare-devils have been swept further into the mountain fastnesses by the farmer and stockman.

Watson is a frontiersman, as erect as an Indian, though past fifty-five. His father, Joseph Watson, was a famous Nebraska hunter, and shot buffalo with Bill Cody for the railroad company, when the Union Pacific was poking its nose across the continent. He was killed in a wolf chase at Sidney several years ago. Peter Watson has rather a contempt for that hardy class of frontiersmen who made their living by trapping, and nothing makes him more angry than for some one to mistake him for a trapper. He does all his hunting on horseback, with a pack of fine stag-hounds. These dogs he breeds for his own use, and always uses six of them in his hunting. He rides a blooded horse that can keep well to the front, even in a chase after the fleetest animal that roams the plains—the gray wolf. He works entirely under the direction of the stock association, traveling from county to county, as the wolves are reported to be ravaging the range in different parts of the State. It is nothing for him to ride a hundred miles without dismounting, and he covers nearly twice that distance a day when it is necessary.

He is always ready to take the saddle, and his methods of conducting a hunt of extermination are peculiarly his own. Watson rides into the section where the wolves are reported to be killing young stock, and with his dogs jogs along, until a wolf is sighted. He carries a powerful field-glass, and is constantly sweeping the surroundings with it. In this way he frequently sees the wolves before they see him. If the game is off and away, Watson simply notes carefully the general direction taken, then he swings his pack around behind a hill, drops out of sight, only to reappear ahead of the game, on to which he rides with a rush. Then the dogs take up the chase. The wolf seldom holds out for more than a mile; sometimes a particularly strong animal manages to run two miles before the

hounds overhaul him. The pack works together. If they did not, they would not last long, as the average gray wolf can kill, in relays, any pack of hounds that ever attacked him, for the gray wolves of the West are stronger than any dog, and their teeth are long and sharp, while their claws are very dangerous weapons. But when the Watson-trained pack jumps on a wolf, that is the end of him. They fight together and seldom get more than a scratch. They follow the wolf closely and attack him altogether. Such a fight lasts but a minute or two.

Mr. Watson, in all his experience as a wolf-hunter, has never found it necessary to aid his dogs in dispatching wolves. In fact, it would be hard to render service after the attack is made, because of the indiscriminate mixture of dogs and wolf. On these hunts the wolf-slayer is armed with nothing but a large revolver. He has several times been forced to use this weapon in self-defense, for while wolves, when not pressed, will never attack a man, except in packs, and the prairie gray wolf is not so numerous as to form many packs in western Nebraska, occasionally a hard-pressed wolf will turn on his pursuers, as if to die facing his enemy.

This was the case not long ago, when Watson was engaged in exterminating a number of big gray wolves, which had killed and eaten several young heifers. His pack had started a wolf, and was far in advance of its master, when suddenly a huge gray wolf, which had evidently been asleep in the rank underbrush until disturbed by the wolf-hunter's horse, sprang upon Watson. The animal buried his claws into the side of the horse, and his fangs into the rider's leg. He was one of the largest beasts of the kind Watson had ever seen, and the suddenness of the attack gave the animal a distinct advantage. The attack was made from the right side, and the only weapon the wolf-hunter carried was beneath the body of the ferocious brute. Watson struck the animal repeatedly across the snout with his quirt. Then he thrust his hand down under the growling wolf to secure his pistol. Instantly his arm was seized by the animal and the skin torn from his wrist. Watson reached over and grabbed his pistol with his left hand. The wolf still had his right hand between his jaws, and was chewing it very industriously. Watson retained his presence of mind and fired two shots with great care into the beast. He was forced to be very careful to avoid wounding his horse. Still the animal did not release his hold. All the time Watson's horse was rearing and plunging over the prairie and screaming with agony. This made the rider's aim uncertain. Four times he fired at the wolf, and had but one bullet left. Blood was streaming from his lacerated arm and leg, the horse was covered with blood and the wolf was bleeding profusely. With an effort the wolf-hunter thrust his revolver into the mouth of the wolf, and at the risk of blowing off his own arm, fired the remaining shell in his pistol. The wolf's head was shot nearly off, and the body dropped on the prairie. Weak from loss of blood, Watson climbed down, tied up his wounds, and throwing the body of the fierce animal across his horse as a trophy of the desperate battle, started for home, ten miles away. He was in a precarious



condition when he reached home. The heavy leather covering he had over his limbs alone saved his leg from being torn to pieces.

*Spy Work in Times of Peace.....S. Heilig.....Washington Star*

Not a month passes but some spy is taken—French or German—on the Franco-German frontier. The case of the latest unfortunate man is typical. Alfred Pinchon, twenty-six years old, left the French Army with the grade of adjutant. Well to do, he had no need to go spying. Love of adventure and a patriotic ardor led him to it. His father being in the leather business, Pinchon made his special knowledge of the trade his traveling excuse. Making Nancy—where his father set him up a branch establishment—his centre, the young adventurer made frequent "business trips" into Alsace-Lorraine and Germany. Indeed, he was even on the point of concluding a contract with the German Army when he was betrayed. It is true that nowadays spies are not shot in time of peace, and Pinchon is not likely to get more than five years' imprisonment. But even this is a dear price to pay for patriotic effort. The French President has just pardoned General Giletta, condemned for the same office. Such clemency, however, is exceptional. Spies—patriotic or merely mercenary—take their own risks.

The ordinary spy work on this most jealous of all frontiers is peculiarly systematic. A month or two in advance the French Etat Major communicates a programme to the spy, with maps necessary to the execution of his work, maps prepared by the German Government which have arrived in France through traitorous channels. If work has already been done in the region full details of it are communicated to the spy. During this preparatory time his work must be to study up the region from these documents in such a way that he will know them all by heart. A spy must not be caught with maps or papers on him.

When he is perfect, officers of the famous second bureau put him through a rigorous examination. Several addresses, both in France and Germany, to which he must send his correspondence, are given to him, and he is recommended to change them to avoid suspicion. German gold and notes are given to him. Then they say, "God save you, for we cannot!" And so he departs, well knowing that if caught his Government will do nothing for him. Indeed, it will deny him. It will say, "We do not know this man. He must be a mercenary volunteer adventurer, hunting information to sell to us. Treat him as he deserves!"

On the other hand, they leave the spy free to choose his own means to execute the work assigned to him. He takes orders from no one. He makes no account of his expenses. He must even forge his own false papers. Some time in advance he has worked up a fictitious identity, and if his Government gives him a passport, it is only to be used in cashing postal orders and satisfying hotel keepers. The moment the police demand his papers he must burn the passport. Nowadays, when passports are demanded so seldom of mere tourists, the spy will content himself with a few letters that have come through the mail to him. He will have had

these letters sent on to a prearranged German address a few months before. A life insurance policy taken out under the assumed name is also valuable.

The spy reaches Germany and stops in the large town nearest to his field of operations. There his first care is to consult the doctors as to a good air cure, or a bath, or springs. Suppose his business is to report on the roads, bridges and resources of a mountainous district. He will need the air cure. Eliminating one by one the uninteresting districts, he at last causes the physician to indicate the spot that he has chosen. The good physician, always anxious for his commission, gladly recommends him to a proper pension. There, wandering about the hills, his story is: "I came to X—in search of a tranquil mountain village for the air cure. Dr. Y—recommended me to come here. If the climate suits me I shall stay a month."

From the first moment the spy begins to make acquaintance with people whose trade causes them to go upon the road, mule drivers, carters, country doctors, priests and forest keepers. Under the pretext of needing exercise, he walks with them and talks with them and treats them to good beer and cheese, as every tourist does. Seen in such company he is less likely to be looked on with suspicion. For note taking he has nothing but a pencil and a packet of cigarette papers.

Certainly the first quality of a good spy is that of knowing how to see and then remember. A crooked line and a few words traced hastily on a cigarette paper must recall the outline of an earthworks. Hills, footpaths, springs, rich-looking farmhouses, bridges must be seen at a glance and indicated on the little piece of flimsy paper. He must indicate the crops of the neighborhood; the characteristics of small villages; the lodging capacity of churches and other public buildings; the number of bakers, butchers and grain dealers; the situation of blacksmith shops and the condition of roads. It is easy to understand, for example, the interest attaching to a bridge. The enemy, in retreating, would not hesitate to blow it up. The spy must indicate how long a time it would take to repair it.

His day finished, the spy must secretly, in his bedroom, write his report and post it to one of the seemingly interesting addresses furnished him by the Etat Major—"Mlle. Lucie Vasseur, 45 Rue Breda," this may be his lady love; or "Schmidt & Heckel, wine merchants, Bercy," this may be a business letter; or "Dr. George Pinchon, 67 Rue Lafitte," this may be to his family physician. The letter mailed and every scrap of paper burned, the spy may sleep in peace—one night.

If he imagines he is followed or suspected he must stop work instantly and even leave the country. In such case he returns to Paris, where he finds at the Etat Major, carefully gathered together all the letters he has addressed to his fictitious correspondents. Aided by maps and the work of his predecessors in the field, it is his business to compose an up-to-date report on the region he has visited. Each little counts. Each month the Minister of War is just a little better informed on details that—when the great scientific European war breaks out—may win or lose a battle, a campaign, a people's destiny.

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Matthew Arnold. By George Saintsbury. Dodd, Mead & Company. \$1.25.

Professor Saintsbury's monograph on Matthew Arnold may claim to be in at least one particular the very counterpart of his subject, as this is regarded by the author. Arnold, in Professor Saintsbury's view, is an exquisite poet and felicitous critic, the symmetry of whose genius is marred by an ugly excrescence, which it is his biographer's professional duty to extirpate. This, it need not be said, is his treatment of the political and religious questions of his day. We on our part consider Mr. Saintsbury's essay a most admirable piece of criticism so long as it deals with pure literature; but so soon as it quits that sphere every word of disparagement which Mr. Saintsbury directs against Mr. Arnold appears to us to recoil upon himself; and assuredly the feelings with which he describes his relief at witnessing Mr. Arnold's regression from political and religious controversy to literature differ in no respect from those which the observation of like phenomenon evokes in his own case. It is not a question of truth and error. Professor Saintsbury's right to his opinion, and the free expression of it, is as incontestable as Mr. Arnold's. The point is that difference of sentiment should have so entirely blinded him to the weight and force of Arnold's controversial writings; to their absolute congruity with the author's personality, which would seem but a torso without them; and to their efficacy in permeating and shaping the general body of opinion.

Professor Saintsbury's assault on Arnold's polemical writings is nevertheless valuable in so far as its over-statements cover and include the sound proposition that Arnold's poetry takes rank before his prose. We have seen the converse assumed as self-evident; but no one susceptible to imagination or pathos could really prefer irony at the expense of narrow-minded ecclesiasts or middle-class Philistines, or even such criticism as Arnold on Heine or the translators of Homer, to the revival of the great heroic figures of the past; or to lyric protests against the frequent cruelty of Life and Fortune, intense as Byron, dignified as Sophocles. In our opinion, the greatest of Arnold's poems is the one in which this epic grandeur and this lyric passion are most perfectly combined, and we must regret that Professor Saintsbury, whose judgments on his author's poems rarely leave room for cavil or remonstrance, should have found so little to say about "Sohrab and Rustum."—The Bookman.

The Etchingham Letters. By Sir Frederick Pollock and Mrs. Fuller Maitland. Dodd, Mead & Company. \$1.25.

In tone and topic they are just such letters as pass between cultivated people in every-day life; it is only in the quality they excel. They have the true literary flavor which is often wanting in real family letters. They are evidently written to prove that the art of letter writing did not disappear with Lady Mary, or Walpole, or Mme. Sevigne, or Gray or Cooper, but that it may be still exercised as potently as ever if one will only take the pains. They are models of what a family correspondence should be, intended solely for private perusal. They are unaffected, yet polished; familiar, yet urbane, and scholarly without being grandiose or pretentious. They are letters that might well be exchanged by a brother and sister of high culture and appreciation of humor, and this is what they purport to be.—Chicago Post.

The Modern Farmer in His Business Relations. Edward F. Adams. N. J. Stone Company.

The author of the Modern Farmer does not treat his subject in the way that would make his book most valuable to the student; in other words, as a scientific man would treat his specimens. On the contrary, he announces frankly that the work is intended for farmers, and is designed primarily to put them in close touch with the important sociological and political questions of the day, viewed from the standpoint, or the assumed standpoint, of the tiller of the soil. This, of course, diminishes its value to all who are not directly interested in agriculture, for the book might well be called "Political Opinions Which Farmers Should Study." Among the subjects discussed are the tariff, the currency, the single-tax plan, competition, Socialism, trusts, banks, railroads, etc. The farmer is told not only what his mental attitude should be to the world in general, but also how to treat his own family and his neighbors, and, in very limited space, how he should work his farm.—New York Times.

Holland and the Hollanders. By David S. Meldrum, author of "The Story of Margrèdee." With numerous illustrations. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. \$2.

The most fascinating portion of the volume is that in which the never-ending fight with Holland's great enemy—the always encroaching water—is told with much fullness of detail, and in a clear, forcible way. Dutch engineering works are for reclamation as well as defense, the sea being kept from further encroachments and the rivers confined to their present channels as far as possible. "No sooner does the sea leave a sufficient deposit of clay on the outer side of the dike than it is empoldered, and in this way the coast of Holland is gaining more than the sea eats out of the dunes." The fields and meadows are so verdant and fertile it is hard to realize that a moment's carelessness would mean the flooding of these plains and consequent loss of life and property. "If the sea is to be held at bay, dunes must be guarded and dikes repaired; the mills must swing their arms if the polders are to be drained; the levels of a thousand canals must be



regulated to an inch, if the lowlands are not to fall back into a swamp again. That is the real significance of the characteristics of Holland that strike the eye of a traveler of to-day." The soil of the Dutch lowlands is of two kinds—a fertile sea clay and a marshy fenland only suitable to cattle-rearing; great hay crops are gathered here, and butter and cheese are made in the greatest abundance.

The chapter on education is an interesting one, but too long and too complicated for quotation. In some of the larger cities are industrial schools for women, where the lessons of the lower schools are continued, and, in addition, there are classes in fancy work, bookkeeping, in making and drawing of patterns, wood engraving, and drawing and painting on wood, satin and china. In some sections an annual course in butter making is open to women of seventeen who have received good elementary education. Besides the ordinary schools, both public and private, are the gymnasia—preparatory schools for the university, with a course extending over a period of six years, leading into one of Holland's four universities, the latter's courses varying from four to eight years in length, according to the subject taken up.—*New York Times*.

*Nooks and Corners of Old New York.* Charles Hemstreet. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.00.

This is a record of landmarks, around which has been grouped all that is picturesque, all that is worth knowing from the time that Henry Hudson sailed up the river that still bears his name to the present time. The text is so arranged that a person may take a walk over the city, starting at the Battery wall and walking by consecutive streets, reading the concise paragraphs as he walks, and at the end of his journey know all that is worth knowing of the vicissitudes of the various districts. For in that one walk he will know of the scenes associated with the heroes of the Revolution, of why the Bowery is just where it is, of the part that Cherry Hill and Chatham Square has taken in history, of how a wooden fence grew into Wall street, of how a half dozen city parks evolved from pauper burial grounds, of the tiny villages which still exist in the crowded localities, of hidden graveyards, and of the hundred and one other details that are usually unthought of, and that ordinary history has touched with a dry and unsympathetic hand.—*New York Telegram*.

*Present-Day Egypt.* By F. C. Penfield. Century Company. \$2.50.

A comprehensive summary of the social and political movements which for so many centuries have made Egypt a wonderland, together with a survey of the historic characters, native and foreign, that have helped to make and mar its development. Nor is the lighter side of Egypt's life neglected, as Mr. Penfield's attractive chapters on "In Fascinating Cairo" attest. The difficult subject of the paradoxical administration of Egypt by Turkey, Great Britain, France and other powers is treated with considerable skill and in a way to give the reader a clear idea of a confused problem. He pays a high tribute to the results of the British "occupation" of Egypt, recording his observation that it "has done

vast good," improving the condition of the people and the nation's finances, assuring security of person and property and promoting conditions of general prosperity such as Egypt has not hitherto enjoyed. Interesting and instructive chapters concerning former Khedives of Egypt, with an account of Arabi's rebellion and an optimistic estimate of the present Khedive, and appreciations of Lord Cromer and Lord Kitchener convey a large amount of valuable information to the reader who desires to go beneath the surface of affairs, and an entertaining dissertation on "Wintering in Egypt for Health's Sake" will interest those who have taken or who contemplate taking the Egyptian tour. The value of the book is enhanced by the illustrations of Paul Philippoteaux and R. Talbot Kelley and a series of fine photographs.—*New York Sun*.

*Oom Paul's People.* By Howard C. Hillegas. New York: D. Appleton & Company. \$1.50.

This timely volume is the work of a New York newspaper man who has spent nearly two years in studying the South African question, enjoying special facilities from President Kruger and other Boer officials, as well as from representatives of Great Britain. The author is a warm advocate of Kruger. He would attribute most of the trouble to the machinations of adventurous stock-jobbers and politicians. Mr. Hillegas thinks that there is no real moral necessity for a struggle, but is inclined to believe it will come, notwithstanding. One of the chapters gives an interview with Kruger, whom the author regards as a great man, and the whole effect of the book is certainly to raise one's estimation of the Boers. It is aided in its effort to give a picture of the country, the people, and the times, by some very excellent reproductions of photographs.—*Review of Reviews*.

*Recollections of an Old Musician.* By Thomas Ryan. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. \$2.50.

For fifty years the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, of Boston, has been one of the most popular musical organizations of the United States, and has traveled from one end of the country to the other, while thousands of Americans have enjoyed its concerts. The *Recollections of an Old Musician*, by Thomas Ryan, a prominent member of the club during the half century of its existence, will be read with intense interest by American music lovers generally. Mr. Ryan's reminiscences of Jenny Lind, Ole Bull, Christine Nilsson, and other concert-hall favorites, make up the greater part of his book, but there is also much personal experience in the narrative of American touring which has a distinctive interest of its own. The book is well illustrated with portraits.—*Review of Reviews*.

*The White Mail.* By Cy Warman. Scribners. \$1.25.

Tommy McGuire is the hero of the story—an Irish-American lad whose father is a section-boss, but who has in him the making of a ruler of men. His first notable feat is to save a train when the bridge he is tending washes away. He rides on an old mule up the track, and the on-coming train knocks steed and rider into the river, but only the mule is hurt. Then he overhears the plotting of a



gang of train-robbers, and foils their plan. These feats lead to promotion, and his adaptability and shrewdness take him along the line from advertising manager, telegraph operator, switchman, yard-master, breakman, conductor, and general manager, to the presidency. He also has his success in love as in the struggle of business life, and, after a courtship which seems to the non-railroading mind a trifle impossible, wins the beautiful daughter of a heavy stockholder in the line of which he is elected president.

*The Standard of Life and Other Studies.* Mrs. Bernard Bosanquet. Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

These studies are in the line of what we may call scientific philosophy, and are altogether admirable. Nothing could be better than the spirit with which they are animated nor the tone in which they are expressed. She is thoroughly versed in political economy, well acquainted with modern social movements, and familiar with the life and the problems of working people. The condition of women naturally arouses her special interest, and what she has to say of their education, industrially and generally, deserves attention. While she has in mind the condition of the English working classes particularly, what she has to say is for the most part universally applicable. The essay on the Standard of Life is the most carefully elaborated of these papers, and it should be read and digested by every one who desires to work for the elevation of the poor.—Independent.

*The Virgins of the Rocks.* Translated from the Italian of Gabriele D'Annunzio by Agatha Hughes. Richmond. \$1.50.

Decidedly this is the best of D'Annunzio's novels yet translated into English. Free from the sinister and obscene characteristics of the trilogy strangely called *The Romances of the Rose*, it exists in a purer and more lofty air; and, though one is conscious of a certain ebb and flow in the fundamental imaginative power, the sum and quality of beauty obtained is immeasurably finer, richer, more considerable, than in any previous work. Briefly expressed, the book is a relation of the adventures of a man's soul among the souls of three women.—The Academy.

*Prisoners of Hope.* By Mary Johnston. Houghton, Mifflin & Company. \$1.50.

The author has studied Virginia's colonial period with great care, or, as is probable, she has a special sympathy for, and apprehension of its atmosphere; at any rate she beguiles her reader into quite forgetting the nineteenth century in the excitement of her story. It is hard to believe her a novice in the work, so excellent is her construction, so flowing, lucid and unobtrusive her style. She does not wreak herself on scenery like so many writers of the "Southland," but when she does picture the accessories of her drama it is with the taste and intuition of both poet and painter. In short, while this is not at all a great book, it is an unusually good one, and one, moreover, which will bear the test of rereading, and that is saying much.—New York Tribune.

*The Break-Up of China.* By Lord Charles Beresford. Harper & Brothers. \$3.00.

To any one who wants a direct and telling account of the actual conditions of China to-day—commercial, political, economic and national—this volume may be recommended as so far the best that all others become supplementary to it. Such at least is the opinion of one who has been obliged to read all the books and most of the articles on the Celestial Empire that the crisis of the past two years has produced. Lord Charles Beresford has put the deriders of his mission to rout and opened up a new career for admirals during the irksome years of peace. He went everywhere, as a good commercial traveler should, and he saw everything; he bearded the Tsung-li Yamen in the plainest nautical fashion; he visited Viceroy after Viceroy, interviewed them and was interviewed by them; inspected forts and arsenals, soldiers and sailors; received deputations and addresses all down the line, and learned from them whatever is to be known on Likin and Loti-Shui, on currency and treaty rights; inquired into waterways and railroads, British consuls and Chinese mandarins; went into every detail of trade and the conditions governing it, and found out from the men on the spot where and how the conditions could be improved; listened to everything, sifted, weighed it and summed it up; turned upon all the information thrust before him a strong, assimilative and accurate mind, and finally set down the results in a book which could hardly be bettered in the arrangement and completeness of its facts and the practical vigor of its style.—Book Buyer.

*That Fortune.* By Charles Dudley Warner. Harper & Brothers.

Mr. Warner holds an enviable position as an "artist in letters." In every field in which his thought or his fancy have been factors, there can be few, if any, dissenting opinions, as to his place in American literature. Whatever he writes has a value of its own kind, and is entertaining or instructive, or in some manner it uplifts the mind to higher altitudes and to broader and more glowing horizons. In his stories one does not come across "fine writing" in the rhetorical sense, though his thoughts are expressed with a spontaneous polish of language, delightful in itself, and refining and educating in its influence. He says beautiful things with beautiful simplicity of power.—Home Journal.

*The Life of William Makepeace Thackeray.* By Lewis Melville. In Two Volumes. Herbert S. Stone & Company, \$10.

No one dreams of adding the biographies of great men to La Bruyère's list of things that will not suffer an indifferent performance. There was room—I do not think there was a crying need—for a full and regular life of Thackeray which, if it could not add materially to what a hundred books and articles have told us piecemeal, should at least fuse all that is essential in so many recollections and appreciations into a clear and homogeneous record. A book of this kind, however, unless it were adequate, might have been spared the better

because, though "until now there has never been published a life of Thackeray that has had any pretensions to finality," we possess excellent substitutes in various forms, several of which have a distinct value in themselves, even apart from the information they convey. Such are Trollope's candid and possibly indiscreet little memoir; Mr. Leslie Stephen's admirable article in the Dictionary of National Biography, and, above all, those charming, intimate pages with which Mrs. Richmond Ritchie introduced the several volumes of her father's works in the recent biographical edition. Mr. Melville has certainly been industrious; he has gleaned a little everywhere, and gathered a vast quantity of Thackerayana into one storehouse. Formless and swollen and disproportionate as it is, it would be unjust, not so much to him as to the writers he has laid under contribution, to call this production uninteresting. From these two volumes, I fancy, no fact worth knowing that concerns Thackeray's career and manner of life and social relations is omitted; but the narrative is somehow tedious as well as incoherent. Mr. Melville seems to have little notion of selecting the things worth preserving—the incidents that are typical, that explain uncertain points and paint the man—and rejecting the others; or of allotting his space with any regard to the comparative importance of the matter. The most insignificant puns and japes and chaff, and several anecdotes long ago discredited, reappear in these pages with a flourish; and phases and episodes that should have their place, no doubt, but are after all of very little real consequence, are treated at enormous length.—London Speaker.

Yachting Wrinkles. Captain A. J. Kenealy. Outing Publishing Company. \$1.00.

We know of no one so well qualified as Captain Kenealy to write a book of this kind. He went to sea at the age of 13, served through all the lower ranks, is now well along in years, and has devoted his life to the study of sailing vessels. He has had experience on both sides of the Atlantic, has a wide acquaintance among designers and builders, numbers the prominent yachtsmen of England and America among his friends, and is regarded by all who know him as an authority on his favorite subject.—Rochester Post-Express.

A History of the American Nation. Andrew McLaughlin. D. Appleton & Company. \$1.40.

This volume of the "Twentieth Century Series" is a good, straightforward short history of the United States, beginning with the origin of man in America and coming down to the present time. In many respects Professor McLaughlin's method of presenting history is excellent. His style is terse and clear, and he culls the facts to be arranged with good judgment of their value and of the position they should occupy. The text is not weighted down with notes, but there are sufficient references to guide the student in pursuit of more extended information than a short history can give, and numerous maps and illustrations add greatly to the value of the book, which has also a good index. Among the many short histories of our country

this by Professor McLaughlin must take a prominent place.—Independent.

Sarah Bernhardt, by Jules Huret (Lippincott), besides being a complete biographical sketch is of service in enabling us to formulate our own opinion concerning this marvellous woman, to-day, at fifty-five years of age, the "doyenne" of the French stage. All know of Mme. Bernhardt's eccentricities; indeed, the prevalent opinion is that she does not stop at eccentricity. If one may judge by M. Huret's narrative, the latter opinion is unjust. Mme. Bernhardt is a whirlwind, if you will, both physically and psychologically; is an artist—a French artiste at that. . . . but one must read the book to gain a fair idea of what life means and has meant to this genius. The illustrations of Mme. Bernhardt are excellent.—Lippincott's.

The term "play-actor," which Rupert of Hentzau, one of the most fascinating fictitious villains that has ever been created, applies so often to Rassendyl, would seem easily to fit any one of the dramatic personæ in *A Modern Mercenary* (Doubleday & McClure Co.). As one reaches the last page of the book, he almost expects to see a curtain fall to slow music and then to find himself once more midst the twinkling lights of the work-a-day world. He is glad that it has all ended happily for the hero and heroine. At least, the authors say that "for the present" they are at peace, for the whole story has been too strained and intense.—Boston Journal.

Sand and Cactus (Charles Scribner's Sons) is a collection of short stories dealing with frontier life in Arizona. A long time has passed since Bret Harte introduced the world to this field, and, consequently, there exists an impression that it has been thoroughly worked. But this book sets the impression aside. The author is not a finished workman, but has strong power of observation. Every one of the ten stories is interesting. Four or five of them are intensely interesting. The last two stories, "The Salting of the Tio Juan" and "A Brother to St. James," are worthy of a high place in American literature.—Boston Journal.

In Mr. Hornung's story, *Dead Men Tell No Tales* (Scribner's), the hero, by getting himself mixed up in the affairs of a few desperate characters, engaged in a large piratical venture, meets with some rather unpleasant experiences. The sole survivor, with the exception of the conspirators, of the company of a ship, burned at sea by treachery, he finds on his rescue and return to England, that his footsteps are dogged by the pirates, who fear his evidence, and various attempts are made upon his life. However, after a number of adventures, wherein appear underground passages, sliding panels and such like paraphernalia, and rescues from apparently hopeless situations through assistance coming from the most unexpected quarters, he is at last freed from his persecutors and lives happily ever afterwards.—Providence Journal.



## BRIEF COMMENT: LITERARY SAYINGS AND DOINGS

It is said that Mark Twain intends to spend the greater part of the winter at the Players' Club in New York City.

The eagerly-awaited sequel to *Sentimental Tommy*, by J. M. Barrie, will be published serially in *Scribner's Magazine* during the year 1900.

W. Clark Russell's forthcoming illustrated work, *The Ship; Her Story*, is to be published this month.

The *Gadfly* is very active now, having just gone to press here for its nineteenth time. The arrival in this country of its author, Mrs. Ethel Lillian Voynich, and the production of the novel as a play combine to stimulate public interest in the book. A new novel by Mrs. Voynich, entitled *A Little Baby*, is said to be well under way.

There is a rumor that Mr. Augustine Birrell is to become the editor of a new daily paper in London. A new library edition of his writings is on the press in that city.

Dodd, Mead & Co. have just issued a volume of short stories by the wife of Paul Laurence Dunbar, the negro poet. The book is entitled *The Goodness of St. Rocque*. It is Mrs. Dunbar's first published work, and her tales deal with Creole life and character. The scenes are laid for the most part in New Orleans.

The London *Echo* prints a story about Marie Corelli as follows: A certain novelist has attained to the dignity in Australia of having a race horse named after her. An incident at the Melbourne City Police Court has brought the fact into prominence. A constable was giving evidence in a case of alleged illegal betting. "He said he backed Merry Gorilla," observed the witness. "Merry Gorilla!" exclaimed the presiding magistrate. "I never heard of a horse with such a peculiar name." "He means Marie Corelli," explained the prosecuting lawyer. Then the bench, the bar, the dock and the gallery laughed in unison.

When *Knighthood* was in Flower has been published in England, and is meeting with a very favorable reception. The author has been hailed not inappropriately by several reviewers as the American Weyman.

Herbert Spencer, whose vast synthetic philosophy was brought to its last volume with almost pathetic anxiety lest the author's life should not be spared to finish it, has recovered partially from the illness that has hampered him all through life, and has been at work on another book, which it is expected will be ready for publication in the fall, but about which no details can be had, for Mr. Spencer is the most retiring of men.

The late Mrs. Lynn Linton's last novel will probably be brought out soon. It has not been published as a serial. We may look, also, for a volume of her reminiscences of Thackeray, Dickens, George Eliot and others. Some, if not all, of the latter have been printed in periodicals.

Frank Willard is the real name of Josiah Flynt, the young American who has made a special study of the tramp question, and whose book, *Tramping with Tramps*, the Century Company has just issued. He is a nephew of the late Frances Willard.

Eden Phillpotts, the author of *Children of the Mist*, from which a reading was given in our October number, has a volume of stories entitled *The Human Boy* ready for publication. In this volume Mr. Phillpotts elaborates his own theory of school-boy humor.

Mr. Sidney, in *The Athenæum*, explains why the recent copy of the first Shakespeare folio, just sold at a London auction, brought such a large price. The book realized \$8,500, or double the price of an ordinary copy of late years. The folio was entirely unknown until it appeared in the auction room, it having been in the possession of a family in Belgium for more than 100 years. It is perfect as to text, though the margins of a few leaves are torn, and it was probably bound 200 years ago. It is this edition of Shakespeare in which Ignatius Donnelly found the wonderful cryptogram which, he claims, proves that Lord Bacon wrote the Shakespearean plays.

Bliss Perry, the new editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, is the son of Arthur Latham Perry, Professor of Economics and History in Williams College. Mr. Perry was born at Williamstown in 1860, graduated in 1881, and in 1886 became Professor of English at Williams. In 1893 he took the Holmes Professorship of English Literature at Princeton. It is said that Mr. Perry's first appearance in print was as the author of a short story in the magazine of which he has now become the editor.

Dr. Conan Doyle is a methodical worker and a hard worker. He pastes up over his mantel-shelf a list of the things he intends to do in the coming six months, and he sticks to his task until it is done. He must be a great disappointment to his old teacher. When he had finished school, the teacher called the boy up before him, and said, solemnly: "Doyle, I have known you now for seven years, and I know you thoroughly. I am going to say something that you will remember in after-life. Doyle, you will never come to any good!"

Seumus MacManus, the young Irish humorist, whose clever work is receiving such deserved appreciation in this country, has brought out, through his publishers, the Doubleday & McClure Company, a new book of Irish tales, in *Chimney Corners*. Mr. MacManus is at present engaged on a long novel of Irish life and character, and his aspirations, it is said, toward writing an Irish drama.

Cowper's ugly old red house at Olney—the house in which he accomplished his principal work—is now in a dismal and desolate condition. It is to be let for something under \$100 a year. The London *Daily News* says that the world-famous garden, with the little old summer house in which Cowper delighted to sit, is no longer attached to the premises. The garden has passed into the possession of one of the local butchers, but the old summer house is still standing, though it has had to be shored up to keep it standing.

Mr. Lionel Decle, the author of *Trooper 3809*, which we quoted from last month, has been principally known hitherto as an African explorer. He



has been a great traveler from his early youth. In 1891 he started on a journey from the Cape to Uganda, and thence to Zanzibar. This was even more of a feat than it would be to-day. When he emerged from the African forests and came back to England, he joined the *Pall Mall Gazette*. He has been in Africa several times since. His book, *Three Years in Savage Africa*, gives a vivid description of his first journey. Mr. Declé was born in 1859; his experiences in the French Army date back, therefore, to some twenty years ago.

A new translation of the *Arabian Nights Tales* from what is held to be the best Arabic version—that of Boulak—is in course of preparation in France. The translator is De Mardrus, a highly educated young physician of Marseilles. He says of himself: "I am a true son of the city of Cairo, where my father and grandfather were born. And even for nurse (beginning of the *Arabian Nights Tales* in my childish eye!) I had a pure-blooded, amber-hued Egyptian, whose finger tips were darkened with henna, and who wore a collar of turquoises round her neck to avert the evil eye, and silver bracelets on her ankles to conjure the witchcrafts of the terrible Zâr." Dr. Mardrus has lived much in Arabia, but received his education in France. The publication of his translation will occupy a period of five years, three volumes a year being given to the public.

A Danish publisher, Mr. Ernst Bojesen, has for many years been preparing a new and costly edition of H. C. Andersen's fairy tales, with new illustrations by Professor Hans Tegner. Hans Tegner has already shown his gifts as an illustrator of Andersen, but he won his fame especially as illustrator of the Danish playwright Ludvig Holberg. He has spent many years in preparing these illustrations to the fairy tales. The edition will be published in several different capitals and countries at the same time.

Walter Pater, whose polished and fastidious style of composition makes him unique among English authors, was as precious in his surroundings as in his literary taste. Here is a description of his sitting room at Oxford, as given in the *London Speaker*: "Yes, there were, indeed, rose leaves on the table set in a wide, open bowl of blue china; and it was just possible to detect their faint smell. The warm blue tone of the room was the first impression one received on entering; the stenciled walls, the cushions of the chairs, the table-covers, and the curtains to the mullioned window, that projected over the pavement—all these were blue. And whatever in the room was not blue seemed to be white, or wood in its natural color, or polished brass. The books, in their low, neat case, seemed all white calf or vellum; above them an alto-relief in plaster showed white; in the corner a pure white Hermes on a pedestal with tiny wings outspread."

A copy of the paper which originally printed Markham's *The Man With the Hoe* was recently purchased by a collector for \$10. The first edition of his poems issued in May now sells per copy for double the original prices. Such is sudden fame. On the other hand, Mr. Markham's famous production is thus treated in the *New York Mail and Express* by a veteran critic, himself a poet of note:

"It is a shallow and vulgar assumption, the hasty conclusion of purblind and blatant demagoguery, and a schoolboy with eyes in his head who dared to promulgate it would deserve a sound whipping. If Mr. Markham has persuaded himself that the life of a laborer is a fit subject for pity and indignation, for poetic sniveling and poetic cursing, we are sorry for him. False and morbid in conception, and verbosely turgid in execution, there is nothing in *The Man With the Hoe* to justify the sensation that it seems to have occasioned, or to create the belief that the cheap chin music of Mr. Markham is poetry."

A recent issue of *Literature* contains the following rather severe estimate of the literary value of Hall Caine's work: "It is not unfair to assume that Mr. Caine, in spite of the extraordinary sale of his books, is not regarded too seriously in this country. He is a successful author, but not a popular idol, and we do not bother ourselves unduly as to the sources of his gloomy periods. As long as he makes us nervous and hysterical we care little how he does it. We regard him as a rather clever literary mechanic, with some genius for the dramatic construction of a novel well calculated to increase the prosperity of sanitariums, but beyond this Mr. Caine cuts little figure. One rarely, if ever, hears an allusion to Mr. Caine's 'style,' and there is no reason why one should, since it lacks distinction, and it is impossible to believe that any beginner in letters will ever derive inspiration from a reading of his pages, as many a beginner has done from a reading of the pages of Thackeray. His strength, and strength he undoubtedly has, is constructive wholly; that he will ever be regarded seriously as a literary personage is impossible of belief. That he will ever become an idol, as Dickens and Thackeray were, are, and must always be, is equally unbelievable. No man who confounds morbid hysteria with life can ever be set upon a pedestal."

The Bookman vouches for the following amusing story, told the other day by a transatlantic passenger, who has just returned from a trip to Europe. It appears that a number of publishers and editors were on board the steamer going east, and the question having been raised as to what books were most popular, it was decided to take a novel method of investigation. When the dinner bell sounded and the passengers had all scurried downstairs to the dining-room the aforesaid publishers and editors remained on deck and counted the number of books left lying on the chairs. The result was a great surprise, as the book of which most copies were found on deck had not been mentioned at all in the discussion. There were thirteen copies of *When Knighthood Was in Flower*, and next to that came *The Day's Work*—six copies, and *David Harum*—five copies. When *Knighthood* was in *Flower* is now nearing the hundred-thousand mark.

Through an error in position, Mr. Horace Wyndham's book, *The Queen's Service*, or the *Real Tommy Atkins*, appeared under classification of "Fiction" in the book list of a recent number of *Current Literature*. As the volume is decidedly one of fact, we make amends as far as possible by crediting it in this month's book list to the classification where it properly belongs.

## WIT AND WISDOM OF JOSH BILLINGS

COMPILED BY RALPH A. LYON.

Twenty-five years ago the terse paragraphs of Henry Wheeler Shaw ("Josh Billings") were to be found in the newspapers all over the United States, and his books had a large sale on both sides the Atlantic. His popularity waned, however, when the phonetic spelling fad became a thing of the past, and now he is comparatively unknown to the present generation. Shaw's wise and witty sayings gain much more force by being put into good English and they deserve to be rescued from oblivion and clothed in "the language of the Presidents."

The following selections are surely worthy of a new lease of life in more seemly garb than that in which they originally appeared:

Health is a loan at call.

A mule is a bad pun on a horse.

Wheat is a serial. I am glad of it.

A fib is a lie painted in water colors.

Ignorance is the wet-nurse of prejudice.

Did you ever hear a very rich man sing?

We have made justice a luxury of civilization.

With without sense is a razor without a handle.

Old age increases us in wisdom—and in rheumatism.

Time is money, and many people pay their debts with it.

It is easier to be a harmless dove than a decent serpent.

Benevolence is the cream on the milk of human kindness.

Face all things; even Adversity is polite to a man's face.

Beware of the man with half-shut eyes. He's not dreaming.

People of good sense are those whose opinions agree with ours.

It is little trouble to a graven image to be patient, even in fly-time.

Half the discomfort of life is the result of getting tired of ourselves.

Humor must fall out of a man's mouth like music out of a bobolink.

Necessity is the mother of invention, but Patent Right is the Father.

Most men are like eggs, too full of themselves to hold anything else.

Pleasure is like treacle. Too much of it spoils the taste for everything.

Men nowadays are divided into slow Christians and wide-awake sinners.

Passion always lowers a great man, but sometimes elevates a little one.

There are people who expect to escape Hell because of the crowd going there.

Manner is a great deal more attractive than matter—especially in a monkey.

Adversity to a man is like training to a pugilist. It reduces him to his fighting weight.

I have known folks whose calibre was very small, but whose bore was very big.

No man can be a healthy jester unless he has been nursed at the breast of wisdom.

There are two things in this life for which we are never fully prepared, and they are twins.

Many a man has lost a good position in this world by letting go to spit on his hands.

Mice fatten slow in a church. They can't live on religion, any more than ministers can.

If virtue did not so often manage to make herself repulsive, vice would not be half so attractive.

When lambs get through being lambs they become sheep. This takes the sentiment out of them.

Some men marry to get rid of themselves, and find that the game is one that two can play at, and neither win.

Fashion cheats the eccentric with the clap-trap of freedom, and makes them serve her in the habiliments of the harlequin.

Monkeys never grow any older in expression. A young monkey looks exactly like his grandpapa melted up and born again.

There are farmers so full of science that they won't set a gate-post till they have had the earth under the gate-post analyzed.

Man was built after all other things had been made and pronounced good. If not, he would have insisted on giving his orders as to the rest of the job.

# BOOK LIST: WHAT TO READ—WHERE TO FIND IT

## Artistic, Dramatic and Musical.

- Art and Morality: Ferdinand Brunetière: Authorized translation, with prefatory note, by Arthur Beatty: T. Y. Crowell & Company.....\$ 35
- Cyrano de Bergerac: Edmond Rostand: translated by Helen B. Dole, with an introduction by W. P. Trent: T. Y. Crowell & Company, cloth..... 75
- The Artistic Ordering of Life: Albert Stanburrough Cook: T. Y. Crowell & Company..... 35
- The Romancers: Edmond Rostand: Doubleday & McClure Company, cloth..... 50

## Biographic and Reminiscent.

- Admiral Phillip; the Founding of New South Wales: L. Becke and Walter Jeffery: Longmans, Green & Company..... 1 50
- Life of Admiral Dewey: Will M. Clemens: Street & Smith, cloth, illustrated..... 1 00
- Life of Nathan Bedford Forrest: J. Allan Wyeth, M.D.: illustrated by T. de Thulstrup, Rogers, Klepper, Redwood, Hitchcock and Carleton: Harper ..... 4 00
- Maximilian in Mexico: Sara Yorke Stevenson: The Century Company, cloth, illustrated..... 2 50
- The Many-Sided Franklin: Paul Leicester Ford: The Century Company, cloth, illustrated..... 3 00
- White and Black Under the Old Régime: Victoria V. Clayton: The Young Churchman Company, cloth, illustrated..... 1 00

## Educational Topics.

- A Child's Primer of Natural History: Oliver Herford: Charles Scribner's Sons, cloth, illustrated.. 1 25
- A Manual of Psychology: G. F. Stout: Hinds & Noble ..... 1 50
- Home Study Circle: Edited by Seymour Eaton: Doubleday & McClure Company, cloth..... 1 00
- Rational Education for Girls: Elizabeth Hutchinson Murdock: T. Y. Crowell & Company..... 35
- The Boy's Book of Inventions: Ray Stannard Baker: Doubleday & McClure Company, cloth, illustrated ..... 2 00
- The Teaching Botanist: W. F. Ganong: The Macmillan Company, cloth..... 1 10
- Webster's Collegiate Dictionary: G. & C. Merriam Company. sheep, illustrated..... 4 00

## Essays and Miscellanies.

- A Looker-On in London: Mary H. Krout: Dodd, Mead & Company, cloth..... 1 50
- A Primer of Forestry: Part I.—The Forest: Gifford Pinchot: U. S. Dept. of Agriculture, cloth. (Forms Bulletin 24 of Division of Forestry).....
- An Introduction to the Prose and Poetical Works of John Milton: Hiram Corson: The Macmillan Company ..... 1 25
- Auld Lang Syne: By F. Max Müller: second series: Charles Scribner's Sons..... 2 00
- Cheerfulness as a Life Power: Orison Swett Marden: T. Y. Crowell & Company..... 35
- Dreams and Omens: Arranged by Carlotta de Barcy: Laird & Lee, cloth, illustrated..... 75
- Little Masterpieces: Charles Lamb: Edited by Bliss Perry: Doubleday & McClure Company, cloth.... 30
- Little Masterpieces: Thomas De Quincey: Edited by Bliss Perry: Doubleday & McClure Company, cloth ..... 30
- Little Masterpieces: Wm. M. Thackeray: Edited by Bliss Perry: Doubleday & McClure Company, cloth ..... 30
- Matthew Arnold: George Saintsbury: Dodd, Mead & Company, cloth..... 1 25

- Opportunities for Culture: Jeannette M. Dougherty: T. Y. Crowell & Company..... 35
- Star-Names and Their Meanings: R. Hinckley Allen: G. E. Stechert..... 5 00
- The Authority of Criticism, and Other Essays: W. P. Trent: C. Scribner's Sons..... 1 50
- The Book of Destiny: Cagliostro: Laird & Lee, cloth, illustrated..... 75
- The Development of the English Novel: Wilbur Lucius Cross: The Macmillan Company..... 1 50
- The Queen's Service, or The Real Tommy Atkins: Horace Windham: L. C. Page & Company, cloth. 1 50
- The Trend of the Century: Seth Low: T. Y. Crowell & Company..... 35

## Fiction of the Month.

- A Bitter Heritage: J. Bloundelle Burton: Appleton. 1 00
- A Dash for a Throne: Arthur W. Marchmont: New Amsterdam Book Company, cloth, illustrated.... 1 25
- A Modern Mercenary: By K. and Hesketh Pritchard: Doubleday & McClure Company, cloth..... 1 25
- A Mountain Europa: J. Fox, Jr.: Harper..... 1 25
- A Splendid Sin: Grant Allen: F. M. Buckles & Company, cloth..... 1 00
- After All: F. Frankfort Moore: Dodd, Mead & Company, cloth..... 1 50
- Arms and the Woman: Harold MacGrath: Doubleday & McClure Company, cloth..... 1 25
- Autobiography of a Child: By Hannah Lynch: Dodd, Mead & Company, cloth..... 1 50
- Bearer of the Burden; Being Stories of Land and Sea: W. P. Drury: G. P. Putnam's Sons..... 1 00
- Blix: Frank Norris: Doubleday & McClure Company, cloth..... 1 25
- Cashel Byron's Profession: By G. Bernard Shaw: Brentano's, cloth..... 1 25
- Cattle Ranch to College: Russell Doubleday: Doubleday & McClure Company, cloth, illustrated.... 1 50
- Dead Men Tell No Tales: By E. W. Hornung: Chas. Scribner's Sons, cloth..... 1 25
- Deadman's: Mary Gaunt: New Amsterdam Book Company, cloth..... 1 50
- Dionysius, the Weaver's Heart's Dearest: Blanche Willis Howard: Chas. Scribner's Sons, cloth..... 1 50
- Frank Hardings: Gordon Stables: A. I. Bradley & Company, cloth, illustrated..... 1 25
- Henry Worthington, Idealist: Margaret Sherwood: The Macmillan Company, cloth..... 1 50
- Honor of Thieves: C. J. Cutcliffe Hyne: R. F. Fenno & Company, cloth..... 1 25
- How Mr. Rhodda Broke the Spell: Mark Guy Pearse: T. Y. Crowell & Company..... 35
- Janice Meredith: Paul Leicester Ford: Dodd, Mead & Company, cloth, illustrated..... 1 50
- Little Novels of Italy: By Maurice Hewlett: The Macmillan Company, cloth..... 1 50
- Main-Traveled Roads: Hamlin Garland: The Macmillan Company, cloth..... 1 50
- Mammon & Company: E. F. Benson: Appleton.... 1 50
- Michael Rolf, Englishman: Mary L. Pendered: Doubleday, McClure Company..... 1 25
- Midshipman Stuart; or, The Last Cruise of the Essex: a tale of 1812: Kirk Munroe: C. Scribner's Sons... 1 25
- Miranda of the Balcony: A. E. W. Mason: The Macmillan Company, cloth..... 1 50
- Miss Carmichael's Conscience: Baroness von Hut-ton: J. B. Lippincott Company, cloth, illustrated.. 1 00
- Mr. Passingham: An Episode in His Life: T. Cobb: J. Lane..... 1 00
- My Uncle and My Curé: Jean de Le Brète: translated by James W. Clarkson: T. Y. Crowell & Company, cloth..... 75



- On Trial: Zack: Charles Scribner's Sons, cloth..... 1 50  
 Parson Kelly: A. E. W. Mason and A. Lang: Longmans, Green & Company, cloth, illustrated..... 1 50  
 Rip Van Winkle, and the Legend of Sleepy Hollow: Washington Irving: The Century Company, leather, illustrated..... 1 00  
 Sand and Cactus: By Wolcott Le Clear Beard: Charles Scribner's Sons, cloth..... 1 50  
 Siren City: Benjamin Swift: Dodd, Mead & Company, cloth..... 1 50  
 Stalky & Co.: Rudyard Kipling: Doubleday & McClure Company, cloth, illustrated..... 1 50  
 Stories of the Railroad: John A. Hill: Doubleday & McClure Company, cloth, illustrated..... 1 50  
 Tales of the Telegraph: Jasper Ewing Brady: Doubleday & McClure Company, cloth, illustrated..... 1 25  
 The Barrys: Shan F. Bulloch: Doubleday & McClure Company, cloth..... 1 25  
 The Carpetbagger: Opie Read and Frank Pixley: Laird & Lee, cloth, illustrate..... 1 00  
 The Chronicles of Aunt Minery Ann: Joel Chandler Harris: Chas. Scribner's Sons, cloth, illustrated... 1 50  
 The Etchingham Letters: By Sir Frederick Pollock and Mrs. Fuller Maitland: Dodd, Mead & Company, cloth..... 1 25  
 The Greater Inclination: Edith Wharton: Charles Scribner's Sons, cloth..... 1 50  
 The Helpers: Francis Lynde: Houghton, Mifflin & Company, cloth..... 1 50  
 The House in the Hills: Florence Warden: R. F. Fenno & Company, cloth..... 1 00  
 The Lion and the Unicorn: By Richard Harding Davis: Charles Scribner's Sons, cloth, illustrated.. 1 25  
 The Orange Girl: Sir Walter Besant: Dodd, Mead & Company, cloth, illustrated..... 1 50  
 The Powers at Play: Bliss Perry: Charles Scribner's Sons, cloth..... 1 25  
 The Ralstons: F. Marion Crawford: The Macmillan Company, cloth..... 1 00  
 The Vizier of the Two-Horned Alexander: Frank R. Stockton: The Century Company, cloth, illustrated. 1 25  
 The Voyage of the "Pulo Way": Carlton Dane: R. F. Fenno & Company, cloth, illustrated..... 1 25  
 The White Mail: Cy Warman: Charles Scribner's Sons, cloth..... 1 50  
 The Yarn of a Bucko Mate: Herbert Elliott Hamblen: Charles Scribner's Sons, cloth..... 1 50  
 The Yellow Danger: M. P. Shiel: R. F. Fenno & Company, cloth..... 1 00  
 Trooper 3809: Lionel Deele: Charles Scribner's Sons, cloth, illustrated..... 1 25  
 We Win: Herbert E. Hamblen: Doubleday & McClure Company, cloth, illustrated..... 1 50  
 Where Angels Fear to Tread: By Morgan Robertson: The Century Company, cloth..... 1 25  
 "Young April": Egerton Castle: The Macmillan Company, cloth, illustrated..... 1 50
- Juvenile Literature.**
- An Undivided Union: Oliver Optic: Doubleday & McClure Company, cloth, illustrated..... 1 50  
 Beck's Fortune: Adele E. Thompson: Lee & Shepard, cloth, illustrated..... 1 50  
 Camping on the St. Lawrence: Everett T. Tomlinson: Lee & Shepard, cloth, illustrated..... 1 50  
 Historic Americans: Sketches of the lives and characters of certain famous Americans held most in reverence by the boys and girls of America: Elbridge Streeter Brooks: T. Y. Crowell & Co... 1 50  
 Quicksilver Sue: Laura E. Richards: The Century Company, cloth, illustrated..... 1 00  
 St. Nicholas Christmas Book: The Century Company, cloth, illustrated..... 1 50  
 Sunbeams and Moonbeams: Louise R. Baker: T. Y. Crowell & Company..... 50
- The Bishop's Shadow: I. C. Thurston: Fleming H. Revell Company, cloth, illustrated..... 1 25  
 The Boys of Scrooby: Ruth Hall: Houghton, Mifflin & Company, cloth..... 1 50  
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## OPEN QUESTIONS: TALKS WITH CORRESPONDENTS

Correspondents are invited to make use of this page on all questions, which will be answered as far as we may be able. Answers and comments will be gladly received. A large number of questions and answers are unavoidably held over till next month.

521. *Old Ironsides*: Please answer me through your columns, if you can, the following question: What is the poem commencing,

Old Ironsides at anchor lay  
In the harbor of Mahon."

Who wrote it and where can I find it?—Alfred S. Haines, Westtown, Pa.

[The poem desired is Oliver Wendell Holmes' *Old Ironsides*, and may be found in the complete edition of his poems issued by the press of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, at \$1.50.]

522. *Valerie Marheffe*: Will you be kind enough to inform me in what novel the character of "Valerie Marheffe" appears? I have seen a reference to it in a criticism of Thackeray, as a contrast to "Becky Sharp," and am desirous of making a closer acquaintance with her.—S. H. M., Germantown, Pa.

523. Can you tell me of a book edited by a Mr. Hall, of New York, upon the Confederate Government and its officers? I think that it gives a short biography of all civil officers or office holders. I am informed that it has been published within the last year.—J. H. Cruger, Lewis, Del.

[The book you desire is entitled *Military Records of the General Officers of the Confederate States of America*. It contains over one hundred portrait illustrations and is brought out in half morocco at \$1.00, by C. B. Hall, 79 Fourth avenue, New York City.]

524. Will you please tell me where I can find a poem entitled, "Love Passed By"?—A. G. C., Millburn, New Jersey.

525. Will you tell me if there is a work on Holland, taking up its history where Motley left it, and bringing it down to near the present time? If so you will greatly oblige me.—Miss S. A. Tyrrell, Seabright, Cal.

[Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, publish at \$2.00 a book by D. S. Meldrum, entitled *Holland and the Hollanders*. The *Story of the Nations* series, brought out by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, also contains a volume of Dutch history. Whether or not these books are of sufficient scope for your purpose, or if there are others, we are unable to say.]

526. *Authorship of Poem*: In your issue for June, in the department of "In a Minor Key," you publish a poem entitled, *A Laugh*, giving as the author F. L. Vernon, and crediting it to the *Overland Monthly*. I first read this exquisite bit of light verse in *Puck* or *Judge*—probably the former—some three or four years ago. It was then printed as original and I feel quite sure that the author did not sign himself L. F. Vernon. Its beauty struck me, so that I memorized some of the verses.

The next I heard of it was, I think, in the *New York Sun* some months later, and as I recall it, there was no credit given, and the name of the author was changed.

Since then I have seen the verses at intervals, varying

from a month to a year or more, and always appearing as original or some credit given that was new to me. In the matter of authorship I remember only the incidents told above. The poem is certainly beautiful and I wish I could get you sufficiently interested to trace the authorship and original appearance of it.—W. R. Hereford, New York.

[We give below the first stanza of this poem, which appeared in full on page 513 of our June number, and invite further correspondence on the subject from any one familiar with the verses, with a view to the identification of their true author:

Here I am, perched at my open casement,  
Enjoying the laugh of some unseen miss  
That comes rippling up from some room in the basement  
Just below this.]

527. Will you kindly tell me who said: "The more I know of man, the more I love my dog." Also the author of a poem beginning: "I love not God (or man) the less, but Nature more from these communings," etc.?—L. M. P., Duluth Minn.

### ANSWERS FROM CORRESPONDENTS.

495. In question 495 in your issue for June H. T. Beall, Fairfield, Neb., would like to know the author of poem, beginning:

"Mankind had been plodding for centuries on  
In the old beaten track of their forefathers gone;  
Full many a thinker had paid with his head  
For daring to differ from ancestors dead."

I can only give the *nom de plume* of the author of the poem, which was entitled *The Live Yankee*, and appeared with illustrations in the *United States Magazine* for August, 1856. By examining the index, the poem is seen to have been written by a well-known contributor to the pages of that journal, "Xenette."—C. H. Oakes, M.D., Livermore Falls, Me.

511. *The Little Church Around the Corner*: Correspondent (511) P. J. Christopher asks where the poem, "The Little Church Around the Corner," can be found. At the time of the burial of George Holland, numerous poems under that heading appeared in the newspapers in all parts of the country. The best collection is in a now rare book entitled, "Holland Memorial," published in 1871 by T. H. Morrell, 78 Nassau street, N. Y.—Chas. N. Kent, Merrick, L. I.

[Four other answers to this question are received, crediting the poem to as many different authors. Mrs. Joseph Campbell, Phoenix, Arizona, informs querist 511 that "the poem was written by A. E. Lancaster and can be found on page 350 of *The Humbler Poets*, by Thompson." This book is published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. Roy Farrell Greene, Arkansas City, Kan., encloses a copy of verses bearing the same title, with no credit given but "Boston Transcript." Miss Elizabeth W. Reed, North Adams, Mass., sends another copy of different verses bearing the same title, "author, George Cooper, set to music by D. S. Wambold"; and Mrs. Chesly, Lynn, Mass., sends still another version, "written by Dexter Smith, copied from the *Musical Gem*, an old book of songs." Thanks to all these. The verses are held awaiting Mr. Christopher's pleasure in the matter.]



# Current Literature

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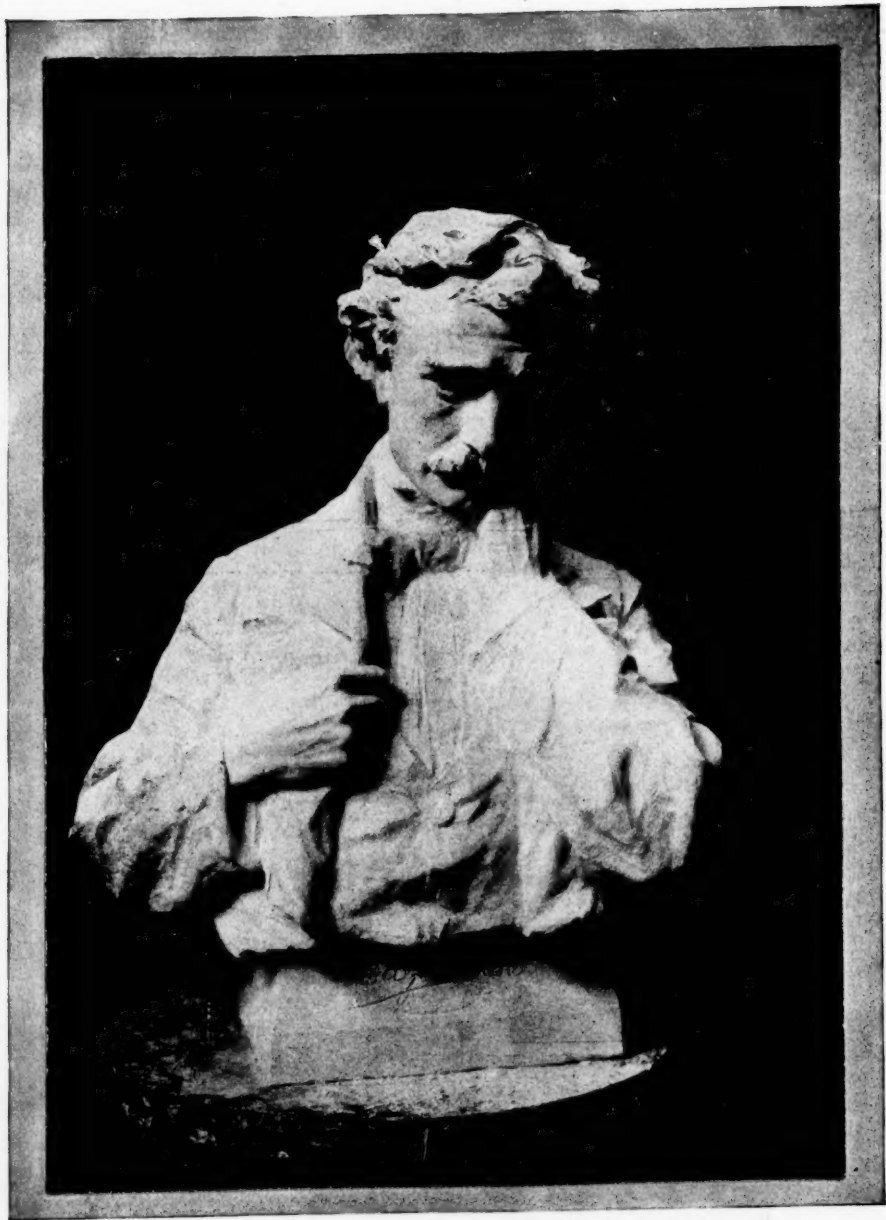
Reviews

of

Books

and

Articles



The Zolnay Bust of

**EDGAR ALLAN POE**

Recently Presented to the University of Virginia.